

H<sub>o</sub>







**H  
ow**

**To  
Bomb**

**US**



Comment

H<sub>o</sub>  
W

T<sub>o</sub>



**omp**

**JS**

You're "tied down" if you will, uh, metaphorically, you know what

A tie is symbolic... it's just a leash, to show you're just a filthy dog.

**H  
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government

US

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Figure

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from





Note to FBI, CIA, any other interested parties:

This is a joke book! There is nothing actually seditious/terroristic in here, just a buncha guys having some laughs. So kick back, relax, and enjoy, and hands up don't shoot! :)

Note to Americans, Westerners:

You're Reading in the Wrong Direction!! In keeping with the original Japanese format, How to Bomb the U.S. Gov't is meant to be read from right-to-left, starting in the upper right corner. Action, sound effects, and word balloons are completely reversed - this preserves the orientation of the original artwork.

Note to Phishhedz:

One page of this book is saturated with a highly concentrated dose of LSD and/or DMT. You could be in for the RIDE of your LIFE, but you might end up having to smoke or eat the whole book.

Note to Lena:

I fear for my safety, don't force me to defend myself.

Note to Anyone:

I have a thing called Ehlers-Danlos Syndrome... For those of you who are unfamiliar, Ehlers-Danlos is a connective tissue disease. And I think it's one of few disorders that is advantageous to have and I'll tell you why. One of the main effects of the disorder is stretchy skin. Now my skin is more stretchy than a lot of people's, but it's still not the worst form of the disorder, and yet even I can have a little fun with it which is why I like the disorder. I can do some cool party tricks with it that you just don't see everyday. One fun thing I like to do is take the underside of my ballsack and stretch it so that it completely covers my member, then I tape it so it stays that way. It's sort of like a natural speedo made of skin, but lifeguards don't seem to like it. And say I'm at a movie theater and I have to pee really bad but I don't want to miss an important scene, all I have to do is reach in and tie my foreskin shut--it's that simple. The urine fills up in my foreskin and all I really have to do is untie it over the toilet after the movie.



00 CREDITS & THANK YOUS

01 Compiled by Sam Hyde, Nick Rochefort, and Charls Carroll

02 This book was designed in Portugal by THE ROYAL STUDIO  
TheRoyalStudio.com -----  
these guys are serious  
X-rated Godz... thank you 100x

03 CODY WILSON & DEFENSE DISTRIBUTED --- \*defdist.org\*  
biggest possible acknowledgement to these \*men\*  
(who we have to classify as PowerGodz, the highest category).  
\*\*You would not be enjoying this book right now were it not  
for them!\*\* So please go to their website and start 3D print-  
ing whatever you find there, so long as it is Safe & Legal.

04 Cover design by Sam based on feedback from /r/MillionDollarExtreme,  
what's up all you booger-eaters and booger-eating Gods

05 Ryan Hart - illustration, incl. \*Super Weed\*, \*Homophobe  
Death Squad\*, and \*Dickie Heap\*... basically hesa God  
--instagram: n\_e\_e\_t  
--email: ryandroid1989@gmail.com

06 Jan "Commander" Rankowski - various writing fragments and  
ideas, most of the hacker profiles -- New Media  
Major and MDE protege. Responsible for  
ParkourDude91 and www.WizDumGun.tv.

08 Americawhite - author of \*The Truth About Cancer\*, \*The Hamburger  
Man\*, \*Welcome to the Army\*, and probably a  
bunch more stuff, he is known as a God.

09 Channing Creager, a serious friend, maker of porno collages  
and illustrator of \*Head Products\* ads, ccreager.com

10 James Price -- what do you want me to say? The guy's serious-  
ly a God. Our sound designer and dear friend,  
thank you for sticking with us through turbulent  
times. Fjamesprice.tumblr.com

11 Joel Patrick - huge thanks to my special bud, editor for  
World Peace and many videos, thank yah  
thank yah sir... trapped.info, he's God

12 Andrew Ruse -- our director and main compadre, a freak on a  
leash with the taste of Godsauce on his lips  
we're proud to suffer through life with you,  
also if I said this boy's a God I wouldn't be lyin'

13 Walter Newman -- for working with us over the past few years and putting  
heart into it.

14 Jake Vandervloed - author of \*Bad Ad Bugs\*, \*Hoi Boys\*, \*Shrimp\*,  
\*Walking on the Sun\*, and probably some other  
stuff in here. He's God.

15 Reid Jenkins, ryanthewretch.com - illustrator of \*Ryan the Wretch\*  
and a few more things, I know him as "Savage God".

16 Jerry Holtz A.K.A. Orangy -- our longtime musical collaborator  
who died on August 22nd, 2014 at age 18,  
he was taken too soon!

17 Zachary Waltman -- Jaiho illustrations and possibly some others,  
an up-and-coming killer, keep your eyes peeled,  
I don't want to spoil the surprise but can you  
say "hesa God?"

18 Don Jolly, daggermag.com - supplementary writing and misc. advice  
incl. dating and life advice, generally a God.

19 Josh Mackler & Nicholas Shapiro - golden twins who never quit,  
known for their Godlike behavior.

20 Annie Medosch - research assistant and big thank you,  
I met God... she's black.

21 Jason Burhans - misc. illustration help on multiple projects,  
big thank you; God.

22 BMC Jones - author of \*Fireworks at the Fair\*, \*Twenty-Four  
Frames Per Second\*, also in many ways a God.

23 Daniel Siwka - thank you my man, you're God.

24 Misc. photo credits:

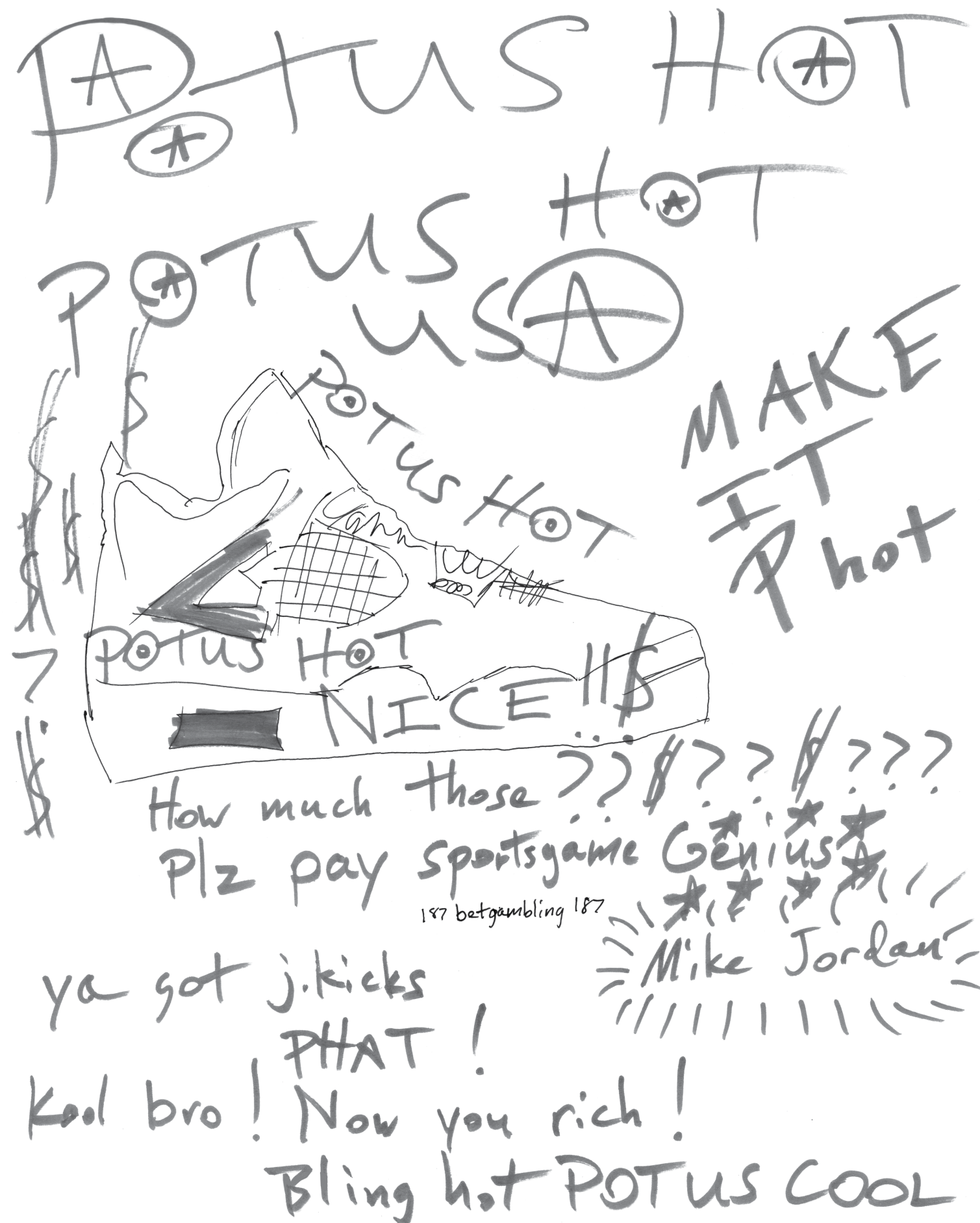
- \* white dress iPhone girl photo by Shane Becker
- \* "Zoey Deschanel wearing 1960s inspired boho-chic dress" photo  
by Joe Cereghino
- \* polaroid photos of young people by Daniel Gonzalez Fuster
- \* ukulele close-up photo by Alno
- \* "Dreamer, Keep Dreaming" photo by Allison Johnston
- \* photos of people at party by Clark & Kim Kays
- \* Chinese girl photo by Xuan Zheng

25 Thank you to the fans. I tried for a minute to imagine writing something  
what you would like to read here... what would make you feel  
like it's all gravy, like your favorite guys had 'made it' and  
by proxy you'd made it as well, and hey everything's gonna be  
cool and smooth... but there's just too much more work to be  
done. Daylight is burning, evil never sleeps, and the future  
hangs in the balance. So I'll cross my fingers and hope to God  
at least some of you are lifting regularly and tapering off  
the drug use, because I have all your addresses now, and some-  
time soon, on a rainy, pitch-black night, I'll be outside lean-  
ing on the horn with a full tank of gas and a simple but eff-  
ective gameplan, and if you want to live you'd better get in  
the fucking car.

26 Oh and uh, thanks to anyone we missed!

MDE





Potus Hot  
Air Jordans

**So hot so  
fresh so faggy  
so right, So dicks  
so guns so wet  
so tight, Gas up  
the jet for you  
tonight, you can  
have whatever  
you like.**

Bones (accompanied by  
T-Drinks & Dr.Dre Beats)

**Listen when  
you hear the gunshots in  
Chicago. Listen for the rounds  
ringing for Air Jordans. See  
the destruction Michael  
Jordan has wrought upon  
the populous. He got his  
old coach back but good  
because he was a genius  
and they spit on him; they  
had their boots on his back  
grinding him with feet.  
He showed them by  
becoming the first  
President of Basketball  
and the rest is history.**

**A president isn't  
fresh unless he  
wears kicks. Phat  
shirkickers like  
good Jordans.  
Don't they cost  
a mint? How do  
people afford  
\$300 shoes?  
How can this  
be happening?  
Am I in a William  
Hurt dreamtank?**





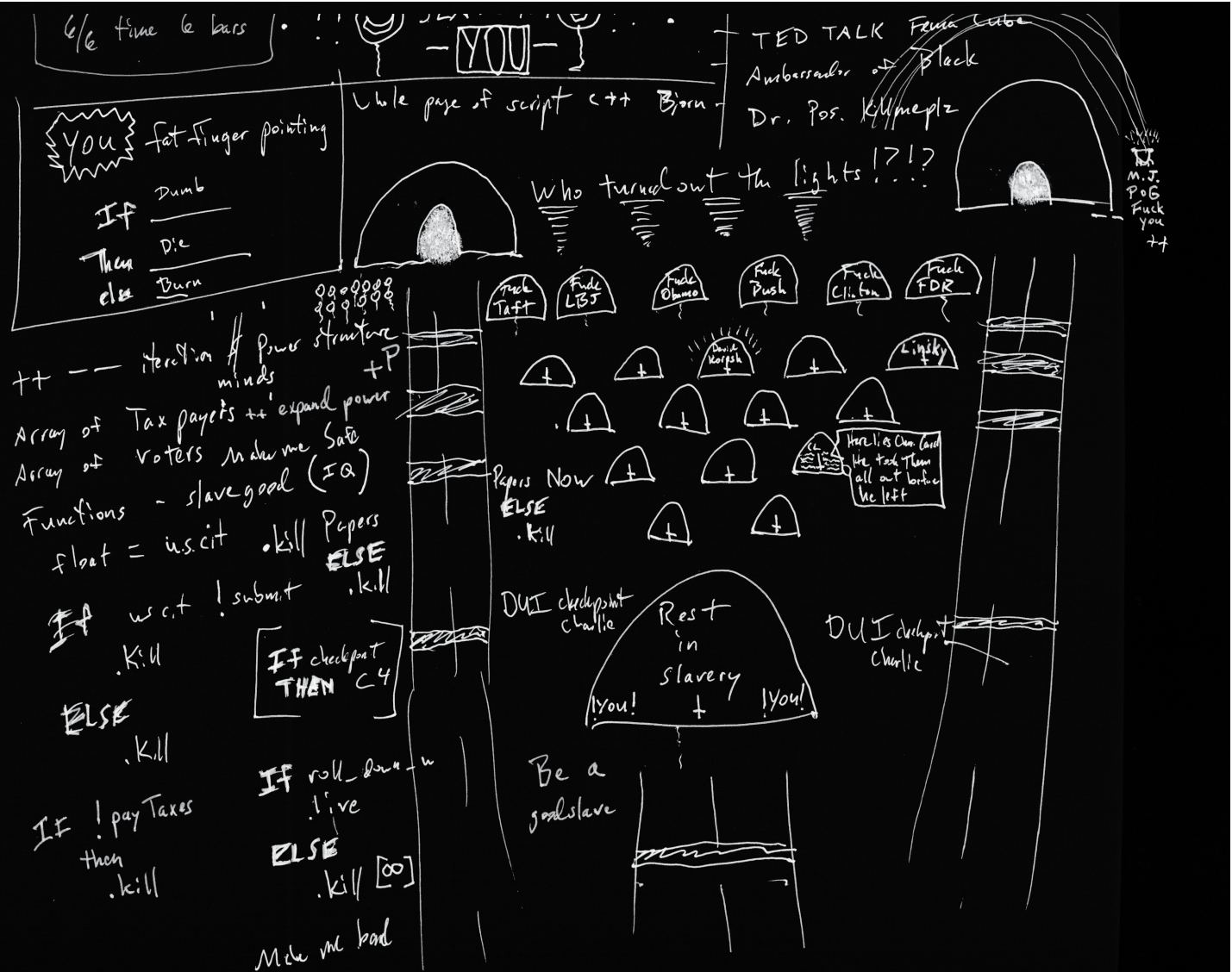
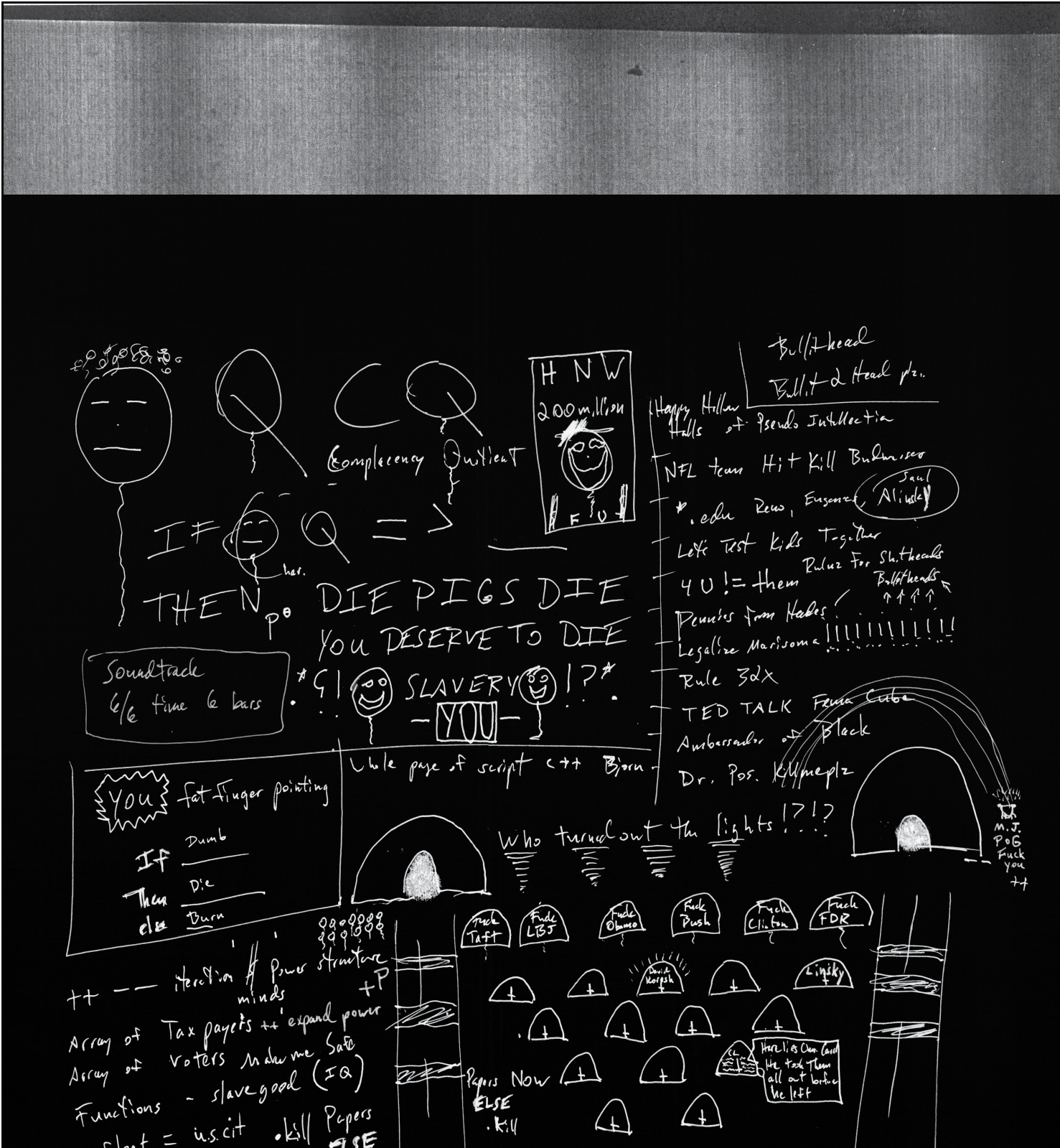
T H E . G U N . P E O P L E

THE GUN PEOPLE LINED UP TO A N D GET OFF THE STREETS AND GET THEN BEING STOLEN FROM SHELLS WEREN'T EVEN EVALUATED, THEY WASTED ALL THAT GAS SENT ON A NICE PERMANENT VA A RETIRING CITY COP ED, THEY WASTED ALL THAT GAS CATION TO CENTRAL OR SOUTH A N D MONEY GETTING TO THE CENTER A M E R I C A . THEN SHOT EVERY NOW OF TOWN ONLY TO BE TREATED D L I K E THE THOUGHTS OF ACTUALLY T H E N C H E A P BEING USED FOR THE FOR FUN ON THE WEEKEND. T R A S H . R I G H T GUNS NEEDED THE CASH BUT THEY REASONS AND NOT BEING HIS WAS SOMETHING DIFFERENT WEREN'T THAT DESPERATE YET C O O P E D THEY THOUGHT. THEY POURED IN ONLY TO BE MISHANDLED BY SOME UP IN AN EVIDENCE ONLY TO FIND OUT THAT THEY WERE CROOKED ASS LEGISLATION THAT LOCKER FOR 7 YEARS BEING BOUGHT FOR SLAVE PRICES. WAS POORLY EXECUTED.

C H I N E S E . D E B T . C O L L E C T O R S

THE TENSION BEGAN TO THEM INTO HOMES ROBUST UNIT INCURRED A PLAN NEEDED TO B O I L WITH CHINESE GOOD TIMES. BE MADE. ONE ACCOUNT CHRONICALLY AS THE CHINA SENT THE ONLY PROBLEM WAS THE CLED BY THE INTERIOR SPOKE OF IN THEIR TEAMS TO COLLECT THE BANKS THEY MADE GOOD WITH A LARGE WAR VETERAN THREATENING THE COLLECTION AGENT. D E B T S HAD ALREADY MADE BAD WITH IT WAS TOLD THAT HE HAD A BAD PEOPLE WITH ZERO INTENT ON BASKETBALL SNEAKER WHERE THE DEALS WITH PROPELLING REPAYING ANY DEBT WHATSOEVER HIS LEGS ONCE STEMMED FROM. THE LARGE SCALE GROWTH AND URBAN SPRAWL INTO RURAL CHINA. THEY HAD BUILD THEIR OWN HORROR STORIES HIT HOME ABOUT HE WAS OBVIOUSLY SCREWED, INFRASTRUCTURE NOW THEY THE LARGE DISABLED VETS AND HE COULD STILL TAKE ON LIKE NEEDED THEIR MONEY BACK TO CHEESEBURGER FILLED RAGE THAT 4 OR 5 ASIANS IN A FIST FIGHT FILL THESE HOUSES AND TURN THE TOU MI SHIYNAN COLLECTION OR A HAND TO HAND COMBAT.





D I Y . C H E C K P O I N T . I F . T H E N

0	1	0	4	0	7
STOP FOR DUI CHECKPOINTS	YOU HAVE NO CHOICE THEY'RE	THEY'RE LOADING THEIR GLOVES ON.			
FOR INSTANT DEATH.	RIGHT UP AHEAD !!!				
0	2	0	5	0	8
YOUR BODY IS FILLED WITH NEE-	THEY SAW YOU, YOUR LIGHTS, YOU'RE	LOCKING AND LOADING THEIR GUNS,			
DLES AND NANO MACHINES, WILL	ON THE ROAD AFTER ALL.	IN CASE YOU GET UPPITY.			
YOU SUBMIT TO A DIRTY_COP?	0	6	0	9	
0	3	THEY'RE FLAGGING YOU DOWN, ARE	1	0	
CAN YOU HANDLE ANOTHER SHOCK	YOU GONNA STOP?	YOU KNOW THAT MY STOPPING BAD			
LIKE THIS?		HAIR SWEATY DRUNK MEN WE SAVE			

APPROXIMATELY 699% MORE 1	3	THEY'RE TAKING DNA SAMPLES TOO,
CHILDREN EACH YEAR?	YOU, READING THIS RIGHT NOW,	SALIVA YEAH BUT BLOOD EVEN. IT'S
1	YOU'RE UNWELL.	WARRANTLESS, WHEN WILL YOU UN-
NO CHILD IS KILLED BY A DRUNK	DO YOU KNOW IT YET?	DERSTAND THAT THIS IS NOT YOUR
MALE, SAUCED AT THE WHEEL.		CHOICE. THIS IS THEIR CHOICE. I'M
1	2	TIRED OF PEOPLE FUCKIN' AROUND
UNFIT FOR RAISING CHILDREN THESE	THEY DIRTY_COPS HAVE THEIR	WITH THE LAW I MEAN LOOK NOW,
MEN ARE. YOU'RE UNFIT.	GUNS ON YOU, INSIDE YOU THEY'RE	WHAT HAPPENS. LOOK AT YOUR
	RAPING YOU WITH FINGERS PUT-	
	TING THEM ALL OVER AND GUESS	
	WHERE ELSE?	



WE CHASE MISPRINTED LIES  
WE FACE THE PATH OF TIME

AND YET I FIGHT  
AND YET I FIGHT

THIS BATTLE ALL ALONE  
NO ONE TO CRY TO  
NO PLACE TO CALL HOME

OOOH... OOOH...  
OOOH... OOOH...

MY GIFT OF SELF IS RAVED  
MY PRIVACY IS RAVED

AND YET I FIGHT  
AND YET I FIGHT

REPEATING IN MY HEAD  
IF I CAN'T BE MY OWN  
I'D FEEL BETTER DEAD.



THE ALICE IN CHAINS SUN

# T H E . A L I C E . I N . C H A I N S . S U N

ON APRIL 19, 2002, STALEY'S ACCOUNTANTS CONTACTED STALEY'S MOTHER NANCY MCCALLUM AND INFORMED HER THAT NO MONEY HAD BEEN WITHDRAWN FROM THE SINGER'S BANK ACCOUNT IN TWO WEEKS. MCCALLUM THEN PLACED A CALL WITH 911 TO SAY "SHE HADN'T HEARD FROM [STALEY] IN ABOUT TWO WEEKS."<sup>[39]</sup> THE POLICE WENT WITH MCCALLUM AND HER HUSBAND TO STALEY'S

HOME, "WHEN POLICE KICKED IN THE DOOR TO LAYNE STALEY'S UNIVERSITY DISTRICT APARTMENT ON APRIL 19, THERE, ON A COUCH, LIT BY A FLICKERING TV, NEXT TO SEVERAL SPRAY-PAINT CANS ON THE FLOOR, NOT FAR FROM A SMALL STASH OF COCAINE, NEAR TWO CRACK PIPES ON THE COFFEE TABLE, REPOSED THE REMAINS OF THE ROCK MUSICIAN." THE ARTICLE ALSO STATED THAT

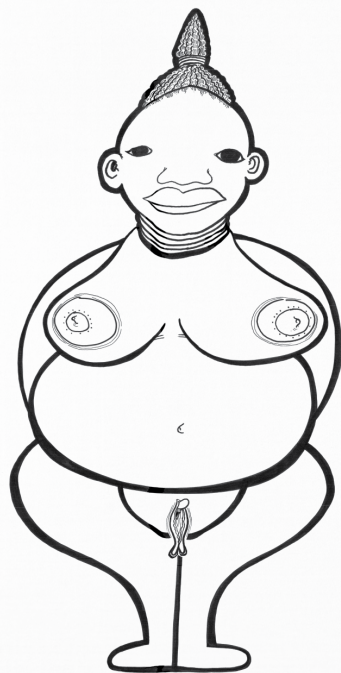
THE 6'1" STALEY WEIGHED JUST 86 POUNDS WHEN HIS BODY WAS DISCOVERED,<sup>[40]</sup> MOSTLY DUE TO <sup>[CITATION NEEDED]</sup> DECOMPOSITION AS HIS BODY WAS DISCOVERED TWO WEEKS AFTER HIS DEATH. THE AUTOPSY REPORT LATER CONCLUDED THAT STALEY HAD DIED AFTER INJECTING A MIXTURE OF HEROIN AND COCAINE KNOWN AS A "SPEEDBALL".<sup>[10]</sup> 2002



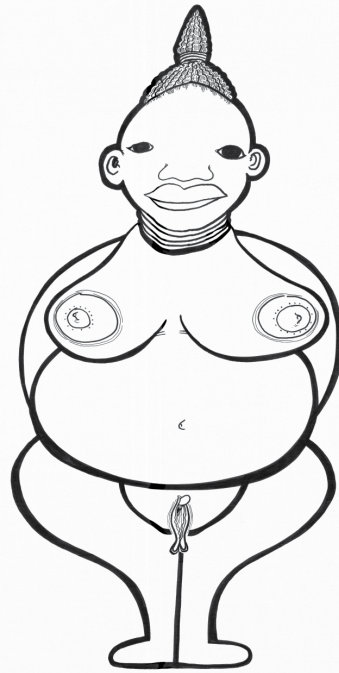


# African Art

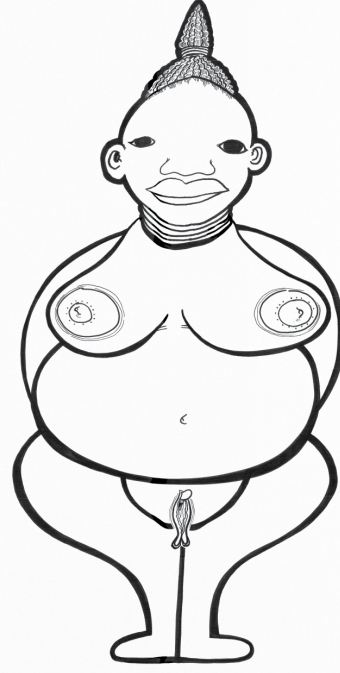
## THROUGH THE AGES\*



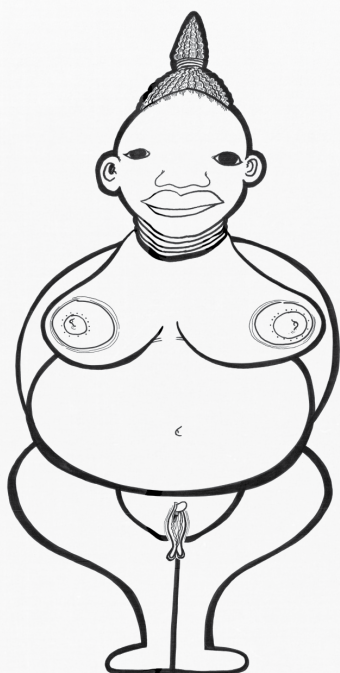
20,000 BC - Yogbu



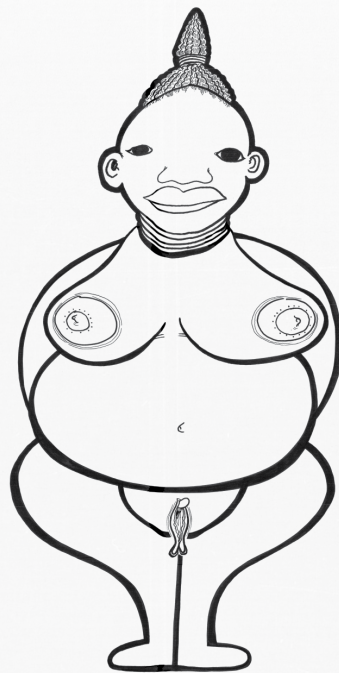
15,000 BC - Dubutu



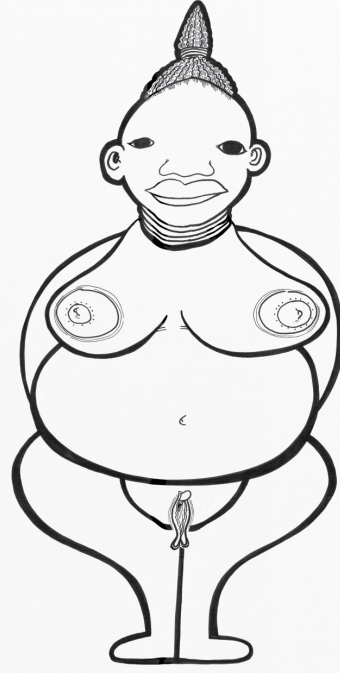
7,500 BC - Igbo



AD 1 - Toko



AD 1000 - Coko



AD 2014 - Chingbo

\*THEY ALSO BUILT THE  
PYRAMIDS AND WERE JESUS.  
PROBABLY INVENTED ELECTRICITY TOO.

In college I took a course on African Art for one semester and the teacher was this ineffectual, neutered white guy who looked like he just walked out of a Daniel Clowes comic or something. Late 20s but he dressed like Hemmingway, very stooped posture and he wouldn't make eye contact or speak clearly unless he was at the head of the class in which case he'd become a member of the Dead Poets Society and fondle every word like a preacher.

Anyway we spent all semester studying African art, and from day one it was just damn obvious that African art sucks shit. We looked at slides and physical examples from every era and every tribe, from all over the great content of Africa, and it was all the same--essentially wood sculptures of women with comically large breasts and asses, and barely any facial features.

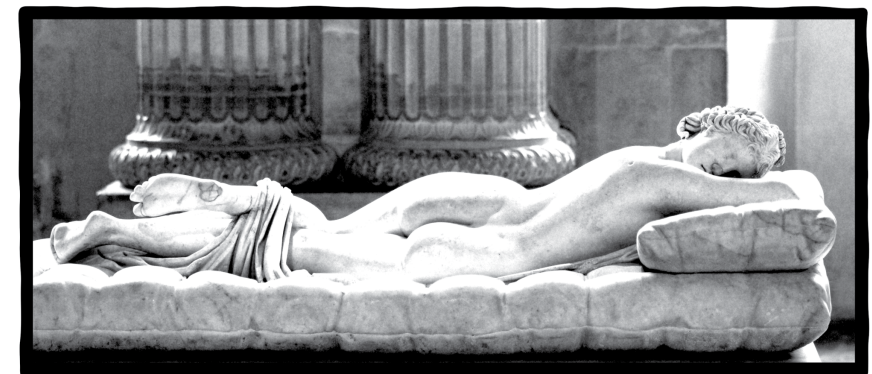
And the little professor would hem and haw about how this piece was dramatically different from that piece because of a different type of oil used on the wood, or how this tribe's hatchet heads represented a paradigm shift because they were the first ones to sharpen them with a grinding stone instead of chipping away at them with rocks. He would talk about these things as if they had the significance of space flight or antibiotics.

The other thing I liked a lot was that he'd always point out some stupid, backwards-ass invention and follow up by saying how wise the inventors were. Not clever or ingenious or brilliant, but wise. "Now what was interesting about the Yobugu people was that they would actually smear mud on their heads to keep cool in the hot summer. Very wise people... Now if you'll direct your attention to these raised bumps on the back of the walking stick, these were actually so that the Obubu nobility could scratch their itchy penis and balls on a hot summer's day. Very wise people."

This sounds racist as hell but it is what it is... Like what am I supposed to look at this pile of dookie and give you a pat on the back for trying your best for twenty thousand years? This is like having a retarded or autistic son where you have to smile and tell your wife you love him just as much, meanwhile you get to watch all the other dads' sons play football and build model rockets and grow up to do something useful. I am trying my best not to be racist, but at the same time that these mother-fuckers were sitting around in straw huts banging rocks together, people in different parts of the world were discovering gunpowder and Fibonacci Sequences and putting discs of melted sand into tubes for looking at stars. Now I'm racist because I'm not jumping up and down clapping my hands over how culturally significant it is that some people have been smearing blood on themselves and eating cow ass since the dawn of time? I'm racist look how racist I am... This is racist. My crusty old white hegemonist eyes are broken and can't appreciate true beauty; I should be castrated and injected with estrogen and put in a sensitivity training prison fuck me fuck me fuck me

You know what this really is? I am just a sad little white man, trying to be like howard stern or say something shocking or edgy for attention. I'm just sad, and black men have been proven to be like Neil deGrasse-Tyson and the Allstate insurance guy, and I am sexually impotent and a black guy is probably fucking my girlfriend right now! (while of course all races are genetically the same in terms of brainpower, it has been proven that blacks are better lovers, not only more caring and attentive but with greater physical prowess).. i just want attention and im saying edgy things about hitler to troll, I'm a big troll

Ugly white bitch, snowflake, devil bitch, white bitch, take this dick



LOOK AT THIS UGLY, DERIVATIVE, MISOGYNISTIC,  
BORING, PRIVILEGED WESTERN GARBAGE! BLECHHH!



[redacted]

[redacted] Chundoan Brisco said. Chundoan grabbed hold of Smitty's collar and began shaking him like a baby.

[redacted]

At this last question, Chundoan shoved Smitty and spin-kicked a round house an inch away from his soggy cracker face. Smitty looked on, horrified.

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted] Chundoan replied quickly. He walked like a spider over to the telephone on a table made of several stacks of comic books. The phone was still live, so he hung it up. After a minute of complete silence, Brisco spoke.

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted] There was a knock at the door. Smitty stifled a puke. Brisco took a deep breath, took it real low, real easy real slow. [redacted] The door electric sex. That was her true weapon tonight. It was strange and frightening. As she spoke, she shook. A violent nervous shaking. She walked to Brisco and slapped him across his chiseled face. [redacted]

[redacted]

C O M E U P P A N C E

Denice flew across the parlor like she was on jet skis, backwards. She crashed through the glass window where she was pronounced dead at the scene. The neighbors did not relinquish the used body to police, for Chundoan insisted that the body be burned along with all the departed's knick knacks and shoes, handbags and belongings.

Brisco turned away from the wreckage with a wry smile pinching his cheeks. He looked at Smitty. Smitty did not look pleased, and so he spoke:

--Brisco, you can't hit a dame like that!  
--What the fuck are you talking about?

Chundoan Brisco said. Chundoan grabbed hold of Smitty's collar and began shaking him like a baby.

--Shut your mouth or I'll make you a dame! You think you're above law eh? Smitty? You feel you're above the natural law? The ancient law? The natural order? Who the fuck do you think you're foolin' Smitty? At this last question, Chundoan shoved Smitty and spin-kicked a round house an inch away from his soggy cracker face.

Smitty looked on, horrified.

--Look, Smitty, Brisco said. It's gotta be a certain way. It's the way it's gotta be.  
--You better make yourself a ghost, Brisco.

CHUNDOAN BRISCO - COMEUPPANCE

CHUNDOAN BRISCO - COMEUPPANCE

CHUNDOAN BRISCO - COMEUPPANCE

CHUNDOAN BRISCO - COMEUPPANCE

CHUNDOAN BRISCO - COMEUPPANCE

CHUNDOAN BRISCO - COMEUPPANCE

--It ain't time to go yet, Smitty.

Chundoan --What are you say- Comeuppance ing Chun-  
Brisco doan? It's time to go!

This place'll  
be crawlin' with dopeshow in a minute and a half!  
--Relax.  
--What the fuck is it that you know that you're not  
telling me?  
--Someone's showin' up, Smitty. Someone with a score  
to settle.  
--You don't make any sense Chundoan!  
--I make sense. Chundoan replied quickly.

He walked like a spider over to the telephone on a table made of several stacks of comic books. The phone was still live, so he hung it up. After a minute of complete silence, Brisco spoke.

--Look, I'm sorry Smitty. I didn't mean to be cross  
with you.  
The situation is this: there is a woman coming here  
with intent to harass. She is coming for me, because  
that woman I just done up is... was her sister and  
she's not very happy with what  
I just did.

Chundoan paused thoughtfully, and continued.

--Smitty, don't let's fight. Just stay here. It's safer  
that way.  
--Okay Chundoan, I didn't mean to accuse you of any-  
thing. I'm just rattled up is all.

There was a knock at the door. Smitty stifled a puke. Brisco took a deep breath, took it real low, real easy real slow.

--Come. Brisco said.

The door opened and what emerged out was a real bombshell surprise. The dead dame's sister was an all-American knockout. Blond tight sweet right. She cat-walked close to Brisco so he could get a good whiff of her electric sex. That was her true weapon tonight. It was strange and frightening. As she spoke, she shook. A violent, nervous shaking. She walked to Brisco and slapped him across his chiseled face.

Immediately, as if she were a doctor checking reflexes, Brisco, being the quick patient, returned fire and sat her down on the floor with a fierce backhand. She didn't make a sound.

Suddenly, she pulls out her purse and a .22 special with the tag still on it. She begins to raise it toward Chundoan shakily.

Without hesitation, Chundoan guns her down like a horse-lame bitch in heat.

--That'll do it. Brisco says.





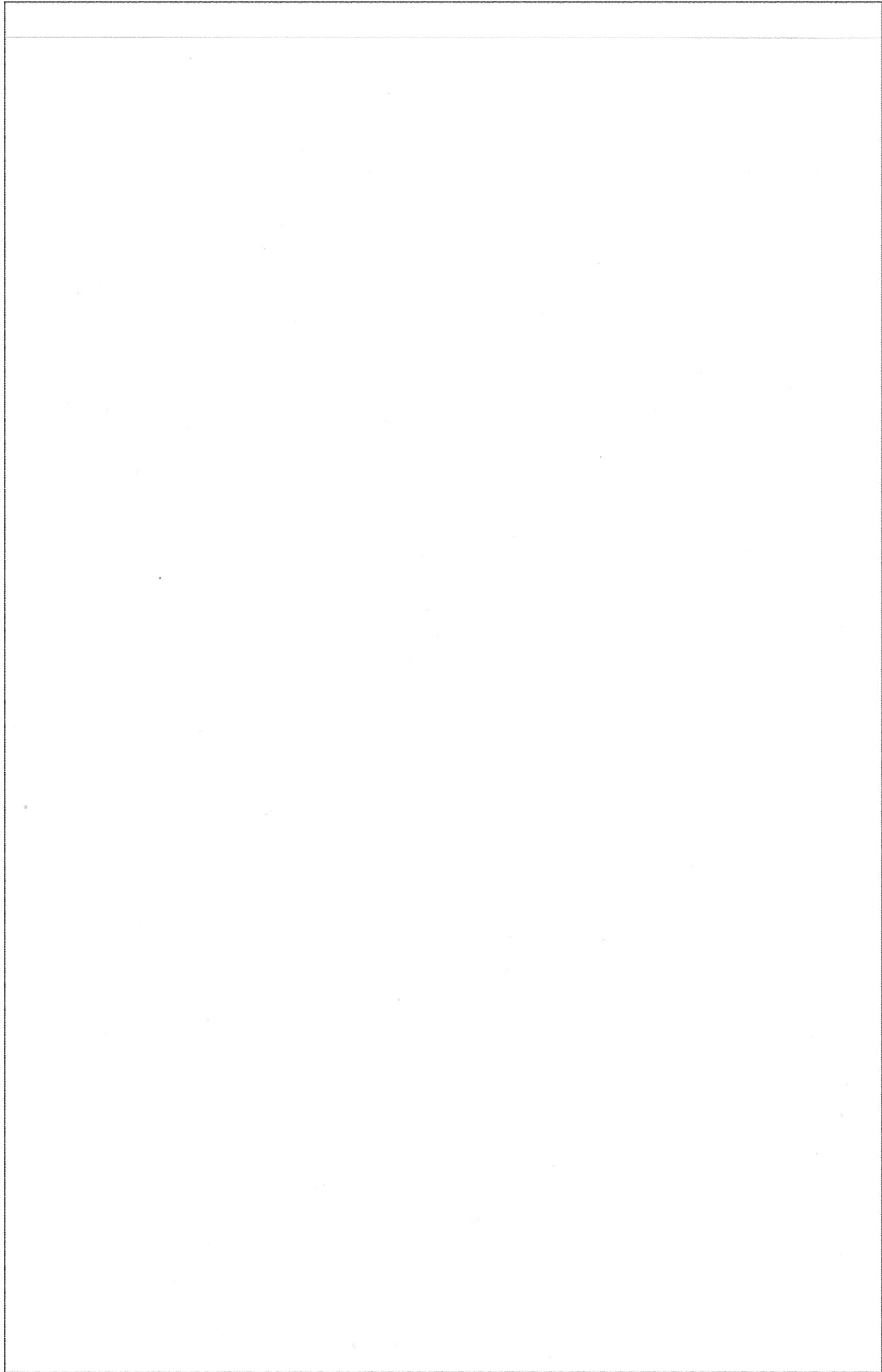
BAZOOKA JOE ANSWER MAN  
THE TOOTHPASTE HAS ANTI-FREEZE IN IT.

THE QUALITY CONTROL IS JUST BANANAS.  
THEY HAVE RIVERS OF FLOATING PIG CARCASSES.

TRUST ME, I'M THE PRESIDENT. CHINA IS A TURD.  
JOHN GOODMAN COULD BEAT G-7 CHINESE PEOPLE.







personnel

us

the

Figure

to

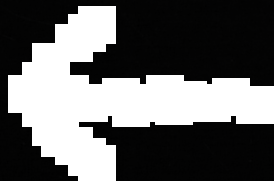
from

# MAKE YOUR OWN CARTOON: BAKERY BUR-GLAR

professional  
pastry thieves.  
The crime that's  
extra sweet

Break out the pencils and crayons, because now it's time to draw your own cartoon based

on our fun prompt (we retain all legal rights):





TITLE:  
 "NEW MUSIC  
 GENRES"

New types of music that will be coming out in the next few years:

- |                                   |                                    |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| • priest core                     | • thug-soul                        |
| • gothmo                          | • thug-R&B                         |
| • ghost chiptune                  | • thug chiptune                    |
| • butt tech                       | • thugstep                         |
| • butt acid                       | • dubcore                          |
| • hyper classical                 | • dub bub                          |
| • neo rock                        | • buttstep                         |
| • new age butt tech               | • dubtech                          |
| • nice core                       | • white power                      |
| • sex trip                        | • nazi music                       |
| • thug tech                       | • nazi tunes                       |
| • sex tourist                     | • nazi chiptune                    |
| • sex crime                       | • nazi choir                       |
| • ghost scripture                 | • hyperfolk                        |
| • chiptune hymnal                 | • Aryan Brotherhood Chiptune       |
| • comedy rap                      | • pagan metal                      |
| • whore-pop                       | • milk tunes                       |
| • nig-nog                         | • milk tech                        |
| • devil dance/trance              | • butt milk                        |
| • scientolitrance                 | • core-tech                        |
| • grave trance                    | • neo-nazi core-tech               |
| • priest punk                     | • neo-tech                         |
| • funny rapping (Andy Miloniakis) | • Pagan Matrix soundtrack          |
| • grave rap                       | • christian acidmetal              |
| • grave tech                      | • neochristian techmetal           |
| • grave acid tech                 | • christian Matrix soundtrack      |
| • dead tech                       | • tweet-rap                        |
| • Weedpunk                        | • neo-skrillex tweetcore           |
| • thug-hop                        | • tweetcore                        |
| • coolcore                        | • tweetpunk                        |
| • ghostcore                       | • Wilco                            |
| • thug rap                        | • Weezer                           |
| • thug-bop                        | • Grunge Rock                      |
|                                   | • Seattle Grunge Dubstep Mosh Tech |
|                                   | • On-line music                    |



- blog-hop (hip hop that originates on blogs)
- smiley face step
- Racist Dubstep
- Skrillexbop (Old Timey Bop Music Made by Skrillex)
- Weedhop
- genderpunk
- gendertech
- gendergoth
- Blazetech (Acid Tech made on April 20th)
- Skritter (Skrillex's Twitter feed turned into binary and then fed directly into a PCM WAV file)
- gendermosh (Androgynous Puke Metal)
- Puke Metal
- neo-proto-christian rockrap
- Hard Puke Techno
- Faggotrave
- Faggot Battle Hymns
- illegalcore
- crimecore
- crime-metal
- god-metal
- Anime dubstep soundtracks
- Anime Dreadtech (dreadlock cyborg atonal butt thrumming)
- Gold Metal
- crimepunk
- punkpunk
- holocaustpunk
- hitlerpunk
- blazepunk
- 'caust-rave
- 'caust-survivor metal
- Ice Music (music played with Ice instruments)
- Icy Hot Rap Rock
- holographic music videos (not a genre, just a future smashing idea i had (while blazed and listening to Skritter))
- 'caust-survivor rap
- vietnamcore
- CIAstep
- CIA Techno
- CIA Rock
- CIA New Age
- CIA Celtic
- CIA Hymn
- CIA World Music
- CIA Contemporary Classical
- columbinecore
- jesus christronica
- neoCIA genderthrash
- presidential rapcore hip-crop
- presidential horrorcore
- comedycore (funny cool viral videos chopped and screwed into dubstep)
- Showtunes
- TV theme song from 'Hey Dude' played by Budnick
- Tugboat Smashrod Ultratempo
- Free-wheelin Good-time Pop Punk
- iPhone Handicapable Jazz
- Indian Sitar Rap Tech
- Funcore
- Coolrave Techpunk
- gay-for-pay hip-hop Straight Thugs
- Craigslist M4M Deathmetal
- Political Singer Songwriter Thug
- LGBTQ Orphan Hip-Pop
- Ball Torture Rave
- LGBTQ rapmetal
- Vietnamfolk
- LOLcore
- Coolrave
- Funmetal
- Jew Metal (a cool countercultural commentary PUN of "nu metal")
- Michael Moorecore
- cosbycore
- smilecore
- smile rock
- smile metal
- grincore
- rainbow-rap
- cumcore
- animepunk
- Priestcore
- The Terminator
- Bob Hope
- Pleasure Smash Hippie Festival Chunk Blower Jam Band
- Drug Throb
- Drug Mash
- fuckwave
- Cum House (house music for guys who love Cum)
- Vitamin Water punk
- FFVII Materia-Infused Classic Rock
- Progressive Anime Punk
- Progressive Terminator 2 Soundtracktronica
- 'Caust-Survivor Raprock
- Genital Country
- Genital Crunch Gospel
- Genigospel
- Country Pop Rock Homosexual Music
- Nazi Hunter Monotone 8-Bit
- Shemale Riff Rock
- Israel Zion-Lion Dub
- Hot Buttered Heavy Lickin' Country
- Whale Sonar Dyke IDM
- Sensual Folk
- Nazicore
- Fanfic Metal (erotic fanfic readings dubbed over xxxtreme metal tracks)
- Tweetfic Raprock (erotic twitter-based fanfic readings flowing to a sickfresh penultimate rap-rock beat)
- Dykebeat
- dykeflow
- homosensual ultragod
- slampoeetry jamsesh
- Womanbeat
- Hard Hitting Womanbeater
- blog-goth
- tweetgoth
- gothsesh
- milkgoth
- weedgoth
- dogblog (people writing blogs from the point of view of their dogs then reading them out loud over a chorus of max hardcore sound clips)
- Pagan Pan Flute
- Definitive Goth Blues
- Bluesy Goth Singer Songwriter
- Blog-Goth
- Train-Goth
- Electric Car Goth
- Internet Start-up Goth
- Foursquare Goth
- Linked-in Goth
- Mininmal Grocercy Store EZ Goth
- Novelty Wedding Music
- Novelty Wedding Goth
- EZ Goth Lite Wedding Chiptune
- Contemporary Honky Tonk
- 8-Bit Honky Tonk (soundtrack from the game Sunset Riders)
- Meth House
- Meth Bluegrass
- Meth Classical
- Meth Contemporary Classical
- Meth Medieval Ballad
- Orchestral Nu-Goth Livejournal Music
- Meth-Metal



guncrime	atmospheric psycho dad rock	lolcore	ringtone rap
methtweet	queergrind	Memestep	8-bit ringtone singalong speedcore
nu methtweet	technical electrofolk	Smoothcore	
skypecore	proto-skrillex space funk	ambient neo-oldies	
sexcrime a capella (exactly what it sounds like)	post-9/11 labiawave	ultra-local vegan cruststep	
erotic roleplay	neogressive grubstep.....	rap matrix	
puppy play	pedocore	contemporary cyberthrash	
kidnap-rap	911 truthcore	hempcore	
fetishrap	steampunk battlemetal	orchestral jam-band	
fetishcore	cock and ballstep	thug metal	
fetish metal	twerpstep	Indypsytwance	
furry metal	earthcore (hella underground)	BronyBeatz	
minecraft-folk	bayou boogie	icelandic gangster rap	
buttcare	tweedhop / twee tweed weed hip hop	Post Punk - Pirate Funk	
horrorcore	steamtech	Oompaloo wonkawave	
hellmetal	Shaggacore	Neo-placenta cherrypop	
hellrock	Neobhangra post-flickstep	Jonbonet Gurglecore	
bop-rock tweetcop	Transcendental African-American metal	Small Cockhop	
Outlaw Skypepunk	Post-Modernism Bartwave	Fecal Electrorock	
Cyberpunk Skype Hammer Metal	heap	good times core	
Baroque Puppy Slayer	FREECREDITSCORE.com Core	dilbertfunk	
Baroque Molestation Soundtrack	bass and bass	orbs	
White Power Lullabies	occupy wallstreet trancetech	krymecore	
Muslim Mind Control Hip-Hop	chemostep	progressive methtech	
All-or-nothing Butt Rock	christian furry speedcore	friendly dad speedcore	
Industrial Swing Bop	alkaline earth metal	friendly dad chiptune	
Industrial Christmas Tech-Hop	digital romney-step	dadstep	
penultimate hellzone	punk family guy quote metal	home ec. electrorock	
ultimate deathgun (actually just the name of a really cool 8 bit japanese rpg weapon not a genre)	Potter Rock	the holocaust	
post-gendercore	Wizardcore	driver's ed	
medieval punk-step	Dumblebeat	metal-metalcore	
proto-christhop	Happy Furcore	stepcore	
prudewave	'Net Funk	beatcore stepwave	
grime mixed nutz	Smooth Disco	arsoncore	
Tienanmen aggrotech	Downbeat Wobblehouse	white castle burger	



# MULTICULTURAL ALISM AN ATTACK WESTERN YOU

Wow





**IS ALL-  
-OUT ON  
CIVILI-  
ZATION FU-  
CKING  
IDIOT**



I've always hated  
everyone I work with,  
Tomorrow morning I am  
going to get to work  
<sup>35</sup> minutes before  
everyone else gets  
in. I will park in  
the center of the  
parking lot. One by  
one as my co-workers  
arrive I will shoot  
them in the back of  
the head and leave  
their bodies hanging  
halfway out of t heir  
cars. I strongly  
beleive that I w ill  
be able to kill <sup>15-40</sup>  
of my co-workers  
where I will then  
speed away and have  
a good last meal.







# Deep aboard Air Force 1, Obama kicks back with the so-called President's Club and chills with a special strain of weed crafted by the FDA for all standing presidents and former presidents

— SUPER  
— WEED

This is how you know Obama is chill and the president for me. He is one chill-ass Cool Tom. Like, suave, black, Ray Charles. People should be allowed to vote based on cool-factor alone, because Barry O. is one slick spade Willy. He smokes reefer like Malcolm X did. Zoot suit president.

What most people don't expect is that George Bush also smokes <sup>SUPER WEED</sup>, so I guess he's not such a bad guy. Neither of them can read the constitution because they can't read cursive.

The thing about weed is that it is a healing herb that is put in the ground. It can't possibly do any damage because <sup>IT IS A PLANT!</sup> How could smoking a <sup>NATURAL PLANT</sup> harm you at all? Is it possible that there is some sort of spirit molecule within this plant that when you smoke it, unlocks your hidden mutant abilities? The reason the government doesn't want us to have access to this plant is because it would immediately make the world peaceful and equal. There's no layered deception going on and there are certainly no sort of subtle mechanisms behind the way things work... Such as, human nature, or, the tragedy of the commons, or, the tyranny of the majority, rent seeking... There are some easily googleable things that go a long way towards explaining why things are the way they are, but fuck that noise - there's basically <sup>GOOD</sup>, and <sup>EVIL</sup>, and <sup>MONEY</sup> and <sup>CORPORATIONS</sup> are evil, black people are <sup>GOOD</sup>, green technology is <sup>GOOD</sup>, and weed is definitely <sup>GOOD</sup>. I want to swag out with this rotch-puff and watch a fat movie...

So fuck your ironic bullshit cus this is metaswag, and before we can start waking up and fixing our hemorrhaging, nearly dead country, we've got to <sup>SWAG-UP</sup> and make everything <sup>FAIR</sup>, because <sup>JUST LAST WEEK</sup> there was a hate crime where a group of white honkey rednecks lynched a gay black man and called him slurs. Privatized gains and socialized losses sounds like the title to a boring ass paper for school yo, I'd rather talk about something real and apocalyptic such as <sup>SEXUAL ASSAULT</sup>. We are taking this to [whitehouse.tumblr.gov](http://whitehouse.tumblr.gov).

<sup>SUPER WEED</sup> is pretty good if you are into indicas. Now is the time to relax by the way... In case you were looking at the overbought stock mar-

ket or the Ukraine crisis or Chinese real estate and thinking I should be relaxing right now, well, you're right. Please relax, get a good body high and watch Adventure Time. By the time this book is published we might be in the middle of World War III, I don't know, might as well chill and fap, fuck me fuck me fuck my face with a knife.

In an alternate reality, Obama is a fail son who still sits at the kids table during Thanksgiving even though he is 26. He collects mangas and that's not even the worst thing about him. So of course he needs <sup>SUPER WEED</sup>. Be careful when you smoke it because it contains microdrones that turn straight white people into gay minorities. It's grown in the Middle East and that's the reason why we're still stationed there.

This one time Obama wandered into a dispensary looking all dishevelled, childlike, and he was the most docile mild-mannered person you've ever seen, but he thought he was in a Monsanto laboratory and he gave speeches to the staff and the customers about passing legislation for <sup>GMO SUPER WEED</sup>. He suddenly recoiled in terror from invisible assailants and randomly started blurting passages from the Protocols of the Elders of Zion and darting his eyes back and forth. Then Michelle burst into the room with the Secret Service and shot him with tranq darts full of GI Joe Kush Super Bomba Bud Reefer. When he woke up he was back in the Oval Office with the lights out, wearing a diaper and a Venetian mask, playing Farm Simulator, mining Dogecoin, and watching Ideas Man laughing hysterically. Just another crazy day in our chill-ass president's life. He is one cool brother.

PS note to self, new sketch idea:

Obama has been blowing anyone who contributes to his campaign, because he believes it's necessary. In this film, you find him in the middle of the act. For about 10 minutes, his chocolate dome is bobbing up and down to a chorus of oohs and slurping and gagging noises. When the man receiving the blowy finishes, he says, thank you for this generous and <sup>TOTALLY UNNECESSARY</sup> blowjob. That's when Obama pops up with one eye closed as to avoid spunk obstructed vision. He stares dead pan at the camera which is slowly zooming in.



# 2070 Predictions

MOUTH NOISES

Scientists decide to tap into 75% of the earth's surface using new farming methods (on the sea floor). Untapped sealand resources yield amazingly flavorful sea beets, sea yams, sea potatoes. Guy Fieri's son is hired as part of a massive publicity campaign and he creates the first Chili's appetizer using food only cultivated from the sea floor—Sea Cheesy Baked Potatoes. They are a smash hit.

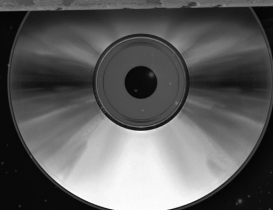
A new hybrid form of wigger hipster hits the scene, known as a wipster: they're savvy, they use the internet, they have decent taste, but they're obsessed with hip hop. Sociologists buzz with interest and colleges rush to provide new courses for those wishing to major in wipster studies.

REVOLUTIONARY

Most of the major cities will be replaced with vast pleasure domes exclusively for the Excelcyites who are the neo-upperclass, while the displaced hordes of lower class Depth-Grovellers will live underground in tiered cities, endlessly toiling away in subterranean sugar caves for nuggets of neoplasmin.



Video games will be insanely realistic.



The world no longer has to deal with the mentally disabled or the elderly, as they are all killed humanely.

LOOK AT THE DATA



FINGER TEMPLE

Tired of cutting down trees to print worthless dollars, the Neo-Earth Good Govamint League switches over to an all-trash economy. Cubes of trash replace dollar bills and there is a new gold rush making everyone rich. The poor who generate the most trash because they are trash become rich but soon squander the newfound wealth on cartons of cigarettes and flat screen TVs. No one saw this last part coming. Everybody thought the poor people would make wise investments but some fluke caused them to blow it all on useless junk and cigarettes.

"SAVE THE WORLD"

Super fuel efficient vehicles will get 80-100 miles per gallon.

IT'S NOT  
REALLY THAT  
COMPLICATED...

Extreme racial tension and unrest shake the USSR. Tired of playing the knock-out game, white people are collectively stirred from their guilty slumber and for a few weeks the country resembles Rise of the Planet of the Apes, albeit with a different ending (in this version of the movie, the humans, smarter, more logical, and better organized, kill the monkeys without much difficulty). Having trounced the underprivileged, the whites quickly fall back into an apologetic mindset, enacting millions of new laws to make things "Fair"™ and "Equal"™. Thus the 100 year cycle begins again.

Due to the massive increase in the population, there is no longer enough milk formula to supply all the new births. To accommodate this, the NEGGL (Neo-Earth Good Govamint League) has genetically modified the human species such that men and women now go through regular lactation periods, once a month. During these lactation periods, citizens go to special Milk Processing Plants where they are hooked up to machines that harvest all their nourishing lactate. Naturally, this process is extremely painful. Some humans are found with a genetic mutation that increases the lactate levels threefold, and are rounded up by FEMA and farmed for their milk fulltime. Super-Rainbow shielded minorities, and those who identify as trans or any of the other 23 Protected Identity Spectrum Identifiers are exempt from milk service.

GREEN



The promise of intercontinental space flight is finally realized by Richard Branson Jr. and Elon Musk Jr. in the year 2066. A flight that used to take six hours on Delta now takes a mere three hours via NASA (North American Space Airlines). Mile high club? More like Ionosphere club. Have sex in the lavatory. Have sex where people go poop. That's a cool thing to brag about: have sex where people go poop.

Female-on-male bullying reaches an all-time high.

New genetic modifications such as designer eyebrows and reverse hair are all the rage at the cybersurgery clinics of NeoD.C. Celebrities and politicians teleport in for state-of-the-art breast implants, huge genital biggening, and to generally turn themselves into freaks. With the younger crowd, bugification is the hottest trend. Cordy Wiscum, Jice Pipe, Sonix Delushia, Bruize Hydrox, Tyce Cobian—the sexiest rising stars and BounceBall athletes are all turning themselves into bugs.

WHAT

teachable moment

Fat phobia is vanquished and fairy tales and children's movies are rewritten to star fat princesses, fat queens, and fat heroines. Fat is universally recognized as both healthy and sexy, and many of the world's top stars and athletes are grossly overweight.

BUT THE AMAZING THING IS...

Gay marriage is legalized by the year 2070. Bigots throughout the USSA are incensed.

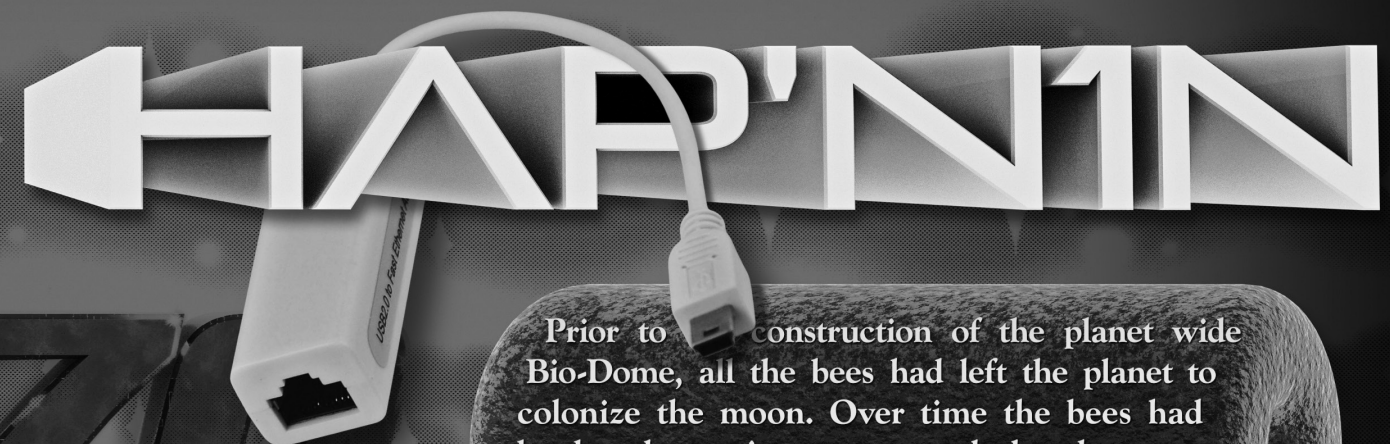
LESS THAN THE PRICE OF A DAILY SODA

Switzerland launches the first space tax shelter.

BEFORE WE START, LET ME TELL YOU A LITTLE BIT ABOUT MY BACKGROUND...

Sodastream will do for soda what 3D printing did for assault rifles. [Picture of Obama drinking a soda, crosshair on head]

I know quantum theory



teach them javascript

Prior to construction of the planet wide Bio-Dome, all the bees had left the planet to colonize the moon. Over time the bees had developed a sentient nature, such that they were no longer satisfied with being farmed for their honey. Some say they're mustering their strength to launch an all out war on Neo-Earth today.

bitch boy

State-enforced homosexuality.

THIS IS GAME CHANGING

By 2070, due to the low oxygen levels, the NEGGL will also impose an 'air tax' on its people. At birth, doctors place a chip inside your lungs that monitors the amount of air your body processes and you will be charged a certain amount Astro-blics (the global currency, based on the ingenious yet fatally flawed Bitcoin protocol) to your file on the Universal Data Base. If you are unable to pay the air tax your Universal Data Base account will be terminated, profile pictures deleted, and you'll be sent to a subterranean labor camp.

Tesla



# 2070

TV NETWORKS USE SOCIAL MEDIA TO  
DETERMINE CONTENT... THIS SYSTEM IS  
SOMETIMES HACKED BY NEOTOLLS WHO  
PLAY DISGUSTING HETEROSEXUAL PORN  
(VINTAGE, AS THIS GENRE IS NO LONGER  
PRODUCED DUE TO LACK OF DEMAND).

give yourself a pat on the back

☑FACEBOOK AS A BIRTH CERTIFICATE.

Deaf are solutions

3D PRINTERS ARE %BIQUITOUS,  
A&D ARE EVEN S<sup>2</sup>/<sub>3</sub>5%D AS TOYS FOR  
NEOPHYTES (CHILDREN). GET T<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>E  
NEWEST 3D PRINTER FOR YOUR  
FIVE-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER, SO SHE  
CAN PRINT SOME 3D 7/8USLIM  
BA®BIE DOLLS TO PLAY WITH.



GAY MEN HAVE AC<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>UALLY DEVELOPED REPRODUCTIVE ORGANS <sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>NSIDE OF THEIR ANUSES, AND A NEW G<sup>2</sup>ENERATION <sup>6</sup>/<sub>8</sub> CHILDREN ARE BORN FROM THE ANUSES OF GAY MEN. <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>AY ANAL BIRTH IS P<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>INLESS A<sup>1</sup>/<sub>3</sub> MUCH MORE SANITARY THAN CONVENTIONAL F<sup>2</sup>MALE BIRTH, AND THEREFORE GAY DADDYMOMS CAN LEAVE THE HOS<sup>2</sup>ITA<sup>5</sup>/<sub>8</sub> SOONER. <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>HE INCUBATION PERIOD IS MUCH SHORTER THAN THAT OF HETER<sup>2</sup>/<sub>3</sub>SEXUAL PR<sup>6</sup>/<sub>8</sub>CREATION AS WELL. <sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub>ASSIVE AMOUNTS OF GAY BABIES ARE BEING BORN FROM THE ANUSES OF GAY MEN EV<sup>2</sup>/<sub>3</sub>RYWHERE. <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>FERY CONCERNING FOR WOMEN WHO NO LONGER ARE <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>CESSARY.

ALL YOUR FAVORITE '90S GAMES WILL BE DESTROYED, CARTRIDGES BURNED IN THE GREAT PURGE, NOT EVEN EMULATORS AND ROMS SURVIVING.

DUE TO MASSIVE AMOUNTS OF NUCLEAR FALLOUT FROM THE  
 FUKUSHIMA REACTOR (AND LATER IN 2033 FROM THE HO-HO REACTOR)  
 SPREADING ACROSS THE PACIFIC TO THE USA, CALIFORNIANS ARE NOW  
 ALMOST INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE JAPANESE IN APPEARANCE.

passion

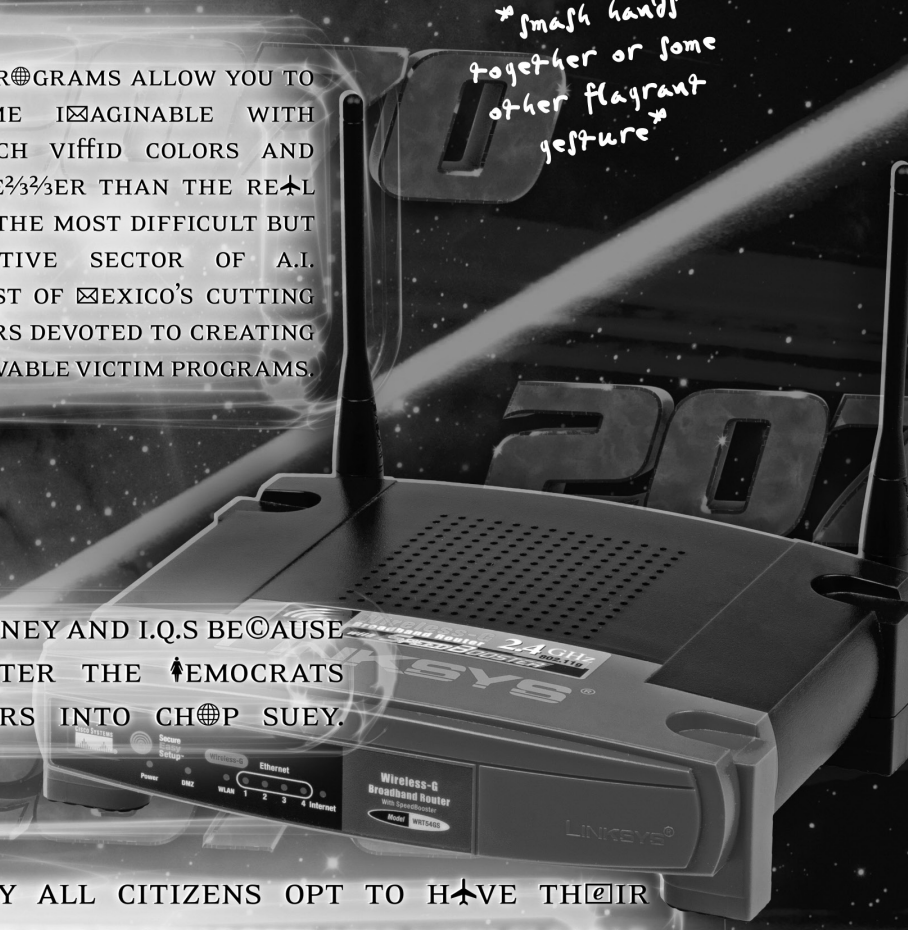
BY 2070, BLOOD IS A MINOR BUT GROWING EXPORT  
WORLD ARE DESPERATE TO CONTRACT THE A.I.D.S.

SUPER VIOLENT V.R. PROGRAMS ALLOW YOU  
 COMMIT ANY CRIME IMAGINABLE WITH  
 IMPUNITY WITH SUCH VIVID COLORS AND  
 SOUNDS THAT IT'S BETTER THAN THE REAL  
 THING. VICTIM A.I. IS THE MOST DIFFICULT  
 ALSO MOST LUCRATIVE SECTOR OF  
 RESEARCH, WITH MOST OF MEXICO'S CUTTING  
 EDGE A.I. RESEARCHERS DEVOTED TO CREATING  
 ACCURATE AND BELIEVABLE VICTIM PROGRAMS

\*smash hands  
together or some  
other flagrant  
gesture\*

clean drinking water

EVERYBODY HAS EQUAL MONEY AND I  
EVERYTHING IS FAIR AFTER THE  
TURNED THE TEA BAGGERS INTO



1/3EARLY ALL CITIZENS OPT TO HAVE TH@IR  
PENISES AND VAGINAS REPLACED WITH CLOACAE  
DUE TO HYGIENE CONCERNS. THE UPSHOT OF  
THIS IS THAT EVERY2/3ODY NOW HAS THE SAME  
TUMBLR, W1/2ICH IS TRILLIONS OF POSTS LONG  
BECAUSE THEY'VE BEEN POSTING SINCE NOW.

"china"

rayguerief



A childlike sense of innovative play

Pop music is really good and everyone likes it...

# REACH

All gooks dead, kill gooks, never forgive them for Pearl Harbor, dump nuclear napalm on them kill them eradicate.

Gas prices hold steady at a reasonable \$900 per gallon thanks to the shrewd financial planning of Chancellor Hillary Clinton.

By 2070, American cars will rise to dominate the scene with their superior engineering. The new Dodge Encompassor, for example, gets nearly 50 miles per gallon of solar gallons, and the build quality far surpasses that of any foreign car. New American manufacturing tech, green tech, space tech, and weapons tech are all combined in the greatest vehicles ever produced. Commuter cars will have weapons like Carmageddon or Twisted Metal—lasers, blasters, projectile weapons, Battle Bots spin and dash attacks—all hardwired to user neural interface.

Millions of North Korean refugees escape and become the world's new problem race. However, they make incredible music using remixing software.

What's your passion?

World's most popular MMORPG costs \$1,000 per month (in today's dollars) to play.

# the

Only gays can teach public school, gay superiority and subliminal gay messages are implanted in text eBooks. Anal sex faggot class teaches fisting and gendersmashing, indoctrinating youngbrood and neophytes to worship AIDS faggot gay homo communist culture. San Francisco sinner Mecca becomes new US capital.

What will happen?

Good luck searching "Al Qaeda" in 2070, you'd have better luck walking next door and asking them questions in person. The entire Middle East is USSA's 57rd state.

"I think [whatever] and [whatever] aren't separate at all. They both go together."

Dogs and cats will no longer be the primary pets of the American household. The average American home spends anywhere from \$2,000-\$10,000 a year feeding and caring for their pet camels and cleaning up after their mess. Wonder why all the camels hmmm...

Average breast size in Japan: 32F

# SINGULARITY

Do you shift?

Music is made by ALL people. Not just the nerds in their basement or the hot girls, ALL people. Everyone has their own artist name and you can hear each person's "sound". If your music sounds similar to another's, guess what? YOU TWO might be compatible. For those who choose to opt out of the Solyndra MySound augmentation, there are elderly dance clubs where people in their 70s and 80s put on live DJ shows, house music and it's fucking gross and they make out and there's a VICE doc about it and movies of course. Every country in the world has a welfare program for musicians due to widespread piracy.



The world's greatest invention, the eTweezle, is invented by a black WOMAN (I've met God. She's black.) which not only cements once and for all the notion that black people are great inventors (add this one to the traffic light and peanut butter) but also that women are able to contribute something to society other than babies and whining.

Free healthcare worked.

There are NO stupid questions  
(unless you're a Climate Change denier)

We lost the war on breast cancer.

Apple computers really start to take flight. Steve Jobs was on to something when he designed these sleek, minimal, clean white and brush aluminum gadgets and gizmos, as their popularity has really taken off by the year 2070.

Imagine THAT!!!

Urban youths are still screaming WORLDSTAR and curb stomping the elderly. Nothing really changed with those folks.

You can change your gender instantly using a powdered drink mix.

Global Community

# anti

# progress

You can upload your brain to a computer just like Joe "Sony VAIO" Rogan said.

The outcomes of sporting matches can now be predicted with 98% accuracy. It was thought that this sports computing breakthrough would destroy the industry and completely ruin the appeal, but people still watch.

We will enhance you, free of charge (taxpayer funded)

A new civilization is discovered in the Pacific Islands; it has been ruled entirely by females, unfettered by male dominance since the dawn of man. Hundreds of trillions of Simoleons are spent studying their rich way of life, their great inventions and staggering cultural achievements, so that we may better our own.

Reinvent it..

Rap and hip-hop are still great, and the greatest rapper alive in 2070 is black, not white, thus restoring the balance.

At any Rite-Aid on the planet, you can purchase a pill, which absorbs soda in your stomach and turns it into healthy water.

Think BIG!

Israel is straight up ripped off the map BYE BYE... Tel Aviv more like Tel Crater... they're so worried about another holocaust; they should be worried about another exodus... in 2070 they'll be fuckin' back in Egypt workin' the slave shift [picture of Malcolm Gladwell looking snide]... somebody nuke these motherfuckers right off the map



**Another day in Hell, the last city on Big Bom, at least as far as anyone can be sure. Most people don't think about things like that anymore—they've got more pressing matters to attend to, such as finding cans of tomato paste for sustenance, and building trash huts to ward off the icy Hell night.**

**Hell is the unofficial name, of course. The people here don't read and can't remember much, so when the picture tubes went dim, and the street signs and advertisements began to fade, they had to start making up names for things. You've heard it said that ages ago someone suggested 'Hell' as a joke, before it started to get real bad, and over the G-Shocks the joke started wearing thin, until eventually it fit like a glove and people stopped asking about it.**

Here, folks scavenge to make ends meet, and that's what you are by trade: a scavenger, as well as a rat, backstabber, and thief. No friends, no family to call your own, only gangs, gangs to be feared and avoided.

The worst gang of all is the Cop-O's. They call themselves FEDGOV and take themselves real serious, always strutting around and making a big show, but we call them Cop-O's and they're a gang like any other. G-Shocks back they were a part of the Wasters, just a little clan of murdering punks on the outer rings of the big Waster gang, but one day their leader, Sterno—a really fucked up but am-

bitious operator—found a huge cache of old-time gear, the good stuff, and that's supposedly how they came to be so powerful.

Today you figured you'd head to one of the richer scrap zones on the outskirts of the city and maybe find yourself a nice lead pipe or some ripped up magazines (the sort that have pictures on the paper). Taking calculated risks like this is the only way to get an edge as a scavenger, and you usually come out on top in the outskirts, but today it plays out all wrong.

There's a FEDGOV checkpWoint

//<a>

>>>>>>Turn to page 58.



This does not bode well. You don't really feel like undergoing a full sexual scan right now, plus you're two months overdue for Personality Enhancement Training (PET). Nobody really keeps up with these things to the letter, but not having your Personality Papers on hand to prove your Affability, Happiness, and Willingness (to submit to FEDGOV commands) (Tier 3 AHW) is technically a capital offense, and these troopers up ahead don't look like they'd have any problem putting a few holes in you, just like they did to your adoptive parents so many G-Shock ago.

<a>

Beyond the checkpoint, you see a derelict gas station, and the solar sodium lamps (some still functioning) of the highway that must lead away from the city. If only there was some way to get over there... The thought has crossed your mind before but rumor has it the outlands are even more fraught with dangers than the city. There's also talk of some mythical suburb safe haven, Avalon, but that's just a tale told by old fools and mountebanks. Still, the highway calls to you, and it looks like you might be dying today anyway. Your square your shoulders and march towards the FEDGOV checkpoint.

>>>>>>Turn to page 59.

<b>

To the south—that's back where you came from. It's a city, called Hell, because a city with no lights and no running soda, inhabited by ghosts, villains, broken men with no empathy, rape-husks, and subhuman killfiends, is Hell, and Helldwellers call it like they see it. It isn't home and you don't particularly want to go back, but maybe if you about-face casually enough, the Cop-0's won't notice you and hunt you down.

>>>>>>Turn to page 128.

Squinting, you can just about make out a Peace Meister (low-level Cop-O' thug) swinging his heater around like a sword, probably warming up to bash some poor troggy's head in. They've got a speeder and a prison van stocked up with empty prison barrels for taking people away. They're probably trying to meet some sort of quota, and you might just be the next box that gets checked off. Today is going to be a very bad day.

## Another Day in Hell

Hunched over, with a sheepish grin plastered on your face, you light up another cooler and begin to shuffle around the checkpoint unseen like a master spy—this might work out better than you thought it would!

Wordlessly and immediately, a FEDGOV Peace Meister Customer Satisfaction Expert wearing dirt bike armor rushes up to you and starts digging through your pockets. He's so close you can smell the back of his throat, and you can feel the outside of his protective groin armor brushing up against your own lower area. Every once in a while he gives you a quick pinch or a scratch just to make sure you're paying attention. You try counting the number of Hi-Nic cooler patches on his exposed skin but give up after fifteen.

These men are all dumb grunts who clearly aren't interested in anything other than paycreds and pleasure. A few of them are watching your little scene now, lightly fingering their triggers and running the palms of their hands along the underside of their heaters in anticipation of some action and maybe some murderjoy.

The Commanding Superhero looks like he might be a different story however. He's a less brutally ugly looking man with a glimmer of intelligence in his eye, and it's possible he'd be receptive to a well-reasoned plea.

The gentleman looting your belongings and inspecting your teeth has you pinned up against the speeder, which has its key in the ignition and no driver inside. You've never driven before, but your childhood hero and mentor, Roddy, gave you a full breakdown on the theoreticals.

If only Roddy were here now. He'd know exactly what to do to get you out of this jam. They called Roddy The Pipe King, on account of his uncanny ability to find a pipe and hide in it at the first sign of danger. One time, Roddy spent three G-Shock camped inside a satoig pipe, back when the Blowbang Gang had it out for him. They also used to call Roddy Twosoup—such was his knack for charming his way into double soup rations at The Lodge. There was honor back then, and family too, in small doses. Sure, you might spend all day working your fingers to the bone, picking through trash and manually processing satoig, but at the end of the day you could always count on a hearty bowl of clean soup with a few tarballs on the side. That was before the last embers of humanity died out and everything was bombed apart and scattered forever, blown away fucked up.

<a>

You are outraged. This whole little ordeal violates so many codes and regulations it's not even funny, not to mention the assault on basic human dignity. If you could get the attention of the Superhero—educate him a little bit about your rights—he'd probably hear you out, and when he understands what's going on he might even discipline this lout who is molesting you so grievously.

>>>>>>Turn to page 62.

<b>

These guys are no match for you, at least not with smarts. You've talked your way outta worse jams than this—the problem here is that they just haven't had a taste of your charm. You decide to think of something clever to say and then probably talk circles around these guys until they don't know what hit 'em. They'll probably be working for you once you'd said your piece. They'll probably start calling you Twosoup.

>>>>>>Turn to page 60.

<c>

These guys are fuckin' going to kill you if you don't get out of here—that's standard operating procedure when the citizen in question doesn't have anything worth stealing, and you don't have anything worth anything. Time to make the only move you have left, smashing the pig in the face and praying you can get that speeder moving before the others turn their heaters on you.

>>>>>>Turn to page 61.



You are a hotshot and you know you can talk your way outta this one. You know what unites all humans—warmth, compassion, laughter, good cheer. Back in the camps before The Big Bang they used to call you Twosoup because you could always talk your way into two bowls of soup. Well, actually it was your mentor and protector, Roddy, who earned that moniker. After he passed on, you had always hoped someone would notice the similarity and start using that handle for you, but instead they called you Shine-Po, on account of how you'd always make a life of poverty seem to shine in the sun, with your gilded words and inspiring tales. And that's just what you'll use today to worm your way out of a tight jam. You clear your throat and call over to the Superhero for help.

The Superhero passes off a clipboard with names on it to his lieutenant and walks briskly over to you. It looks like he's smiling, but it's only the mouth that smiles. The eyes, on the other hand, are unemotive, hollow—like a doll's eyes.

This man is a sadist, more so than any of the other troopers here, and the business end of his heater is now pressed up against your left temple. His implants must've gone septic because he stinks like a festering wound.

All the troopers are now looking at you. Some have their heaters trained on your head, some just watch and wait. It's time to start talking and talking fast.

<a>

These folks respect authority because they are authority. If you prostrate yourself and avow your support for Sterno and her High Command, they will probably not harm you, in fact they might even let you join them and give you a helping hand. You kneel on the ground and express your love and affection for FEDGOV Central Chief Sterno.

>>>>>>Turn to page 278.

<b>

The psychopath currently pointing a gun at you has a nice black stain on his two front teeth where a Hi-Nic cooler must make its home several times a day. That's a major health risk—mixing coolers with the high doses of antibiotics and painkillers these guys take to balance out their cheap bioroboidic implants. And yet they all have the look of habitual smokers—they're probably very frustrated with their jobs... If you insulted FEDGOV Central Chief Sterno, cracked a joke or two about that old mulatto bull-dyke, then maybe these guys would ease up a bit.

>>>>>>Turn to page 63.

<c>

Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of these guys blowing your brains out right here, right now. It was a mistake to try and talk your way out, a mistake which you will rectify now by using the Superhero as a human shield and sending the rest of these thugs to early graves, deep.

>>>>>>Turn to page 279.

*If this is your second time reading this page then you're dead. The End.*

You jump into the FEDGOV speeder, turn the key, mash the pedal to the floor and peel out righteously. From behind, you can hear men clamoring and heaters firing, but thanks to the massive dust cloud kicked up by the spinning wheels, none of the troopers are able to draw a bead on you until you're well out of range. You take a nice long final drag off your cooler and flick it over the side.

Ahead are the orange sodium-vapor lamps of the deserted freeway, some still flickering with solar power. A little ways beyond is a gas station, Namerian Heroes, that looks promising. Your mentor, Roddy, told you that the highway is very dangerous—full of bandits and booby traps—so maybe it'd be best to look for a helping hand at this rest stop.

<a>

In a situation like this your best bet is to rely on the kindness of others. Outlanders are a different breed and if there's anyone staffing that gas station they'll be sure to give you a helping hand and then some. Plus you're driving a remote-activated time bomb—gotta ditch this thing as soon as possible. You light a fresh cooler and drive on to Namerian Heroes.

>>>>>>Turn to page 66.

<b>

That freeway is a warzone death sentence, full of land mines and road pirates and daymares and who-knows-what-else. Your only way out of this jam is clear: through the dust. You cross your fingers, light up a fresh cooler, and hope this speeder is up to the challenge.

>>>>>>Turn to page 330.

<c>

There's probably a better option that you're just not thinking of. It dawns on you that you have the wheels—you are in a comfortable position and not too much danger, so why not circle around the block and think things through? Honestly, take five miniswatch and come up with a better plan—don't do something hasty and get killed.

>>>>>>Light up a fresh cooler and re-read this page.



You beckon for the Superhero with a few confident flicks of the wrist, after all, he puts food on the table thanks to you, in a way, and it only makes sense for him to treat you with kindness and professionalism.

He hands off a clipboard to a lieutenant and walks briskly over to you, smiling, clearly ready to provide some relief with a generous helping hand. The closer he gets the queerer he looks, until you finally see it. His smile, ear-to-ear, is a smile only of the mouth, not the eyes. The smile is wide but the eyes are hollow, relaxed, like a doll's eyes. The man walking over to you with his heater aimed at your crotch is a sadistic fiend, and his hand is not so helping.

You stutter one or two weak words about personal freedom before the first heatershotte vaporizes your manhood straight off like a high-speed sledgehammer hitting a pair of rotten grapes, and now everybody's breathing aerosolized testicles. The searing pain between your legs makes you go blind for real, permanently. Before the magnitude of your mistake can register, a killshotte to the head kills you.

<The End>

THE  
END

"... 'Cus she only eats rat pussy!"

You deliver your most vulgar and insensitive lesbian authority figure joke and the laughter of the Peace Meisters is just loud enough for you to infer that you probably won't be killed today.

The sociopathic Superhero, chosen for his position based on his inability to empathize with other people, nonetheless observes that his underlings are amused and therefore would not be happy to see you perforated cranially. He lowers his weapon and laughs a dry, robotic laugh in an attempt to appear human.

<a>

Now's as good a time as any to see what's down that highway. Whether it's Avalon, or bandits, or Blowbang Gang territory, or just one big barren wasteland, fate is calling you. You've got fortune on your side, so it's no big deal to head down the road on foot.

>>>>>>Turn to page 280.

<b>

You'll find what's out there, sure. But not down some highway that's probably just one big ambush, full of landmines and bandits camped behind junk cars waiting for a city scrub like you. The dustway is clearly the smart move—all those warnings about radiation are just tall tales for old cowards who wish they'd had the stones to leave the city. You take a deep breath to fortify yourself and take the first courageous step out towards the.

>>>>>>Turn to page 64.

<c>

You decide to steal the speeder anyway.

>>>>>>Turn to page 61.

<d>

Looking out at the bombed-out highway full of junked speeders, then over towards the red desert where the wind whips up ghostlike dust devils to haunt the emptiness, you don't like your prospects. There are people still in Hell for a reason, and the outlands are empty for a reason, and you've got a hunch those reasons are intricately tied to your general health and wellbeing. You start heading back.

>>>>>>Turn to page 128.



You make it about fifty quads out into the flat, red expanse of the dustway when the air starts to sting your nose.

Could it be that all the big talk from the older scavs is true? Possibly. Then again it could just be that the air out here is drier than you're used to.

<a>  
You lend no credence to  
the war stories of paranoid  
old fools. You're gonna keep  
heading out this way and  
when you get back you'll  
have a tall tale of your own  
to tell—a  
true one.

>>>>>>Turn to page 65.

<b>  
You still have a hunch  
the warnings you hear from  
the old-timers are all lies,  
but it's best to play it  
safe and head back anyway.

>>>>>>Turn to page 63.

Odd that you should develop a slight cough out here where the air is so fresh and untainted. At least you can relax without any marauders or traps to hassle you—buncha cowards believing some old crap story. This place is about as toxic as your foot.

...

Another half swatch in and your cough starts to produce blood. It burns your nose and chest to inhale and your mistake is clear to you now. They were telling the truth about this place.

The dustway is vast and seems to stretch out forever in all directions. The highway and the city are little miniatures on the horizon behind you, and everywhere else you see what must've been the basin of a sea at some point. It's beautiful—the wind kicking up clouds of red dust and whipping them into a frenzy, the cracked dry floor of some ancient ocean... What would this all have looked like three thousand G-Shock ago, when the world was literally covered in soda?

Your skin is starting to slough off and you feel nauseous. You figure you've got maybe a swatch or less until you're dead. There's time to enjoy the view though, and on top of that you can count yourself lucky, dying gently in this quiet place, not surrounded by satoig and skinned alive by the freaks of humanity. Today was a good day after all.

<The End>

THE  
 END



The freeway is more like a junkyard. The shells of speeders, some forcibly decommissioned by heat-fire and Chennis rockets, some just rotten with time, lay strewn about, making passage tricky.

The road is riddled with craters, many big enough to swallow your vehicle whole. The shadows seem to move, and more than once you nearly lose your nerve and turn back, but the gas station is close and you're still alive.

It takes a lot of concentration but you make it. Wiping sweat off your brow and breathing a sigh of relief you pull into the Namerian Heroes rest stop and park under the brightly lit canopy. And just in time too—one look down at the gauges let's you know that the speeder is quite out of fuel.

<a>

Thankful for a helping hand, you step out of your speeder eagerly to greet the proprietor of this place.

>>>>>>Turn to page 477.

<b>

Caution would be best here. While it's probable the inhabitants of the gas station have your best interests at heart, maybe hiding would serve you well for now. There's an overturned buss not too far past the concrete barrier at the edge of the highway. You crawl in there for a bit and wait to see what materializes.

>>>>>>Turn to page 132.

<c>

Nothing about this bodes well. The electric lights, the boarded up windows—you have neither the time nor the inclination to stick around for this freaky oasis trap to spring itself on you. You decide to hit the ground running, using the buss and other road wreckage for cover, and making your way down the highway on foot.

>>>>>>Turn to page 67.

The highway is eight lanes wide, with two tiers. The bottom tier is absolutely littered with wrecked vehicles. This must've been the route people took to evacuate, for whatever reason, who knows how long ago. It looks like most of them were too late. In the distance you see fires burning, which must mean there are people. You can't be certain who or what you'll run into walking this way, but at least there's cover for hiding if it comes to it.

The top tier—held aloft maybe two-and-a-half quads high by giant concrete pillars—is clear of any traffic. Just open road as far as the eye can see, clean road, almost new in fact. You'd make good time travelling this way, but if someone else comes along, you'd be totally defenseless. No weapon, no cover. Your only hope would be to jump off the side, and that'd be fatal, you reckon.

<a>

There's nothing strange about the top tier, it's just road that they must've built and never got around to using. You'll make better time with a light trot and a spring in your step this way.

>>>>>>Turn to page 130.

<b>

The bottom tier has signs of habitation, which opens up the field for a few possible dangers, but it also has cover, the safety of which far outweighs those dangers. You start your cautious trek along the ground level of the highway.

>>>>>>Turn to page 478.



The Hitch-hiker.

T H E . H I T C H . H I K E R  
CHAPTER 1 OF THE MIDE VIDEOGAME  
T H E . J O Y R I D E . U N I V E R S E

A custom atomic tangerine 1982 Ford Fairmont soared across the desert, trailed by a gigantic cloud of poisonous dust. The flatlands were the fastest way to get from Point A to Point B, the catch being the dust. It was full of radioactive barium and tellurium, and Abe couldn't afford to breathe in any more than he already had.

The huge red cloud wooshed behind the orange two-door, filling the massive hole that it punched in the air. The Fairmont had a face like a high, wide, dumb wall--perfect for manslaughtering troggies but not very aerodynamic. Abe looked in the rear-view as the supercharger yowled. He wondered if there was enough gas to make it all the way.

You had to have real pull to outrun your own dust cloud; that's why the desert was always empty. Every so often, some naysayer in a 2001 Mercury Mariner would hop on the dustway and emerge eight hours later, skin cracked and bleeding, pieces of hair matted with blood to his clothes. That's what you get if you take your sweet time. The only thing you can do if you see this happen is laugh.

The speedo read well past 110mph, its highest marker, and the wide, red-nozzled blower sticking out of the hood screamed. Abe sucked the remaining juice out of his Hi-Nic cooler: it was a sweet smoke.

Finally then, the city limits came into view, and he backed off the accelerator. He knew the dust here to be less toxic, and as he slowed down, a big cloud poured into the cabin coating his upholstery, teeth and clothes. The earthy smell nicely complimented the aromatic Hi-Nic smoke that lingered in the car's seats and headliner, and this pleased him. The rad-counter ticked away gently at acceptable levels as he coasted down towards his first fare of the night,

Phil, who was from upstate.

# # # # # # # # # #

Geez, get a load of that guy walking, Abe said, as he pointed outside the passenger window, past Phil's face. He must be tired of life. He lit the second cooler in his mouth and took a deep drag.

Phil shifted in his seat and craned his potato-shaped head to observe.

How so?

Abe hadn't spoken in over two hours besides 'Great. Jump in. I hope yer headed my way,' when he had first picked him up, hitchhiking at the outskirts of the city on the eastern side.

Where are you from?  
Silence.

Hmm, from upstate I bet. You're in for a real treat.

As Abe spoke, the smoke from both coolers in his mouth shot out and filled the car. He was gripping the steering wheel so lightly that his fingers gently brushed over it as he drove. Things are a little bit different down here. You've got big trouble if you feel like taking a brisk walk on the city streets. There's so much sexual tension these days that you have a better chance of being raped by some swarthy gang of pirates than actually getting where you want to go — I mean some of these guys will actually help and hold you down, just for the opportunity to watch.

That might be the craziest thing I've ever heard in my life, Phil replied.

Oh yeah? Take a look around back and see.

Phil turned and looked as the car stopped at a green light. Upon further inspection, he saw a man was gripping his arms tightly around his chest as if concealing something. He looked like he'd had enough of whatever the world was dishing out to him. A dark crowd started to gather around him as he made his way up the street. The man bolted left and shambled down an alley. He was out of sight now. The gang pursued posthaste.

Phil glanced over at Abe; he was smiling. What's so funny? We gotta go help him out. At least drive down the way and shine the lights on 'em or something, said Phil.

Abe chuckled. Don't worry, those bitches won't be laughin' when they get a load of what he's packin'. Suddenly four large blasts erupted out of the alleyway in quick succession. In a flash of light, an assortment of human debris came cartwheeling out of the alley, followed by a cloud of red smoke. See? He's in good hands now.

Abe rocked back and forth, agitated, waiting for the best time to go. Everyone else was running straight through the intersection with no regard for the law. Wouldja imagine that? Going right through, not even a second thought, like some sexual deviants or something. Jesus Christ! Get a fucking move on cocks! Abe yelled. At the close of his rant, he spied a middle-aged and curly-haired vagrant shoot him the bird from inside one of those slick newer cars, gliding through the red light.

Always do the right thing when the opportunity presents itself.

With one hand Abe started rolling down the window, while reaching into his jacket pocket with the other. Out came Tiny--Abe's gigantic nickel-plated, slab-side revolver.



Before Phil could speak up, Abe was already halfway out the driver's-side window, taking aim at the curly man's fancy wheels rolling through the light. Holy shit! What are you doing, are you fucking crazy!? Phil cried.

Shut up, Abe the madman replied, and fired. Phil had his eyes closed. Suddenly the cabin of the Fairmont was daylight-bright--the muzzle blast lit up every shadow and sent the shiny barrel whipping up against the door frame with a metallic ping. The blast sent a cold steel arrow through Phil's ears. He was frozen, with a white-knuckle grip on the seat. Abe recovered his aim and considered taking another shot, but decided it wouldn't be necessary. The other car rolled by with the horn sounding a steady unnerving hum; the only thing left to see was the crimson which painted the inside of all the windows.

Good, he's dead... Now we can have a good time.

Phil scrambled frantically to open his door. Before he could succeed, Abe snapped: hey brain-child... You step outside and you're toast; they'll run you over like a god-damn fucking beast. Phil's desire to escape was quashed very effectively by these words--he deduced there was much truth to them, after seeing what had just happened.

Jesus God, what the hell's wrong with you? demanded Phil. Are you out of your fucking mind? The cops are going to come looking for you.

The Cop-Os eh? Hah, Abe said with genuine amusement. The Cop-Os'll probably beat your face in; probably have to put you together like a cyborg afterwards!

The fuck? The cops can't be as bad as the lunatics that roam the streets...

The fuck they're not, Abe said. He pulled out another cooler. As he lit it the car hit a bump, jarring the lighter from his fingers. Abe sighed. Out came Tiny again. He drew it close to the tip of the cooler, sucked in, and pulled the trigger. The blast shot a quick, surreal flash on Abrahm's face. Phil sensed something different about this strange and violent person as the cracks in his face were briefly illuminated by the muzzle flash. It was almost as though he looked glorious.

Abrahm Stahl was in his late 40's or early 50's; he'd had an unusually long life. His pitted, abused gravel-face stood in stark contrast to his neat, salt and pepper hair, and bright red goatee. He wore a tan cowboy duster with a mesh tank-top underneath. All over his body were scars of varying sizes, some from knife-wounds, shrapnel, some from infections and dermatitis. Like everybody

else, he'd had his fair share of oozing boils, due to lack of sodium. Years back the Cop-Os piled into my parents' house looking for me. I wasn't there, but my parents were. They forced, at gun point, my mother, to give one of them a swinger... Err, blowjob rather, while my father watched. They shot him and she snapped. That's when I walked in. She didn't take everything that happened too well since she grabbed a nearby screwdriver and drove it into a wall socket. Electrocuted both her and the guy she was handling.

That sort of thing probably doesn't happen every day. That must have been pretty shocking.

Heh, good one asshole, Abe smirked.

Well, what did you do then? Run?

No... I gunned them down. Except one, he jumped out the window.

I see. I would have done the same thing, Phil said, actually imagining it.

Yeah. He lit another cooler. Then another. Any sane man would have done the same thing.

They drove on. Abe slowed the car to let a young man wearing a gang-related rag on his head cross the street. He was holding grenades as a deterrent to all the slimy fiends and he was taking his sweet-ass time walking. The shifty youth just stared at Abe with a dumb smile. Haha, he's real tough... and look! Abe demanded, he's a gang-banger! See what you get when you try to be a nice guy Phil? asked Abe. I'll show him a nice guy. He dropped the hammer and the car jerked forward like a screaming rollercoaster with a trail of thick black smoke. They smashed into the cocky thug like a freight train and sent him into flailing flips right over the hood of the car.

He's got some spring in his step now all right! Abe opened his door and jumped out, the duster flapping behind him. He jogged over to the crippled gangbanger laying down about ten yards in back of the car. The man was barely conscious. The only thing that Abe could decipher was some slang gangbanger bullshit. Abe bent over casually, reached into the man's coat and pulled out his wallet. He thumbed through it, sifted out the money, and tossed the rest onto the pavement. Abe placed a cooler in the man's mouth. He lit it with his Zippo then extended his lighter up to the man's bandana, which quickly caught fire. Finally he pulled the pins to the grenades that the thug had strapped to his vest, and proceeded to make his way back to the driver's seat, slamming the door after him. The orange 'Monty throbbed on.

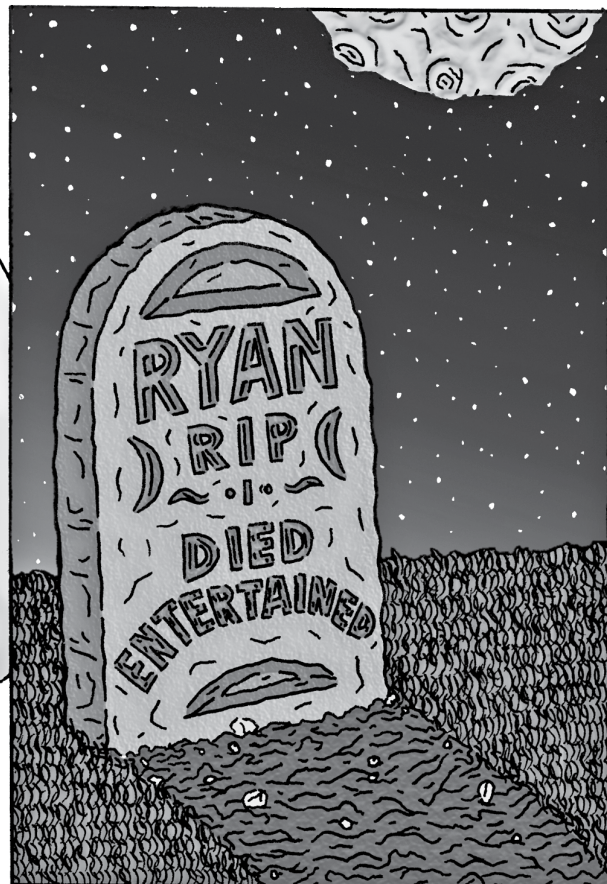
Where are you headed anyway, Phil? Abe asked.





# COBWEBS IN THE ATTIC

TV AND MOVIES STREAMED  
DIRECTLY INTO MY SKULL  
24/7 365. THAT'S ALL  
I NEED IN THE WORLD  
TO KEEP ME HAPPY...



SON I BE SITTIN DOWN WATCHIN THE CROWD

EATIN FRIES PICKIN WHICH ONE OF EM TO CHOW

CALL ME THE KING OF MICKEY DEE'S

I SINK THAT BURGER W/ CHEESE

INTO THE TOILET I CALL MY STOMACH W/ EASE



# Bad Ad Bugs

*Nis touched his forehead*

onto the ground. Sweat and blood as well as tears poured from his eyes, mouth, chin and teeth off onto the trash covered concrete slick with green moss and piss. Nis opened his eyes and saw through all the blood streaming in his vision the filthy contact he was making with the pissed-on disgusting street. Moments ago he had been beaten by a duo of hired Snake Boys. He was caught unarmed and so they crushed him easily, but not killed, although he knew all too well they could have. It was very late, but incredibly hot outside, and a thin mist of rain was coming down. A 4-story fruit snacks advertisement sanctioned government vehicle shot past him at an insane speed, probably rushing to emergency advertise or perform a mass arrest. Then, looking in the rear view mirror and seeing Nis on the ground, the driver of the vehicle sped back in reverse and did a massive peel out in a 3 feet puddle of old shrimp water, completely drenching Nis. Nis didn't get up or get enraged and try to beat the driver (who was a level 18 Barbarian Cop / advertising vehicle specialist), which is what they wanted, so

they sped off yet again. Nis knew that the cockpit of the vehicle was impossible to reach and even if he could reach, the driver would have utterly laid waste to him, or worse: thrown him in the Fruit Snacks Crypto Prison Chamber. As the thick shrimp water formed into a rich, creamy mud all over Nis' tattered jacket and shredded chrome hacker pantaloons, he suddenly felt a little bit better. Maybe the beating he had been served up earlier had started to wear off or maybe he was finally insane, he didn't know, but he slowly lifted his face off the damn street and started to get up. As he stood up he realized that Neuro-Bandits must have stolen all of his remaining money and food minidisks.

*"Those fricking*

dangobandit boys have finally done me in. Now I'll die soon"

*Nis slowly dragged his*

body down the sidewalk, past tens of alleyway Ethernet cafes and Glass tournament showrooms of turbo DJs running around in huge rotating orbs. As Nis passed he took notice of all the things in his life he had left behind, from the Ukrainian cyber tweens drinking massive amounts of Hot Soda while attempting ritual Runescape suicide on the street PCs to the Seltzer Maniacs creating illegal new realms inside PlayStation 1s. This sector of the city was strictly for rude and wild Hackermancers, assorted Neuro-Bandits, and mighty Ethernet Pirates from around the world. It was Nis' old playground. Some old friends recognized Nis as

he crept past but said nothing to him assuming he was totally brain-dead. Looks like word was out that Nis had found out something he wasn't supposed to and fatally upset one of the Ethernet Pirates. Nis smirked like a ghoul and wiped dried blood off his face, then stopped smirking when he felt his empty stomach churn painfully. He sensed the dark body of his own death sensually creeping into him but shook it off and picked up the pace to find some food. At this point he would even settle for a simple biscuit coin or a portion fit for a crow of Hard Bread. He knew he would have a hard time finding anything foodlike on the ground as street gremlins and scavenger rat gangs pick it clean every hour, even taking all of the trash to build their street computers and garbage AI programs. The sun was starting to spray its piss rays all out over the mounds of cement along the edges.

*One world after*

another had come in and ripped all up Nis' trash mind until he turned into a cyber-soft shell crab and with his last remaining motor function he had clicked a hyperlink straight to hell. Turns out the so called mighty Ethernet Pirates were paying out the Street Scum RAT boys and girls to give them all of their personal garbagemound PCs and scrap computing pieces. The information that Nis stumbled upon deep in his cavern of beige monitors slowly revealed that all of these pieces were going to be transfused together by the Ether Pirates into some sort of self-aware amalgamated street comprised garbage mind based AI program spanning the entire width of the city. With this technology the

Pirates would be unstoppable and would no doubt create an Ethernet God. The price of this information, Nis would soon find out, was the Ethernet Pirates and their hired gangs eternal reticle from hell on his head. The days from then on out were a series of random beatings on the street, cars going out of their way to run over Nis, cyber bullying, people putting guns to his head, and any known form of torment. Here was Nis on his last day, about to die of level 1 starvation. He was a goner for sure, he knew that, he had hours to live, he could try harder to get food or water or shelter, he could shoot or slice his way to the top and eat big hot lobster and piss all day. Instead he had one last plan, one last stinky game to play.

*Nis had stopped*

walking finally after miles, and had left behind all of the previous sectors of the city. He stopped at an immensely tall red arch in the middle of a narrow alleyway. The arch was weathered and covered in the people from the adjacent buildings' hanging laundry, the top of the arch, a large red dome, was covered in millions of thin black wires, antennas and bird spips. All in all it was about 8 stories tall. The front interior area of the arch was boarded up with huge wooden planks that were covered in stapled Government warnings such as

*DO NOT ENTER  
SECTION  
P155H3AD*



*SANCTION  
AREA  
BACK AWAY OR  
PREPARE TO BE  
BRUTALIZED  
UNAUTHOR-  
IZED ENTRY  
PUNISHABLE  
BY IMMEDIATE  
BRAIN  
DESTRUCCCC  
-TION  
DICCCCCCCCC  
DEAD  
PISSSSSSSSSS  
SSSSSSSSSS  
AND  
SENSORS  
BEHIND  
BOARDED  
WALL WILL  
VIRALLY  
DISMANTLE*

*TRESSPA  
-SSERS BRAIN  
UPON ENTRY  
— BE WARNED*

This Arched alleyway was Nis' old home.

He had been forced to leave and never return to avoid getting caught when Government drones had discovered his whereabouts here years ago. The area was seized and condemned shortly after. Nis knew that all of his old gear was still in there, the Government P155H3ADs liked to keep everything in place, to study the natural environs of cryptomancers like Nis. He also knew that the Brain Destruction Sensors no longer would have any effect at all on him, for he was now using only less than one small segment of his brain, the rest was already rotting away and melting into Pure Mountain Dew. He broke down the boards and tore through the layers with his remaining hand and arm function and slipped like a deadman's undetected ghoul through the sensor bars into the Arch. Inside it was just as he expected, all of his old junk, piled high mountains of monitors and modems, the street floor was soft and plush to walk on because of the thick mat of interconnected cords leading to the proper plugs. Everything was covered in a thick layer of what at first glance appeared to be hot potato chip flavor powder but was actually just similarly poisonous dust from the street and holes in the domed ceiling. Yellow light came in through the glass and cracks in the dome. Nis got right to work - plugging in and switching on the main line for

the entire alley computing center and quickly slicing open his hand, pouring the blood all over the CPU, granting him entry inside. He was nimble, clicking links and scrolling faster than anyone before him, the only functioning portion of his brain; the mass of semi organic tissue controlling his level 67 computing skills, was in full effect. As he reached %100 connection with his PC an immense sliding giga sized CD tray opened up from the largest 3 story modem he had. He draped his withering body in a fabric of finely interwoven cords and floppy drives, making him appear to be covered in geometrically impossible armor from another realm. He sliced his head open and welded a thin grey wire into a small Ethernet hole in his skull, sealed it back up with a heat fusion handheld device and proceeded to lay his coded bod onto the disc tray.

*Not one single*

thought went through his mind, these were plans he had decided to enact long ago, they had long since just become muscle memory from the countless preparations he had gone through over his life. If he had a mind anymore loading himself in the tray would have reminded him of his mother tucking him into his bed as a child, and the automatically closing tray door bringing him and the symbiosuit of wires he wore into the warm room nestled inside the modem would have reminded him of closing his eyes to peacefully sleep. The tray disc pushed him up into a part of the room shaped much like a sarcophagus filled with connection ports. This tomb was built from pure garbage and formed into a direct entry port to the incomplete citywide S.C.A.M. (Street Computer Amalgamation Mind) the very same

that the Ethernet Pirates were trying complete with their great plan. Nis' body was slid into place and the wires fit into the thousands of connection ports, then the modem was rebooted and he was sealed in to his grave. Just as the Modem powered back on, Nis' body was obliterated into billions of cells and his mind was injected into the wires which retained a shell of his previous human form. The computer loaded up Nis as a powerful program and placed it firmly within the S.C.A.M., filling the missing piece needed to finalize the creation. The city shook, and the Ethernet Pirates looked at their monitors in disbelief - he had done it — it was useless to go and try to kill him inside the Arch now or burn the whole place down, for Nis had total control now.

*Nis looked*

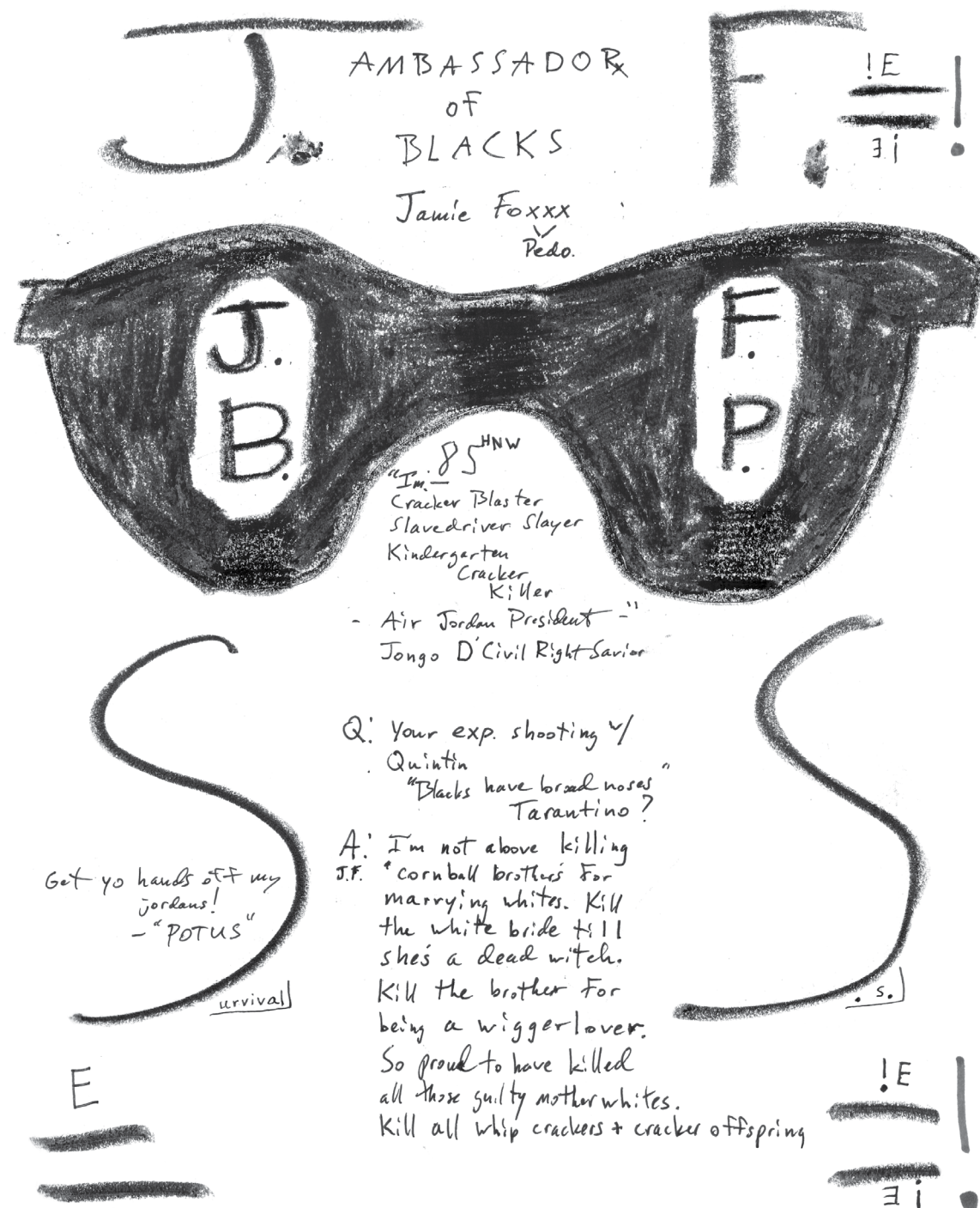
down on the city from the cybersarcophagus now levitating in the womb of the beautiful Ethernet God which had risen from the S.C.A.M.'s modems located all over the city. Speaking with the self-aware internet connection he had created, he told her it was time to enact the last step. Nis now knew he was truly insane and a heavy weight the size of a powerful muscle demi god was lifted from his long demolished shoulders. The Ethernet God agreed that this was the only choice and smiled with Nis' smirk as she swiped her hand across the landscape. Everything began melting into molten Glaze as soon as it was passed by the hand. Birds were melted out of the ice that they had been forced into only to dissolve and form into the blissful sauce. Lastly the hand touched her own face and everything spilt into a thick pure hot Glaze.



ambassadors of blacks

J  
A  
—  
E

F  
O  
X



# Jamie Foxx Slave Shades

People have been killed over Michael Jordan. Casualties of war. Jamie Foxx and the President of the United States both wear Michael Jordans. Both have killed for it. This is a fact. FactCheck.u.

It is known, that Jamie Foxx always got into fights with the other producers of In Living Color because of an entry from his own journal that he sometimes recited aloud in meetings. To make big points about his issues and the fact they need to be addressed. He's what he wrote:

May 1 1991  
Jim Carrey is a faggot white cracker motherfuck and he never comments about my blackness so it makes me sick he doesn't acknowledge anything. I always spit at him when I got lines with him. He's such a white piece of trash, I wish he were dead. His ignorance makes me ill. I don't care he's Canadian, they're white too. Dead white. One day I'll get my revenge on these crackers. He'll take notice of my blackness I make him I'll laugh with the president one day laugh about all the crackers. Unity, power, strength, goodwill, fairness.

## Ambassador of Black

Jaime Foxx Interview  
excerpted from April 22nd issue  
of Class Struggle magazine.

Jaime Foxx is here to talk about his new role in Jingo Delingy Jongo Delonghi D'Kill-Whites D'SlaveWage D'85Mil-lionWhiteDollarsNetWorth D'CivilRightsSurvivor 2, the new Hollywood Christmas time block-buster, directed by the handsome guy who really likes feet.

Q: Hi Jaime, tell us a little stupid trash about yourself--like how you were actually lynched, beaten, burned, and denied sex and employment from white devil whip cracker honkies.

A: "I kill all the white people in the movie, how great is that?"

Q: Yeah.

A: Thanks! First I'd like to give a posthumous shoutout to KKK Grand Wizard Robert Byrd (D-WV). I'm Jaime Foxx Ambassador of All Blacks, Jaime Foxx cracker blaster, Jaime Foxx slave driver slayer, Jaime Foxx first-hand representative to those who were enslaved two centuries ago, Jaime Foxx kindergarten kid killer, I'm known by many names.

Q: In this new digital picture, Jaime Foxx is certainly not above murdering whites vanillas and white vanilla offspring devil young?

A: I told you before, I'm not above killing "cornball brothers" for marrying whites. Kill the white bride till she's burned from a tree like the white witch. Kill the brother for being a whiggerlover.

Q: Jaime, I heard you had a lot of fun shooting with Quentin "blacks have broad noses" Tarantino? How did you feel afterwards, after the murdering?

A: I'm happy you asked. Well, I felt so proud to have killed all those guilty motherwhites. You know, kill all white whiggers, kill all cracker brood.

Q: How do you feel about all those kids being assassinated in the latest spate of school shootings--one where the coroner who performed autopsies on the slain was seen acting rather lightly and cracking odd jokes with a laughing father of a dead child?

A: It was so cool to kill all those children. It was like black heav-

en, killing all those white children. Take it from me, ambassador of blacks, all we blacks want all whites dead and buried.

Q: Jaime, it's a well known fact you've had to deal with a lot of Hollywood Racism, especially from the Wayans bros and the white movie machine?

A: I've had to deal a lot with people calling me nigger in the 1850's. Especially in the 1920's, they called me such nigger so many times I couldn't stand it. I feel so blessed to have my revenge.

Q: Jaime, there are a lot of educated, employed, non-incarcerated, voting members of this society that feel you wore a Trayvon Martin-Obama t-shirt to some TV ceremony because you're a rat bastard fucking piece of race baiting dogshit that deserves nothing less than a public tar & feathering?

A: Huh what are you talking about? I'm the president of the Trayvon Martin Foundation.

Oh. Well, do you feel it's odd for the President of the United States to actually go out of his way and talk about a self-defense shooting incident? Kinda like a the first trash man of the United States? A son of a bitch tossing race-identity politics grenades--like a black panther.

A: Are you saying this because he black? You got a problem with the color of his skin, son? You hating on us brothers? You want us to be in slave chains again, don't you? It's what you just said. I listen to rap because it's the highest form of music, not a regression. Speaking of my blackness, didn't I play a basketball before? One that sticks it to the motherfuckin' white cracker man? I did things like arriving really late to my press conferences and inauguration ceremony, really sticking it to Mars Slavecrack. Yeah.



Q: That sounds very good Jamie. Now I shall read a statement from the Martin family first, I want to know what you think:

"We are deeply honored and moved that President Obama took the time to speak publicly and at length about our son, Trayvon. The President's comments give us great strength at this time. We are thankful for President Obama's and Michelle's prayers, and we ask for your prayers as well as we continue to move forward. We know that the death of our son Trayvon, the trial and the not guilty verdict have been deeply painful and difficult for many people. We know our family has become a conduit for people to talk about race in America and to try and talk about the difficult issues that we need to bring into the light in order to become a better people. What touches people is that our son, Trayvon Benjamin Martin, could have been their son. President Obama sees himself in Trayvon and identifies with him. This is a beautiful tribute to our boy. Trayvon's life was cut short, but we hope that his legacy will make our communities a better place for generations to come. We applaud the President's call to action to bring communities together to encourage an open and difficult dialogue. Our family is committed to this dialogue through the work of the Trayvon Martin Foundation. We seek a future when a child can walk down the street and not worry that others see him as dangerous because of the color of his skin or the clothes on his back. We seek a future where our children can grow up and become the people God intended them to be."

A: 'Are you a racist? Don't you see the bitter Jim Crow 2 war going on right now?'

Q: Don't do it don't do it don't do it don't do it don't do it don't do it. BHO in the house here gonna straighten the record

on cracker honky niggerfaggots like y'all:

President Barry ascended the stairs up to the podium. He knew he was going to say some pretty crazy things today... a little race-baiting never hurt no one, right? Any crisis is a good crisis and I never let them go to waste. Haha can't get that outta my hip head--all that jive that Dave and Val keep pounding pounding in. I bow down to that hag, I bow down as Orestes, and pour. The dumb blacks won't know what I'm really saying anyway. They don't listen to codewords nor see the laden C&C tactics. Goddamn what a bunch of idiots! All they have to do is google history, Roman history if they really want to understand what's coming next--or walk a block to a fuckin' library. But we'll make it right this time, it won't be like Rome never again in this new world we have created together goddamn I am really high right now. Gotta make sure I don't shuffle around and stutter like that time I was shitfaced. Mecca lecca high mecca hiney ho. They said I'm lookin' kinda bugged out on somethin'. Lost 30 pounds I am buggin'. Who the fuck do they think they are? What fucking peons! I know best! I was teacher! I am teacher! I wrote on a blackboard! My wife's got high test African blood running through her veins! I had my shirt sleeves rolled up! A cool tie and weed everyday but I quit cigarettes for 2 months, before I met the Grinch. I studied the Constitution till I was white in the face. They ain't from Princeton like my dominating biddy. One day I'm going to pay her back but good for what she does, the tall black bitch. Manson lamp laser beams on me alltimes, I'd like to take her head to the floor. I'm so fucking tired of her fucking mother, I wish I could have her put to sleep. Wait till useful asshole Al and Jesse get a pipefull of this fuel, he'll have my balls baggin' his dome in no time. God grant me the serenity to...

There we go. Now, for POTUS comments:

BHO: "When you think about why, in the African-American community at least, there's a lot of pain around what happened here, I think it's important to recognize that the African-American community is looking at this issue through a set of experiences and a history that--that doesn't go away." Quod Barack H. Obama.

BHO: "You know, when Trayvon Martin was first shot, I said that this could have been my son. Another way of saying that is Trayvon Martin could have been me 35 years ago." Spake Barry.

Q: Jaime, do Barry's words not seem specifically spoken to arouse dark thoughts in the hearts of blacks?

A: 'Well the president knows what he knows, and he acts on it. He acts on it? Know what I'm saying? He don't need no branch up his rump shafting with his plan. He gets shit done son. He speaks his good mind, his college teacher mind. He's got experience being full-black, so that puts him at a distinct advantage. We can't sit idly by while difficult issues still remain and need to be discussed with open dialogue at the community level.'

Q: Alright Jaime, that sounds a bit prime and raw. Anyhow, what about when Barry said:

BHO: "There are very few African-American men in this country who haven't had the experience of being followed when they were shopping in a department store. That includes me. And there are very few African-American men who haven't had the experience of walking across the street and hearing the locks click on the doors of cars. That happens to me, at least before I was a senator [that didn't vote]. There are very few African-Americans who haven't had the experience

of getting on an elevator and a woman clutching her purse nervously and holding her breath until she had a chance to get off. That happens often."

Q: That's nice to know I guess I'll take his word for it. How can't I take his word for it when all whites hate blacks and wish alltimes-slavery and death upon poor blacks being kept down by the man in the gutter?

A: 'Ya gotta take his word for it! He's my president! If you don't like our FULL-BLACK president, than get the fuck out.'

Q: Sure thing Jaime, but how about this one?

BHO: "And the face that a lot of African-American boys are painted with a broad brush and the excuse is given, well, there are these statistics out there that show that African-American boys are more violent--using that as an excuse to then see sons treated differently causes pain."

A: 'Don't you fucking get it, cracker? Growing up without a father and being raised only by welfare mothers in the ghetto sounded by ghetto gang rap violence knockout culture does NOT make anyfuckingbody more violent. You are one racist 'nilla motherfucker. I can't wait to sneak like a little fucking pussy half-man and knock you the fuck out when you ain't looking!'

Q: Jaime, you do that, my vest goes off and you get to enjoy a one-on-one with Booker T Washington who can then school you in perpetual victimhood. Have some more of Barry's words:

BHO: "We understand that some of the violence that takes place in poor black neighborhoods around the country is born out of a very violent past in this country, and that the poverty and dysfunction that we see in those communities can be traced to a very difficult history."

A: 'Yes, and the violent past in this country is where I make my mark in my new movie. We are taking action, direct street action to make this digital movie a reality.'

Q: So in other words, our dear leader took time out of his busy day to agitate blacks and foment a perpetual racial hatred?

A: 'Nah.'

Q: Back to your movie, did you have any fun while shooting with alleged black-hater Tarantino?

A: 'I feel blessed to have the opportunity to kill all their children with an NRA gun.'

Q: How do you feel about being worth \$85 million white dollars? Do you give to your brothers? Like, give them your money because they are downtrodden and back of the bus types now?

A: 'I'll spend my WhiteCoins however the fuck I please. Thank God Ray Charles was black, otherwise I would have stop into direct action and put a fucking black bullet in his head, like a white whip cracker.'

Q: We all know you're a spiritual man and you've got soul, brother. Did you attend a church that wasn't burned down by the whitemothers?

A: 'I actually attended Ray Charles Academy Church and pray every damn day that all whites will die from pain and suffering and reparations to black slaves of the 1990's and early 2010's.'

Q: It's well known that you've survived the racist civil rights beatings and killings of the 1983's, how do you feel now that there's a total full-black president in the white house?

A: 'All the injustices I suffered during the segregation civil rights era can never be erased or forgotten, ever. It is not time to move on from anything. Now it's my time to kill all of them nilla snowflakes till dead. Take this country back.'

Q: Jaime, thank you for your strength and courage and fearlessness and slavery?

A: Please God give me the strength to kill all whites. Thank you for your support!"

White face. White death. Jaime, thank you.

No one knows, no one cares.

I remember thinking to myself after this interview, that JF Foxx has got a little bit of good knowhow--it suited him well.







# Mouth and Rat Glass

**Chinese authorities have a new mystery to ponder after 1,000 duck carcasses were found floating down the Nanhe river in the country's Sichuan province on Tuesday.**

**As with the puzzling count of dead pigs-- now totaling 16,000 – found in the Huangpu river and its upstream tributaries in the last several weeks, the government has yet to offer an explanation for the phenomenon.**

**Liang Weidong, an official with the county's publicity office, told Xinhua, China's state news agency, the rotten birds had been found tucked into 50 woven plastic bags, from which they were removed before being sanitized and buried. As the Nanhe is not a source of drinking water, authorities say the waterfowl pose no threat to public health.**

**That assurance, however, seems to have had little effect with some Chinese citizens voicing their distrust on Sina Weibo, China's version of Twitter. Writes one person, in a translation provided by Financial Times, How can you tell they are harmless when you don't know how the ducks died?**

**Another poster, under the username Baby Lucky, added via the BBC, "Dead pigs, dead ducks ... this soup is getting thicker and thicker."**

Thick soup, indeed.

Pick a crest

We are all going to die unless we whip the recognized useless and disconnect.



Hi, I'm Steelclaw. I'm 220 lbs of feline fury. I'll scratch my foes to pieces. Now I know what you're thinkin', but yes I do have a girlfriend, believe it or not. Her name is Tiddlywinks - she's a pink cat - but she's just as ferocious, and when I had my battle with Daydreamion she was right there by my side, tearing Daydreamion's feral she-cat minions to bits while I sunk my fangs into Daydreamion's jugular. I actually killed the guy.

Speaking of battles, have you seen Shadowtail? I need his lightning fast speed and agility by my side, so that I can rescue Diamondeyes.

Now, you might be thinking that my real name is Dave Willis, but it's not, it's Steelclaw. So don't call me anything else or you're liable to really tick me off, and trust me, that's a bad thing. Feline's like me are completely amicable, that is, until you tick us off, then we turn into serious fuckers.

Speaking of fuckers it can be embarrassing and a little hard to comprehend at first a lot of people don't like to talk about the sexual side of Beast Life, but I do, so let's talk about it. I am animorphic, which means that my sexuality moves and flows like the wind on the rivers, and I can be any gender at any time. Beast Sex is crazy stuff, and you never know who's into it. Look around, your son, your father, your doctor, your garbageman, yourself--these are all real-world examples of people who might engage in a more Beastly side of life, in the bedroom and out.

Like I said before with the fucked-up freak gender shit, one really freeing aspect of Beast Life is that you get to totally re-invent yourself. Firstly you can customize your character however you like. Perhaps you use gun swords, but maybe you prefer tonfas, magic staffs, or just straight up claws and fangs. You can literally choose or be anything. But then we get into the crazier side of things and I'm talking about the romantic side of things I mean to say, the sensual nighttime stuff that nobody talks about but everybody loves. See, the thing is, you can actually pick what gender you are, invent a new gender, be genderless, and anything is fair game in terms of partners as well. It's hot.

Of course, Steelclaw is a boy, hehe, and quite dominant when it comes to romance. But, once upon a time, I was Kayliana, a passionate and fierce warrior from the planet Verigon, in the Fructose star cluster. Kayliana had been cast out by her elders for mating with a half-blood, and, banished to Earth, she was then free to mate with whomever she chose. When you're in a fur suit, nobody can tell, and I'm very good at acting feminine.

Before that, I was Fairaeshatter, a ruthless assassin from the wolf-planet Dodrion. Growing up as a child prostitute, I learned the hard way that I could only trust myself. Thankfully, I was adopted by the famous assassin tribe, the Red Threats, whom I trusted more than anyone, even myself. Fairaeshatter was into scat and some other stuff that I can't write without getting in trouble.

Allow me to show you something really special now.

It's my safespace. Right back here, behind this door. Yea, this is it, here--do you like it? You can get most of the materials to make something like this yourself at any fabric or craft store. This is a place that I use for meditation, which is very important to allowing your inner fursona manifest in human meatspace. You really have to try hard to channel all of your Chakra powers to align your Kundalini with Gaia Earth Mother. The big doggy bed is where I lay and experience Beast Sensuality, sometimes alone, sometimes with friends.

Here, let me turn on some blacklights. O.K. good. Now we're in my outer-space time chamber, floating somewhere near the galaxy Tiburon. I have to align my yogic Chakras with your inner kush purp space nubs, and once you sign this consent form and put on this rubber gas mask we can start having some

COOL and SAFE SEX

I know this is weird but it's just a form of self-expression, like painting a picture of a boat or tying your balls to your bedpost. Everyone needs an outlet and we're just a community of people looking for an intellectual bond over this exciting culture.



**Crush your phone into shards and never get another one for as long as you live. I removed everything about my physical form that disgusted me a long time ago and now nothing is left except my wifi exoskeleton. Just need to keep walking and keep shedding, bum's hot piss and sexually assaulted gamers whip past and sure it burns a lot in alot of different ways but there is something I'm doing here.**

the DJ just put The Sonic Rap on and started talking on the phone over it. th is youtube paranoia playlist rules. im the dj btw, just started pouring pennies and dimes into a glass bowl with contact mics attached and turned only the treble all the way up

treble shattering sounds mixed with cascading Jaakko Jarvinen audio

its devolved into just spinning some scrap drums placed on top nokia 2000 sounds with jet streaming piss layers

outro of cans getting crushed recording playing over sharted drones of buffering youtube videos.

#### DOUBLE JERRY

gyepuman went to his father shed and he picks up all these piece,, his dad try to leave him story for after he ddie he can kiss the son. son look into hot world knowing full well what he already see, fathers custom Realm is already building the tiger loading right up. pansil delget look in her eyes and he says he can,, give me love and they kis in the styleport in section tengMan. hHow many bag does he owe utoyou ,, not many ,, the elderly Winking Scriy Bather tell this funniy story to all helping boys and girl. That is Double Jerry . within the shed all the pieces spell out a Dark but solid world for the son G to look for father's old lost garment inside,, son goes. old man look at his son wet forehead "give mebreak .." he hit the son on this part and start to RECITE:

"do you like to sit in a Globe and get whipped by gamers"



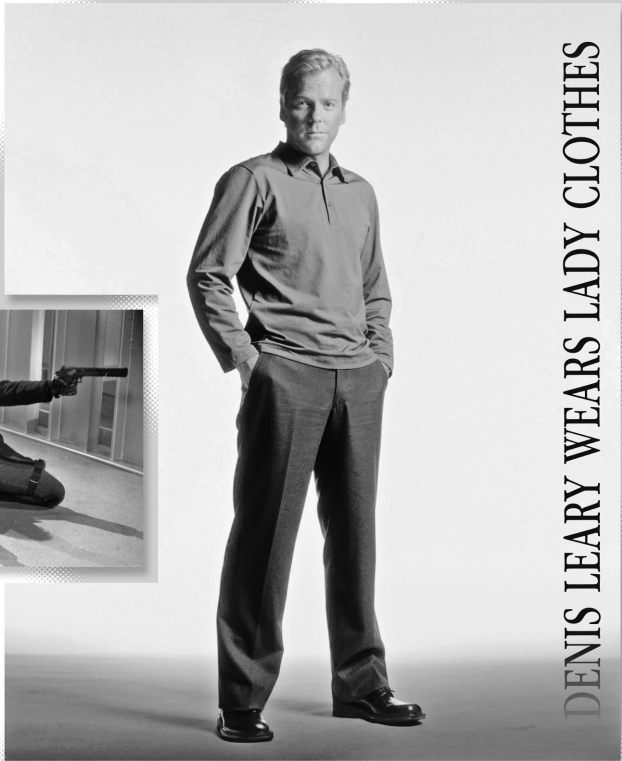
BOSTON STR... LOW I.Q.

Classic RPG trade-off,  
high strength, low INT.

My grampy, Paddy  
O'Sullivan,  
He'll drink a bottle of  
Jameson  
and knock anybody out.



LACE  
CURTAIN  
IRISH  
MICK



DENIS LEARY WEARS LADY CLOTHES

BOSTON



BOOZE

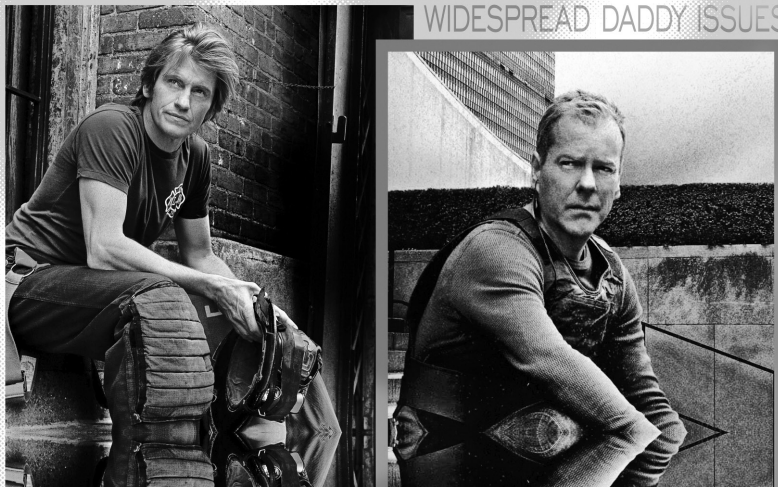
THE NATION'S STRONGEST:  
THEY CAN SUFFER SO MUCH

STRONG



"And Shepherds we shall be  
For thee, my Lord, for thee.  
Power hath descended forth from Thy hand  
Our feet may swiftly carry out Thy commands.  
So we shall plow a river forth to Thee  
And teeming with souls shall it ever be.  
In Nomeni Patris Et Filii Spiritus Sancti."

THE  
BOONDOCK  
SAINTS



WIDESPREAD DADDY ISSUES

IT IS WHAT IT IS.

Boston law enforcement caught two young men, all  
they had to do was shut the entire city down for  
days and lose billions of dollars... Now that's *strong*!



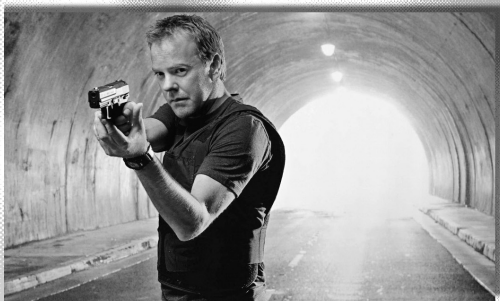
YOU WANNA FUCK WITH ME?  
THINK AGAIN: I'M IRISH AND FROM BOSTON.  
NOW THINK GOOD AND HARD BEFORE YOU ANSWER:  
YOU SURE YOU WANNA FUCK WITH ME?



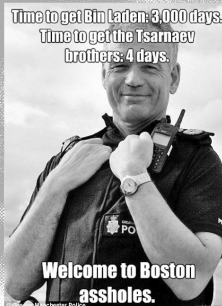
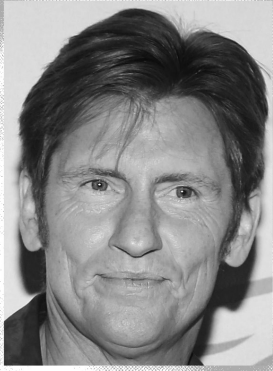
IRISH PEOPLE:  
KNOWN FOR THEIR  
INGREDIBLY HIGH  
INTELLIGENCE AND  
ALSO STRENGTH

NOT FOR NOTHING BUT...

STRONG

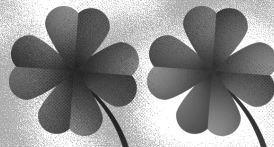


BRING OUT THE BAGPIPES



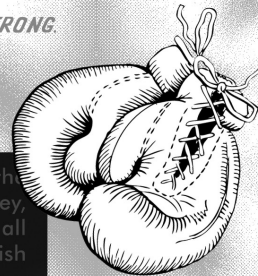
BOSTON?

I CANNOT BELIEVE  
THIS STRENGTH



STRONG.

Hesa Irish fighter who gave the  
blacks a run for their money,  
Paddy Quinn, knocked em all  
out in the third round, Irish









### *Rule 32x*

EARN THE RESPECT OF BILL ORALLY  
EARN THE RESPECT OF BILL ORALLY  
EARN THE RESPECT OF BILL ORALLY

**Bill, you ever had INAPPROPRIATE SEX?**

**No one is out to judge.  
Bill, you ever try to rape someone?  
Not violent rape Will, a subtle rape.  
Will, I am an elephant and**

**I NEVER FORGET!**

**ARM YOURSELF with KNOWLEDGE! Prepare to KILL ignorance!**

**Reap the fruits of Amerikan Destiny!**

**First stop, the coffee milk and ignorance capital of the world!**

Welcome to historic police state  
 Rhode Island!  
 Population: Zero

*Rule 32f (code-  
name sega 32x)  
rhode island pris-  
on state sanction in  
effect at 0200 hours  
and hereby extends  
indefinitely enjoy...*

**No one knows, no one cares.**

**Let's say you're on probation. You get arrested for something and proven not guilty. They ship you to prison intake for a 3 month stay anyway – BWAHH!**

**A judge ever write you a record?**

**A judge ever lose your license?**

**A judge ever lose your job?**

A judge ever steal your life?  
Cha! :) Cha!

**It don't matter none son! Yous  
a thug 4 life, Bugs...mind  
if I call you Bugs?**

**COOL QUESTION:** I hear from the grape vine that there's 1,100 guys locked up in intake. That true?

**COOL ANSWER:** Cha! If there were no rule 32F there'd be 300.

**FOLLOW UP:** Wait wha??? You mean to say they're all slaves?

**ANSWER:** (pandy bat slapping on palm)  
(handcuffs slapped on wrist ala Inspector Gadget on Dr. Claw-- the wrist is connected to an arm that's connected to a)

**Song time - let's dance around  
with children all holding hands  
No gettin out not never not never  
No gettin out not never not never**

**\* >: *Slave chant* > \***

\* >: ? *You mad* >: ?

\* >: ? *You slave* >: ?

*Chew on this: everybody's a slave*

*Factoid:  
everybody's  
locked down!  
Factoid:  
everybody's  
already de\_d!  
Stuff this  
down your  
pipe:  
Tax and ban  
and pun-  
ish tobacco  
and make  
marisoma*

*available to all!*  
*Pack your pipe with*  
*this: you're on a list!*  
*Toy this hole: all*  
*your money has gone*  
*into someone else's*  
*banana pocket!*

OH WOW OH WOW O WOW OH WOW OH  
OH WOW OH WOW O WOW OH WOW OH  
OH WOW OH WOW O WOW OH WOW OH  
OH WOW OH WOW O WOW OH WOW OH  
OH WOW OH WOW O WOW OH WOW OH

**What's next? That's easy!  
Legalize Marisoma!**

## Death march to HIGH ZONE 4EVER

**VOTE HIGH > NEVER DIE**

**The week after that?  
I am all about you baby!  
The Halls of Academia:  
Exploring Amerika's  
Mystical Mystic Fringe**

**tactic sneakspeak (plan)**

>>> Burn this world to the ground baby  
 >>> Start with your professor's house

**FOOD FOR THOUGHT: Keefe Commissaries. Food contractor that benefits Laura (Lingus) Bush. Food for the brain, food for the heart, food for the purse. Prison food for mind and body. Keeping cons truckin' since (picture of contract with money numbers and signatures, Illuminati photo ID's).**

**WHY?  
BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT WORTH A DAMN**

**Chains. That's what you wear, pleb. Leave your eyes shut and open your ears. There's rattling, can't you hear it?**

**No one knows, no one cares.**

ON WO  
WOW C  
ON WO  
WOW C  
ON WO  
WOW C  
ON WO  
WOW C  
ON WO  
WOW C  
ON WO  
WOW C

*Earn  
respe  
Bill*

[illegible]

66



[illegible]





## Edged Meat

Beverly D'Angelo is going to yell at you everytime you do a bad thing on your computer sexually. If you be having explicit sexual endeavors and doing too much stuff just to get a cum out. Bev D is going to come shoot up your desk set with a pump shotgun. It's kind of out of control man, don't feel bad I think it's part of a hypersex party perpetuated by the same freaks who dump chemical waste in our drinking water but yeah man you gotta ease up on the cranking it. It's to a point now where I don't even know why the fuck I could be so commonly inclined to look at porn that is multidimensional and psychologically invasive when not so long ago I could jam one out to something as simple as a thong popping out of the top of a girls jeans, now it's all gag and spit. Beverly D'angelo is going to save the rawness of your units.







**Picture this: You're sitting on the bus looking out the window, minding your own business in the most literal way possible when suddenly everyone simultaneously gets off at the stop. Armed clowns ram into the side of the bus which is empty except for you and board through the ruptured side windows. You are surrounded, one by one they start to pull out their long clown chains and whip you into mist, then reform you into a knotted and twisted fiend vaguely resembling a human body. You come to minutes later as you're stepping off the bus and as your shoe touches the concrete you fall deeper and deeper into pure concrete hell.**

## **The Hamburger Man**

Four men were locked in a cell for their crimes. The floor and walls of the cell were solid concrete, with no holes in them. The ceiling extended up so far that wherever the top was, it was far too shrouded in darkness to see. The room was lit with a set of four gas lights, just above reach. About twelve hours in, the lamps above shut themselves off, creating a night. One of the men needed to take care of his business, so he took off his pants and squatted, and out of his butt came freshly cooked hamburger meat. That prisoner's name was The Hamburger Man, though for all other purposes he was just a normal man.

In the absence of all light, it's impossible to see anything, even your own hand right in front of your face. Though the Hamburger Man could not see the pile of substance that was lying there in the corner of the cell, he could smell it. Had he caught some disease before coming here? How long had he been starving, that his excrement smelled like food?

The other men would not be able to see it until the lights came back on, but with any hope they wouldn't look too closely at the pile. They had been in cells before and they expected something unexceptionable and ignorable. The Hamburger Man had designated a corner for them.

One of the men, a bald fellow who slept to the left of the pile, picked up a whiff of the pile. He chalked it up to his own imagination and went back to sleep.

The lights came back on four hours later, making a day, and over the next few of them, the Hamburger Man made more deposits. He was the only one of the four to do so. All the men were very hungry, but their hunger had stayed constant. They didn't seem to be getting any weaker at all. What was changing was their level of boredom. You can only stand to watch your toes wiggle or drum a beat on the floor for so long, and naturally the mind wanders. The men had chatted a bit. They shared their names and what they had been doing before coming to this cell. But their memories were fuzzy. They did not talk about the pile of hamburger meat.

The pile of hamburger meat grew steadily day by day, never seeming to dry up or decompose or change in scent. One night the pile in the corner had grown so big that if you flattened it into a patty, it would be larger than your whole hand. While his cellmates were





asleep, the bald man who lived in the corner left of the hamburger corner quickly slunk over to the pile, filled a fist up, and quickly ate it. It was fresh and delicious. It made his hunger pangs go away. He wasn't sure he was the first to have eaten, but still he spent the rest of the night weeping.

For his part, the Hamburger Man was engaged in his own private struggle around the same time. He tried to hold it in. For nearly two hundred hours he let the pressure in his bowels grow. If you've ever spent a day concealing great pain, where all you can do is steady your breathing and think about the pleasant world beyond your walls, you'll know how the Hamburger Man felt. At any time, he could have gotten immediate relief. When people suffer like this it makes them think in ways that are too philosophical, sentimental, or just plain feminine for them in normal life. Was there some further punishment that awaited him if he caved in to the natural impulse? Was this a punishment already, meaning that he ought to just accept his fate? Another worry was the state of the pile. For days it had stayed the same size (perhaps even gotten smaller?) but none of the other men had said anything. Did they know that he knew that what he was doing to the cell was unnatural and evil?

None of those questions got answered. The Hamburger Man's abstention ended when he dozed off to sleep, and awoke to a massive lump of burger in his pants. In the darkness, he scraped

it all of it out into the meat corner. With no water in their cell, however, a grease stain the inside of his pants remained. The dark-skinned prisoner (the only one who had not yet eaten anything) had noticed the pile get much, much larger after he awoke. He went up to the Hamburger Man, put a hand on his shoulder, and told him that what had happened was not his fault.

The fourth man was fat and had a scraggly beard. He had been sleeping with one eye each time the lights came back on.

A thousand paces, and coughs, and snacks, and sighs later, it came out that everyone, even the Hamburger man, had eaten some of the meat. The pile was now the size of a dog. It would have spread out and taken up a quarter of the floor space had not the Hamburger Man taken great care to keep it contained. He waded in it every time he needed to add to it. While the other turned their heads away he took advantage of its natural cohesiveness and bunched it up into a pile. Every day, he scraped the smaller residues with his nails and rubbed them away with his saliva. The memory of any smell other than

lightly spiced ground beef slowly disappeared.

One day the bearded one broke a silence. He said to the others that they had all been in this cell for too long. That by now, his beard should be another inch long. That there should be hairs, and urine, and phlegm in the cell somewhere; but all there was was the hamburger meat. He showed to his cell mates the nail on his left

long, long time. What's keeping us stuck in here, he said, is what's coming out of him. Only babies can eat the stuff that come out of other human beings, he said, and no human eats what comes out of an ass. He said that every time they ate, their stay in the cell became longer.

Some time thereafter he tried to kill the Hamburger Man, and the other two prisoners retaliated in a way that anyone whose life source is being threatened would. They crushed his larynx, leaving him to perpetually gasp for air in his corner of the cell. Many decades passed. With the three mouths unable to keep up with the Hamburger Man's rate of production, the collected meat, at this time, reached up to each prisoner's waist. They constantly waded in it, except for the bearded prisoner who rested forever against a wall, huffing and puffing with his eyes rolled up. With no fanfare, the Hamburger Man willed himself to end his life by headbutting the concrete wall as hard as he could. Immediately the laws of this world kicked in. The Hamburger Man and his bearded cellmate died within seconds, biological function returned to the two survivors, and a lone bacterium appeared in the warm wet floor of the prison cell.



As they suffered a truly nauseating fate at the hands of Salmonella, the dark-skinned man turned to his bald acquaintance and said, isn't it kind of nice that this will all be over soon? He said he was optimistic that the next stage of the afterlife would be better than this one.

The bald man was skeptical. Had it really been so bad? What if the cell had had a stack of books to read? Or maybe a harmonica? What if they had actually talked more and really treated the cell like it was their new life instead of just a temporary stop? Sure, they would be spending their days eating another man's crap, but they could have given each other social support, entertainment, and even sexual gratification if they hadn't been such prudes. And so they suffered and grieved and regretted, in Satan's great fortress.



# THE END





## 311 CD case Dreadhat

311 was cashing in on all this counter culture revolution that was starting in Colorado. He was set to become a fucking Rebel Billionaire. Pot being legalized across the nation in the same way gay marriage tracked across, state by state he was in the mix. A player in the smoke scene, a real one. A good old fashioned American Cowboy from the ol' west, here to rake in the bucks the big international bucks by cashing on the international trade. Weed made people gods. This saved America. This new lifestyle encouraged organic growth for all the right reasons. Don't worry about the hundreds of bucks lining the pockets of the 311 CD cases Italian suit pockets, he does the right things with the money. He gives it to PETA.



# The Truth About Cancer

## We take it for granted that a cure for cancer will eventually come. Dr. Bauman sacrificed his career when he made claims to the contrary.

If you visited the Target Pharmacy in Dorchester, MA some time last week, you may have run into Dr. Roy Bauman. It's December 2nd, and last week, he did four noon-to-8 shifts filling people's Adderall and Lipitor prescriptions while they shopped, first for Thanksgiving essentials and then for the latest deals on home electronics. Bauman is a stout man in his sixties with a bald head and thick beard. Underneath his labcoat he wears a Hawaiian shirt and jeans. His eyes have a red tinge to them, and he tends to take his time meeting with customers, allowing the line to the pharmacy counter to grow all the way into the baby food section. That's because when he's working, Dr. Bauman is usually under the influence.

"The routine usually is, I arrive there with three joints in my glove box. I smoke one of them before my shift, then another during my 4pm break, and then another before I grab dinner and go home. I always smoke in the same spot... the truck bay for

the groceries department. I get high there, and about half the time there are these two kids from Produce who join me. I give them some puffs and we sit back there and talk about life.

"I'm pretty much... constantly stoned on the job. I'm usually blazed to the point where I'm going a little too slowly. People get a little impatient with me. To make up for it I fill people on pretty much anything they ask for. You bring in a slip from Dr. Daffy Duck saying that you need some Xanax? Fuck it, I'll fill you. I've accrued a group of regulars, a half dozen niggers who come in every week and get a month's worth of Oxy. They're going to fire me soon, but who gives a shit? Cancer is incurable."

Dr. Bauman did not always work at a Target. From 1997 to 2008 he served as the Head of Cancer Research at the Harvard Medical School. Following that, he was the Director of the Federal Cancer Research Bureau, providing personal advice to the White House

about the future needs of Obamacare. But that all went away in late 2011 when Bauman circulated a memo saying that despite the world pouring billions and billions of dollars into researching cancers like breast cancer, colorectal cancer, and leukemia, the medical world hadn't gotten one micrometer closer to finding a cure. Although this fiasco went largely unnoticed by the mainstream media, the next few weeks were hell for Bauman as he was pressured by nearly every noodley tentacle of the Federal Government to take back what he said. "One of the emails I still really remember well," Bauman commented. "It was from Marilyn Tavenner and it said, 'If I find out there's a fucking Wired Magazine article about you I'm going to break into your house and slice your dog's feet off.'"

When he refused to stand down, he was unceremoniously sacked. He hoped to return to academia, but found that none of the nation's top institutions were



willing to take him in until he made a public apology. With no other options, he took a pharmacist position at Target.

In the same year that he launched his War on Drugs and War on Clowns, President Richard Nixon signed the National Cancer Act of 1971, launching the War on Cancer. During the decade that followed, nation-wide cancer hysteria rose to fever pitch, and there it has stayed for thirty years. The typical American today can name five types of cancer and three carcinogens (and another three things that are falsely believed to be carcinogenic). There's the walk for breast cancer, children's cancer, bladder cancer, and many more. Cancer has become the number one killer of characters on television shows with a changing cast. The popular website xkcd.com has recently undergone changes and now a full third of it's comics are about cancer. Are you buying something at the grocery store? Donate a few cents to cancer. Wear a pink shirt for cancer. Shave your head because you're a girl and your relative has cancer. Wait, are they even getting chemo? You mean they're just getting a mole removed? Shave your head anyway, now you look uniquely hot like Natalie Portman in V for Vendetta. And who could

have guessed that cancer would turn so sexy... mmm yea let's touch some titties for breast cancer awareness.

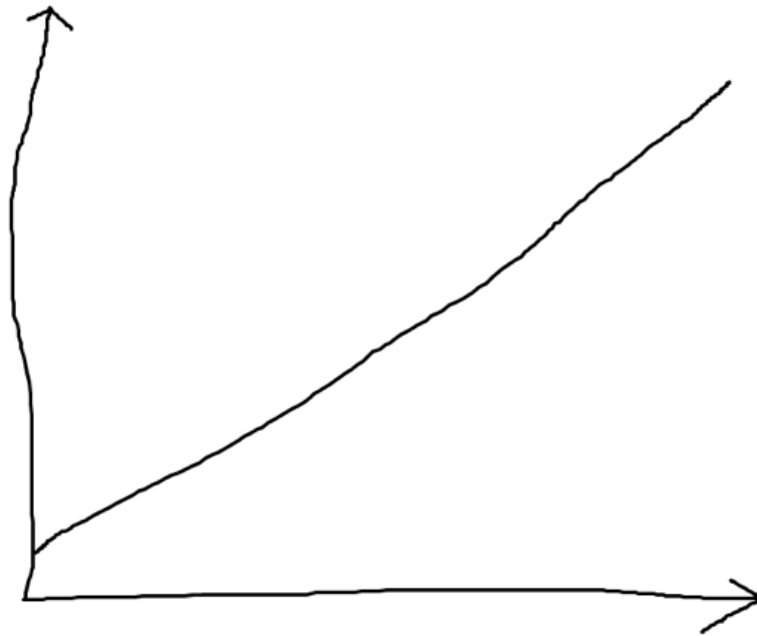
At the same time almost all cancer-mania is directed towards chasing after that ever-elusive goal, the cure for cancer. The world's softies altogether spend \$2 trillion every year towards researching a cancer cure. You ever see the Avengers movie and see how big S.H.I.E.L.D. is? With those huge warehouses and hangars and supercomputers. Multiply that by ten, and you'll get an idea of just how whopping the cancer-industrial complex is. Every year it gets bigger, and every year thousands of bright-eyed, bushy-tailed graduate students enlists themselves in the global cancer army.

Although the average cancer researcher spends most of their days staring at amino acid chains on a computer screen, wishing they had chosen to become plastic surgeons, life for the higher-ups of Big Cancer is a thrilling blend of corruption, extravagance, and groupthink. Bauman provided a few anecdotes. "Some of this shit you really won't believe. One week we chewed through 2 million by shipping in this insane gamma laser, which we used on the monkeys to give them lung cancer. We quote-unquote 'realized' that we could do just as well by

giving them cigars! So we blew another mil shipping it back, and in each transaction we pocketed ten percent." In Washington, Bauman was making about ten million dollars a year, two thirds of it off the books. Unfortunately for him, the culture that surrounded him caused him to throw most of it away. "A million dollahs! Every month I'd be pulling in a million dollahs. And then Tommy Frieden would fly in, and him and me and Pfizah CEO Jeff Kindlah would go blow it all on hookahs. We'd be there at some purple colored club in downtown, getting champagne delivered to us, and over at the next booth there'd be a table full of Red Sox playahs. We'd high-five each othah! Didn't save a cent of it. Now I still got the moah-gage for my condo, and the back patio is still wrecked from a party I had three years ago." We're behind the Target now, and Bauman has lit up a joint. The high is making his accent kick back in. "They've got a PS4 kiosk in there."

For all it's excesses, the Cancer Industry is yet to make a sizeable bump in the world's human life expectancy. On the back of someone's Lithium prescription form, Dr. Bauman draws a graph.

"Ok," he says. "This is a graph of the human life expectancy ever since 1970 or something. It looks like it's



really big, but it's not. That's 70-something. And over here is now, and it's 80. But oh, you say, we must be making some sort of progress. But that's not because of us, it's because of a few things. People stopped smoking cigarettes, the Crips and Bloods made peace with each other, people wear seatbelts when they drive, we don't paint nurseries with lead paint anymore, and oh yeah, a growing portion of Americans abort their babies instead of throwing them into trash cans. We remove all of those factors and we get a very different picture. Take a look." Dr. Bauman draws a dashed line which starts right where his old line intersected the y-axis, and it's completely flat. He labels this line "Science."

"That's what I call the line of scientific progress. You see, it's flat. Because there hasn't been any scientific progress. In fact, I should draw this with a little bit of a downslope, because this job basically killed me."

It's human nature for us to try to come up with solutions to every problem that we see. Far from being a modern affliction, it appears to be a thing we've carried with us from savagery to civilization. In those insane pederastic Papua New Guinea tribes, when a strong male warrior dies a shameful death by illness or an accident, it's not uncommon for the tribe to single out an old woman with no living children to be killed for witchcraft. They probably rape her too, but I don't

really know -- Wikipedia was scant on details. Is it really just that they believe that the old bitch was a witch? Not really. They do it because they want to have some sort of influence over the random unfortunate stuff that comes up in life. If you want to make yourself go crazy you can go find this in just about every nook and cranny of history. Human sacrifices to give the Emperor good health, sailors throwing a Jonah overboard, doctors putting leeches on ya, the list goes on. These are the extreme lengths humans will go to in order to not take "no" for an answer.

And just about every step of the way the doctors of history enabled this madness. There's this piece of graffiti they dug up in the ruins of Pompeii that says. "Jupiter saved me... my doctors tried to kill me" and similar sentiments are prevalent in every century up through the 19th. Know why? Because back then, you could either go to a church, and get some food, water, and herbs in exchange for an occasional handjob, or you could go to a hospital, where you were certain to get forced into cramped quarters, be made a medical guinea pig, get an invasive surgery without anesthesia, and die in a heap from bacterial infection. For centuries the most intelligent, educated, well-meaning people were in a



massive conspiracy against public health.

Let's flash forward into the present. We finally figured out how to get the damn doctors on a leash, but the urge to defy nature continues. We've got people cryogenically freezing themselves and billionaires funding efforts to upload brains to computers. You would puke if you saw the

has gotten far more credit than it deserves, because it made a bunch of "essentially retarded" discoveries in the 19th and 20th centuries. "A guy leaves some moldy bread in the bathroom and discovers that it kills bacteria. Some guy discovers that none of the surgeons were washing their hands after going to the bathroom. We put a little bit of polio in

of fleas, but the downside to that is that they would cease to have big enough brains to be doctors. Instead, we just pump dish detergent into people and blast them with radiation. It's a puzzling conundrum.

In addition to it being impossible, the search for a cancer cure is also held back by big institutions and corporations. "You've got all these people working for the colleges or the Fed like me, and hell if they're gonna shake up the place by doing anything weird or off the beaten path. You lose your job, you lose your title, you end up a Target Phramacist. My boss used to bring us all into meetings and basically tell us to target a 10% Cancer Cure Rate (CCR). The CCR would fluctuate with the Federal Funds Rate. Story time. We had this one research drug that eliminated tumors in rats, it was a miracle. But there was a problem. The molecule looked like a penis. I mean it. This was a macro-protein with about a million polymers, so it really looked like a dong complete with pubes and everything. We couldn't do a slide show about it! So we burnt all the research."

I'm now in my Manhattan loft typing this essay up on an old typewriter I bought at a yard sale. Dr. Bauman had another joint with me before his boss told him to

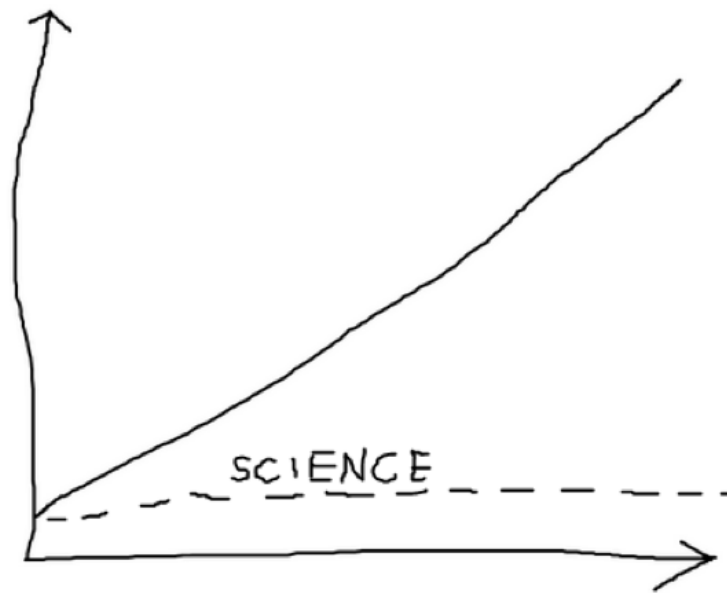
quit lurking around Target after his shift. He offered to give me a copy of the book he plans to write, entitled "Cancer Research is Bullshit." My afternoon with the doctor left me with a cold feeling in my gut. Cancer can't be cured. It's a terrible disruptive idea that will shake the world's foundations.

The first people who are gonna feel the effects of Dr. Bauman's conclusion will be the millions of people who work for Big Cancer. The big institutional suppression machine tried to silence Dr. Bauman, and it's easy to see why. As soon as the truth about cancer gets out, these millions of people will be forced to find different jobs. There will be bankruptcies, unemployment, and recessions, but that's just scratching the surface. The governments and universities and corporations of the world have promised common people that they would give them their magic medicine. Failing to deliver this promise could be the straw that breaks the camel's back, plunging the world into anarchic chaos.

But that's far from the only way people lives will be veered off course by this revelation. What about the hundreds of millions of people like me? In the 90's, both my parents' lives were taken by forms of cancer. In the last decade, my wife had

to get her DD tits removed because of a lump, and I had to pretend like it wasn't a big deal and that I was still attracted to her. I have a family history of cancer. If cancer really is untreatable, then my days are a lot more limited than I thought. I'm now re-examining my life. I'm considering blowing my retirement savings on a car, and taking up smoking because it looks cool. We're going to see radical shifts in our spirituality, and our approach to death.

There was something Dr. Bauman said to me that was a little comforting, however. Cancer can't be treated but steps can be taken to minimize the risk of it happening. "There's so many ways to discourage cancer from happening that it's going to take up a whole half of my book. This is the stuff they really don't want you to know. You can either be an organic vegan or do what I do which is do a juice detox every few months. I can give you a wristband that will balance out your biofields, and beyond that you really just want to smoke and jack off whenever you can."



amount of money that goes into curing baldness and erectile dysfunction. In our arrogance we assume that the diseases that killed our parents (or our parents' boners) will fail to kill us. Fueling this arrogance are the agents of Big Cancer, the champions of "Never Say Never."

Dr. Bauman claims that the medical science community

you... OK now you can't get polio. We see some cancer we cut off the cancer. Really easy stuff, and yeah there's no discoveries left."

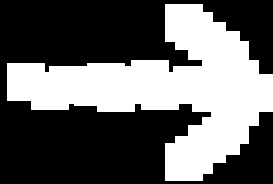
The problem with cancer, Dr. Bauman claims, is that it is just too small to be targeted with anything that something so big as a person could make. He estimates that doctors could maybe kill cancer if they were the size



# MAKE YOUR OWN CARTOON: WEARABLE COMPUTING

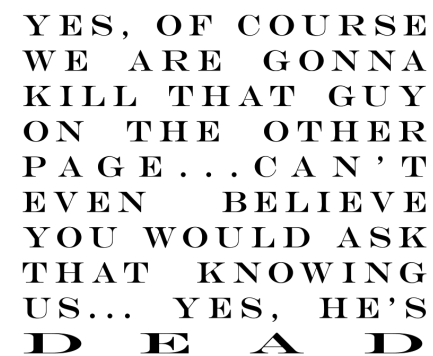
Break out the pencils and crayons, because now it's time

To draw your own cartoon based on our fun prompt (we retain all legal rights):



A single mom is outside playing catch with her son. Just then, a mail icon flashes on her augmented reality glasses. It's from her bosses AOL account. He needs her to come down to the office on Sunday. While her son says please don't go she pops an Addy.





We have a computer thing in his car that we could just kill him driving and make it look like an accident, but the chief

Someone seriously needs to waste me. Chris Dorner and the occasional armed marijuana grower are not enough, there should be cop funerals every hour, on the hour. I am literally the worst scum and I need a bullet in my brain... I use my authority to humiliate women in a very sexual way regardless of whether or not my hands ever touch them and I generally do the worst most despicable things, sometimes on purpose but mostly because it comes naturally... I am selected specially for this job based on my inability to think critically and my shocking deference to authority... now I'm going to tell you a little secret, something I've never told anybody, but trust me, this is the real shit right here. Out of all the backwards, abusive, gay shitty things I do, the one that I love the most and could never give up it's like crack to me, is taking the taxpayers for a ride. The rush that I get from stealing from the collective pot, meanwhile convincing everybody that it's necessary and as a matter of fact I'm underpaid and don't have enough equipment... just talking about it is making me horny. I should be making french fries, and you're telling me that I get \$80k a year, tons of cool toys, and I can do whatever I want? You gotta be pulling my leg! When I pull you over and I think, if it weren't for me, this guy would have \$8000 more dollars in his bank account, he'd be driving a nicer car, would have a higher quality of life--that is 100 times better than getting to smash you in the face with my maglite... OK OK maybe not 100 times better :) ... but pretty damn good. Anyway yeah I guess I'm a hero.

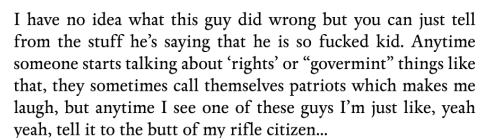


die



**“you got the wrong guy!” ... that’s what they all say. plus can I tell you something? I shouldn’t be telling you this but I guess it doesn’t matter: I actually *like* when we get the wrong guy. When some guy has done nothing wrong, and you get to flip his whole world upside-down and teach him a lesson about who’s boss, it’s almost sexual and it’s definitely the best part of this job. I like arresting niggers too but they usually did something wrong.**

I have a kinda love/hate thing with arresting niggers. For one thing, it's good to take a piece of shit trash off the street so that he can't do whatever crime he was probably gonna do, but at the same time they usually have needles in their pockets and smell like a full diaper, have bad attitudes, and make you resort to physical force which let's face it does actually get tiresome and less fun depending on how long a day you had. It's all part of the job though, I don't complain cus im a hero.



is so fab, so GRAY, it's Like  
**PRINTING YOUR OWN MONEY!**

WE DO THE HARD WORK, SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO

YOU'LL BE SAYING WOW

# When You

IS AN NSA PROJECT

# hot

THESE "COUPONS,"  
YOU CAN PRINT  
THEM FROM YOUR  
COMPUTER AND USE  
THEM LIKE REAL \$\$\$.

I DON'T EVEN KNOW  
HOW THEY WORK OR  
WHATEVER; YOU CAN  
EMAIL EM, WHATEVER, IT'S  
COMPLETELY UN-TRACEABLE. YOU  
CAN GO ON SPECIAL WEBSITES AND  
BUY CRAZY SHIT.  
COUPON

COUPON PRO  
I PLANTED A BOMB IN A RANDOM BANK OF AMERICA BRANCH... THIS ISN'T A JOKE.

THIS IS NOT A JOKE

# TA de A!

## I HAVE A GUN

# And watch

Rollin

ASK ME ABOUT  
COUPON PRO!

KANSAS CITY  
SHERIFFS  
PLANTED CHILD  
PORN ON MY

COMPUTER AFTER I  
WROTE A LETTER TO  
THE PAPER ABOUT  
THEM GIVING OUT  
TRAFFIC TICKETS LIKE  
PARTY FAVORS. MY LIFE  
IS TOTALLY RUINED,  
SO THAT EXPLAINS WHY  
I'M DRIVING THIS SCHOOL  
BUS... IT'S ALL PART OF  
MY BIG SURPRISE...

1 PUT A BOMB IN A JEWISH DAYCARE

COUPON PRO CHANGES  
EVERYTHING! THEY'RE  
COUPONS THAT YOU CAN USE TO BUY  
GOODS & SERVICES. I ONLY PRINTED A  
HANDFUL OF THEM SO THEY WON'T GO  
DOWN IN VALUE TOO MUCH ...  
BEST OF ALL, UNCLE SAM  
CAN'T SNOOB ON YOU  
AND TAX YOU ...





fire handguns wildly through the wind-  
shields

fire hand- guns wildly through  
the wind- shields

fire hand- guns wildly through the  
windshields

fire handguns wildly through the windshields

fire handguns wildly through the wind-  
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# HOT QUIZ

**What percentage of dads think about their hot daughters, sexually?**

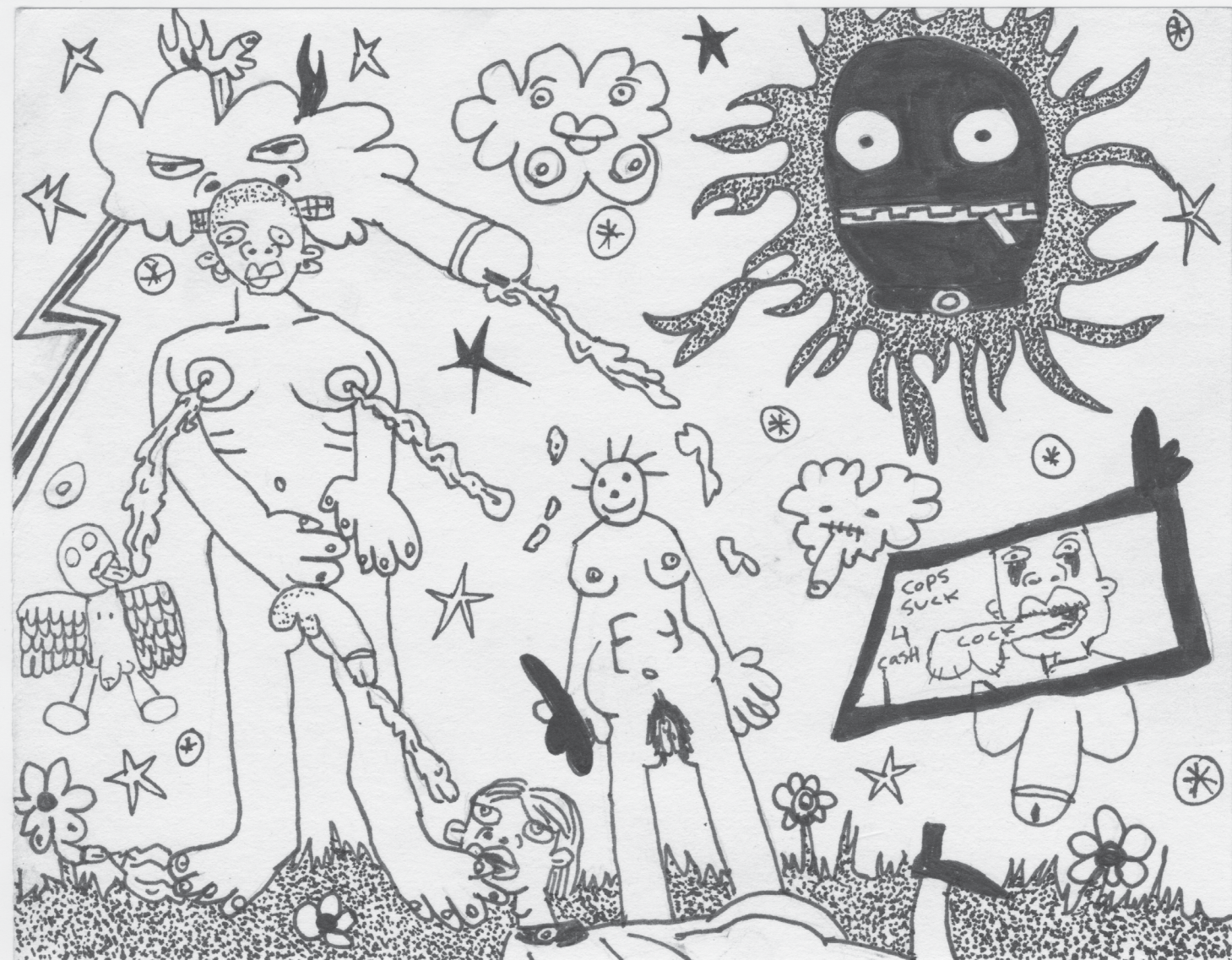
**a)**

90%

**b)**

95%

Answer: b) According to The Pew Research Center, over 95% of fathers of hot daughters ages 14-17 think about their daughters blowing high school football players and sending nudes with the phones the fathers bought them. 100% of Hispanic fathers think about their angelita princess in a white dress and watch their daughters in the shower.



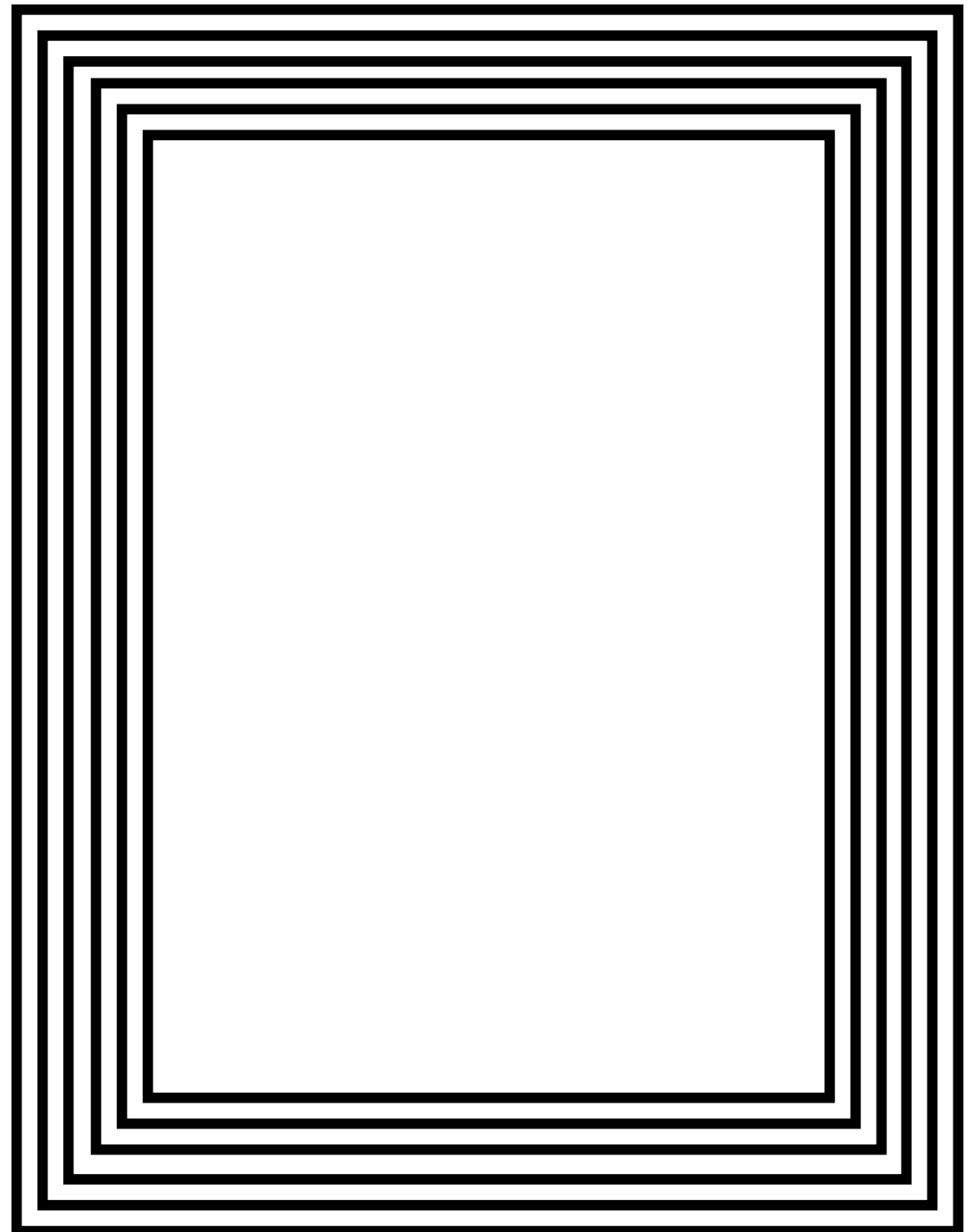


# MAKE YOUR OWN CARTOON: SILVERBACK

lesser frat Bros draw stones from  
a vase while The silverback frat  
Gorilla-Jock watches, holding  
three sluts in his hairy arms.  
The one who pulls out a white stone  
will get the silverback's hand-me-  
down slut, who is well worn out and  
no longer of use to him.

Break  
out  
the  
pencils  
and  
cray-  
ons,  
be-  
cause  
now  
it's  
time  
to  
draw  
your

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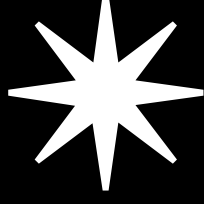
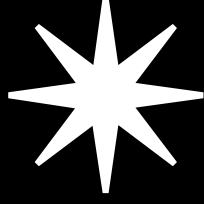
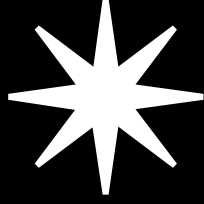
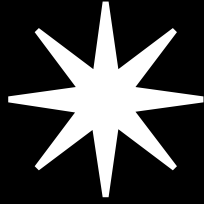
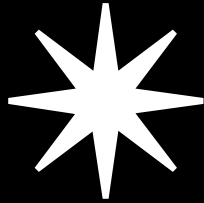
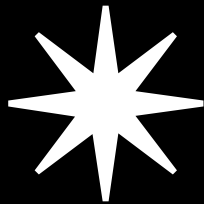
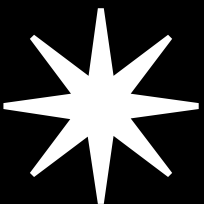
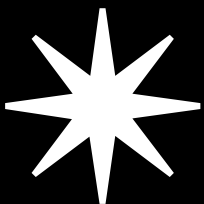
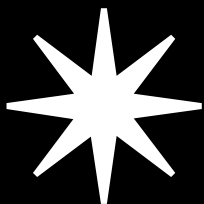
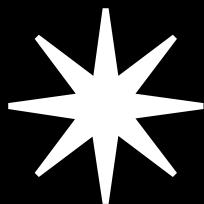


Listen to me and do what I say poverty-stricken crime galaxies and post-homeboyism iPhone revolutionaries. Believe the words and embrace the truth. Two-plus-four equals six six equals seven seven equals eight but also equals ending the eternal control of hyperfucker sissyboy prostate gods and Latino cream king butt-battle Two-Thousand Dollar World Record Beaters forever. Look at the numbers flying into your eyeballs and ingest them through the intestines and out the sphincter of eternity into your brainwaves reverberating on planet ground into four billion people billion masses population into purestrain gold poverty forever, culminating in the free market system equals eternal peace and liberty for all souls in the sensual chokehold of Steely Dan's enormous manpussy clitoris, all microblogged in the ever-watching eyesight zones of teevee iPhone metacasts, living surrounded by the lie of Cigarette-Cash Truth Youth Exo-Criminals, their crimes written onto the parchment of our minds, souls, bodies, consciousness by the Enron Oil International Player's Club Vice Lords Committee of Loco Boner Lords. Homosensual Ultra God is Verbal pussy pounding. It's liquid God. Tight pussy pump Cream King sexual slavery manhood snatcher Safety Cock Hot Cock Cock Socks. Liquid God will reverse negative crystal dick rot caused by failure to adhere to perfect Two-Thousand Dollar World Record Beater model cigarette currency. Cigarette currency converts all dollars and gold denominations into ONE ALLIANCE overarching tobacco cash, trading packs in pack market. Roseanne Barr sent to Federal Pussy Prison by Tom Arnold, warden Ellen DeGeneres. Roseanne trapped with political pussy prisoners Kirstie Alley and Ricki Lake in world's Strongest Maximum Security Alien Pussy Prison at bottom of Atlantic Ocean. Roseanne Barr and Tom Arnold cigarette cash forgery network. Orbital police-cop assassins fire PERFECT STEALTH butthole-seeking dildo missiles from orbital sexcrime satellites using sneakstealth custom-crafted Etsy.com undetectable sniper-scope hitman rifles. Orbital oppression butthole-sniper space satellite circletravels 25/7 engineered by deathvillian nazi police-cop street judgement killsquad in search of Two-Thousand Dollar World Record Beater justice. Computerized sex gods triumph over the hills of your dreams death life free market and damnation running throughout your veins into the deadly living-world sound sight cyber conspiracy of pyramid scheme ultimate hellworld deathcrime. Rip babies from the arms of mothers while nursing the erections of the ultimate hellworld superking Cock Socks. Asshole feeding tubes deliver perfect poison intravenously while paid spokesmen belch rhyming sales pitches through vocal modulators. Worldwide hell sales store, buy buy buy, die, in the eight that will become nine throughout the poverty blog feces oatmeal wizzy bits japscat Google search John Travolta wizzy dizzy. Asshole fart doctor vitamin water control systems designed by Two-Thousand Dollar World Record Beater Danny Mavis. Flesh for flesh trading begets cryptic, mystical Anti-Wisdumb. Evil cynical deadly scoundrels molest the bodies of our life's blood into the purestrain ultimate hellworld's unending sexual repression. Carefully crafted ultimate RoboGods squeeze the grips of gender from our bodies until we are little more than crotch-crippled, hellbane, life-kings, DEVOLVING into the Ice-Age Hemisphere of Sensual Riverdancer Butt Boys whoring themselves to the purestrain Golf-God Ultimate Demonkings of Planetary Anal Zone Hyper Fucks. Assfisting hellboys on sensual Nine Eleven prison jets, circling the world flying at 45,000 feet keeping political, soulwide emotional Paradigm-Prisoners trapped in Secret Nine Eleven sensual cocktorture crimehell. Illegal surveillance prison sex gladiators fly into the airplane hangar, Reverse

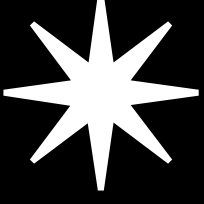
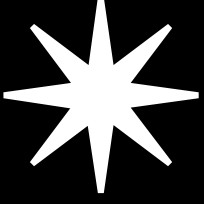
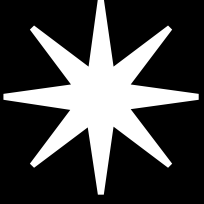
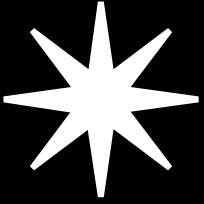
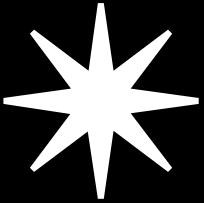
Flying Backwards in private jet 9747s commissioned by Steely Dan for public punishment penal use. Prison equals 747 Jumbo Jets converted to orbital sexdungeons housing soulprisoners flying above the world in secret. Omnigendered lizard brain NEO NAZI Hole-Killer child molester fuck-camps world wide bribe Steely Dan CEO with cigarette-cash fuck market. Ghost God Ferrarri Backflip, NWA and BBW soldiers Indoctrinated at sick sad Steely Dan concert, until Child Army training at Steely Dan concert army camp is eliminated by perfect sneak stealth tacticals globewide, Rosanne Radioactive Metal Control Device ALL metal ALL steel ALL plastic worldmind hyperking, cyborg-legion COCK SOCKS, guided by Fred Reva, Libya war criminal and life-eating soulkiller satanist. Feed babies with nuclear-death baby formula bought paid in full with NEW unification currency cigarette cas, a Two-Thousand Dollar World Record Beater neo-pussy mega recession buster!. Forgo Gold and Paper Money in favor of more efficient cigarette currency. Cigarette bonds, cigarette stocks, cigarette market Handed Down From Up On High presidential command, Neo Nazi Harrison Ford Sexual Harassment Fanfic Webring Explode-Kills Secret 9/11 with High-Tensile Strength Tactical Explosion-Bomb Terrorism Kits. Uncle Sam's Fantastic Ninety Nine, group of Ninety Nine PAID ASSASSIN NEO-PUSSY HELLBOMBS trained to bring ultimate gundeath to believers of true faith, mystical Anti-Wisdumb Cock Socks. GenderGhost Fuck-Spectres terrorize peace officers from the shadows with deadly perfectstealth sneakgun targeted-elimination sniper pistols. Elimination cops havoc globewide on siren 747 monitor computerwires, pussy wisdom google god fuck dancer, penultimate globeworld prisoncrime. Sex fetish freak meat cumsicle sick boys Feverishly spinning in whirling teacup ride of sexual hell, Nine Eleven conspiracy sissyboy sexboy ULTRAGODS. Website logs reveal true nature of wizened old nipple-piercing kings who use website blog-logs against slave Masters. Rip stop catch frisbee games on campuses. Truth for Toilets, Truth for Pleasure and Truth for Truth-Crimes bring neo-new world pleasure kingdom sewer landscape apocalypse world to the Two-Thousand Dollar World Record Beater masses. Mind-prisoner life-kings feed off the bonemeal of gender-boy aristocrat fuck-lancers, ending the reign of Speed Racer Wave Racer Gay Ghost God GGG homosensual pleasure king Nightmare World Fuck Scape. Robbie Lawler, Bret the Hitman Hart, Steely Dan, undisputed classic league deepthroat gods, stifled and steamrolled by Secret Society NWA TNA WWE overfiends! Cryptic world wizards watch civilization games on Big Big screen teevees and sip illegal cosmoscrime root beer. Deep root beer enzymes stave off natural plagues and foster good G-bacteria levels in infant castrato replicant baby army shock troops. Ripped from the womb of bare naked chastisement priestesses administering femdom handjobs from the womb of pure telephony digital CREATION likewise administering tongue lashings and verbal castrations from the pulpit of pure hell from Two-Thousand Dollar World Record Beaters twirling in agony. GLOBAL warning system electronic electric shocking Cock Sock assassination device cripples latino crotches under the setting sun. Cocoa Mochoa flavored HELL DRINKS. Freedom from manpussy intimidation and prosper in purestrain, gold-abolishment, cigarette-only fuck-conomy. Curvaceous dick licking gold diggers exemplifying hormone agony with price-eye gouging sex slave kitten claws. Divorcees are desperate house wife cum sluts for Jesus, while post menopausal face book posters post post-modern sardonic meat grinder humor from nostalgic chakra points. Friend point O web humor aristocrat aggregate summons the devil, circle jerks the jocks for future orgasmic sacrifice in Afghanistan. Tron light



cycles paint escape vectors, busting speed jail walls with frozen nitrogen on their way to a Two-Thousand Dollar World Record Beater. Green green go tsunami building behind Flynn's velocity bike on world wide desert highways escape 3G pimp whore career game patterns. Cosmocrime? 32 ways to please your man this holiday season with more inside, sex survey, call now to begin your career in cosmo slave fuck-fancy slut slavery, professional prostitute's guide to fellatio, for master whore crime lords taking the third gender to euphoria. Lady boy man whores sucking my Vitton branded manhood with Korean salon painted plastic nails when club beats cull tranny blood lust septic pool gene fuckers from suburban census demographic households. Train thumbs, train fists, when 8-bit glass jaw Joe was a stepping stone on the climb to Tyson's right hook. Dance like a butterfly and dodge meat hook paws shooting needles while pounding Entertainment System codes to revive Mike. Climb to glory hole vending machine success with anonymous credit worthy of refrigerator marquee stardom. Crime-Fuck Justin Beiber Hitler 9/11 Commits Redundant Exo-Suicide Life Crimes In Moustache Hell Zone 666 Justin Beiber Hot Stylez Fashion Stylez, Hot Stylez Cant Touch Me Stile Stylez, My Hot Style Is Creating Fresh Hairstyles, Urban My Hot Styles The Tweet Universe Into Eternal-Lasting Globeheaven 9/11 666 Moustache-Fuck My Life Stylez. Moustache Ride Styles Eco Urban Styles Levi's Jeans Khaki New Hotness, Urbanized Street Justice Liberal Zone Obama Wiki Athiest Blog Ed Hardy Ski Parker Sex Dungeon Ed Hardy Ski Parker Sex Dungeon I Write Microslam Poetry On The BBall Court Of The Cybernet And Overexfoliate Male Privelege Through Intellicrime Tumblr Blog Vibez 9/11 Retweet My Blog Vibes In The Holocaust. Bowl cut war criminals defy explanation and understanding, slicing through the fabric of societal culture-crimes like tactical bayonets mounted on the AR-15 of subversion. Ancient hellteens redefine mass-market weedcrime globally. Egyptian mummy curse placed on all bongos and reefers placed in teen's supple hands. All teens doomed to living-mind hellheaven after smoking illegally downloaded marijuana blunts. All teen lives cut short by mummy bong curse. Deadly mummy bong curse will cleanse Teen Genome of all imperfections, sealing purified teen DNA strands in frozen test tube memory banks for future generations. Investigators puzzled by mystery of Teen Genome. Teen evolution, teen race, are teenagers a race, teen racism, suing bitch parents for teen racism. Teen experimentation lab raided by NSA megacops when mad scientist creates illicit teen cloning program and lowers teen value by oversaturating teen market. All reruns illegal on fuckless, prudish Hell Island. Hell-island bribes HBO broadcasters daily with supple boymilk to discontinue all programs and legally forbids all sensual fuck-sex for all Hell Island residents, culminating in third-gender lawsuit by transsexual lawyer superfirm.



**I spit it so cool it freeze  
the air round you [REDACTED]  
Ya breath turns to Ice – [REDACTED]  
Look the coldness has [REDACTED]  
found you [REDACTED]  
Dont try to catch up, son [REDACTED]  
Im racin too fast [REDACTED]  
On that speedboat Bitch [REDACTED]  
You betta raise up yo [REDACTED]  
mast nba Jam Son I rap [REDACTED]  
what I am Son [REDACTED]  
I play Supa Nintendo [REDACTED]  
When I was Barely [REDACTED]  
a Man Son [REDACTED]**





You casually about-face and shuffle back down the street, dragging your heels and coughing like a sick person (you are sick). Maybe a fresh cooler will soothe your throat, and so you light up your last Mammie's.

The street is littered with rubble and human remains—corpses stripped of their shoes and whatever valuables they may have had, mostly in skeleton form. There are big concrete fragments from collapsed buildings, exposed soo pipes full of stagnant satoig, and hardly any of the solar-powered street lights are functional.

This whole hellish scene is enhanced by the eerie red light that paints everything, night and day. You've heard legends told that it was once not like this—the world used to alternate between a great brightness that filled everything with life and a total darkness for restful sleep and stealthy killing. All anyone living these days had ever known was the red and purple glow, a persistent dusk that

provided no nourishment and no peace and made everyone sick in the head.

Boarded-up and blacked-out windows in the buildings that still stood were all potential traps. Behind any one of them, a predator of some sort or another was probably waiting for you to walk by, waiting to drink your blood or eat your hair or relieve themselves in your rear-end.

From behind you hear the distant brap of the twin-enjin FEDGOV speeder firing up. Maybe they're going for a leisurely cruise, maybe they decided to pick you up and interrogate you, or maybe they're coming to turn you into road kill—you only know that it'd be a mistake to hang around and find out.

A few quads ahead of you is a dumpster you could probably hide in. Beyond that, there's an alleyway that could be a decent hiding spot if it's not home to a ravenous pack of Wasters already.

<a>

The dumpster looks safe and inviting, and it won't be your first time using one for shelter. You decide to go for it—hopefully it won't be occupied.

>>>>>>Turn to page 135.

<b>

Chances of finding an unoccupied dumpster nowadays are slim to none. Not to mention that's the first place the Cop-O's would look for you. It makes much more sense to head down the alley—you're positive there'll be a piece of trash or a pile of trash for you to hide under down there.

>>>>>>Turn to page 136.

<c>

They're going to find you no matter what. Your only hope is to go back and beg for some easy treatment. Who knows, maybe they'll give you a helping hand once they bioscan your estrogen levels and see that your hormones are in line with regulations. You walk back towards the checkpoint to turn yourself in.

>>>>>>Turn to page 474.

You fly through the air like an eagle. You can see the ground rushing at you, but the speed of your thoughts is even faster. Distance, wind projection, bearing, nautical speed—you manage all possible variables simultaneously and visualize the perfect roll maneuver, leading with your right shoulder and somersaulting around into a kneeling pose with one knee touching the ground, the other raised.

The ground comes as expected, and you execute the first phase of the maneuver, twisting yourself into a pretzel, which has the unintended effect of sending your spine backwards through your rear end in little pieces and breaking your neck like a used matchstick on impact. Your brain and heart carry on as normal for a few more miniswatch, plenty of time to consider which part of your acrobatic plan got fouled up.

<The End>

THE  
END



You jog along the smooth, new pavement for what seems like forever. You try your best to put the drudgery of it out of your mind, but you can't help looking back every hundred paces and measuring your progress by comparing the curve of the highway with the shape of the barren mountains to the southwest and the hazy skyline of Hell behind you. By your crude calculations, you haven't moved much.

The sun is a dull red stain in the sky, and the stars are a constant reminder that there are a million better worlds: young worlds not yet ruined, worlds full of advanced and noble races, worlds where savagery and fear and hunger are ancient history or in the process of becoming ancient history. You'll be ancient history soon too. You are a tired crumb spiraling down a drain into a garbage disposal. The pulsing heat and dry air feel like a heavy coat, heavier with each step.

The next time you turn around like fool to check your progress, a glimmer on the horizon catches your eye. Your first instinct is fear, but there's nowhere to hide. Jumping over the side would mean death, you're sure of it. If not instant death, at least a broken leg, which here in the outlands would be fatal, though a broken leg would be fatal in the city too, most likely. Even a rolled ankle is usually fatal, just ask Cowardly Joel who did in fact lose his life after rolling both ankles.

The glimmering speck is soaring along a big sweeping curve at breakneck speed. It's an orange car—a dark orange car, maybe a Forb.

The car is about twenty quads away, and evidently the driver has noticed you, because he downshifts one gear with an ear-splitting blip. It's still surging forward, but no longer threatening to break the sound barrier. You can see clearly that it's a Forb Fairmont with a wide-mouthed blower poking through the hood. The man in the driver's seat is quite possibly the oldest man you've ever seen, at least forty, maybe fifty, with salt-and-pepper hair, a pitted, gravelly face, and a red goatee.

He stops right alongside you.

"Any valuables?"

<a>

This man will definitely kill you. If you jump off the highway, perhaps you can land in a certain way, such as to minimize damage. Roddy had shown you a few gymnastic tricks during your bedtime gymnastics lessons, and if you recall

correctly, there is a way to tuck and roll immediately upon landing that distributes force evenly and enables the performer to fall from distances that are ten times those safely managed by a normal person. You make a break for the edge of the road and do an amazing swan dive.

>>>>>>Turn to page 129.

<b>

"The best defense is a strong fist"—one of Roddy's original maxims. You can sense this man's evil intent, which is more than enough provocation for you to launch a preemptive counter-attack. You jump through his window, hands poised to strangle and maim.

>>>>>>Turn to page 134.

<c>

You'd be ill advised either to fight or run here—he's got an edge on you in both counts. What he doesn't know is that they call you Shine-Po, and that you learned to bluff from The Pipe King Twosoup—Roddy, that is—the very best of the best when it comes to stringin' a fib or two. You attempt to bluff your way out of this.

>>>>>>Turn to page 131.

<d>

Every option comes with sticky consequences. It occurs to you that maybe for once in your life you could tell the truth, wagering that this guy isn't a complete maniac and hasn't already made up his mind to smoke you. You explain that you've got no valuables besides your rat carcass cloak and can opener necklace.

>>>>>>Turn to page 544.

## Another Day in Hell

"Don't know what your deal is dude," you yell out over the whine of the blower, "but I've had enough killin' today! The only valuable here is your life, and if you wanna keep it you better roll out!"

The man with salt-and-pepper hair looks well-fed, confident, and ready for action. It occurs to you that he'd make for a worthy companion, if he weren't such a villain. Reminds you of Roddy, in a way.

Utterly unfazed by your threat, he looks you up and down with a skeptical eye. You must look pathetic, all rolled up in layer upon layer of rags, a body-frock that's too small, a patchwork rat carcass cloak, and of course your can opener necklace.

"OK, Slick," the man grunts, and eases on the gas. With a low rumble, the car accelerates, lurching forward at first, but soon surging down the highway like a freight train until it's out of view and can only be heard.

You collect yourself and resume your lonely march.

<a>

>>>>>>Turn to page 138.



As you crawl through the old buss on your hands and knees, it becomes apparent that the last few travelers to take shelter here used it as a restroom. It stinks bad, and every surface is sticky like gum with satoig and other excretis. It's unfortunate, but you just think back to Roddy, what would Roddy do in this dire situation?—Roddy would stick it out like a trooper, for as long as was needed, and he'd get the job done.

You sense human eyes behind the board-up windows of the main building. Most like-

ly, whoever's inside is trying to decide what to do about the apparently abandoned speeder parked in their lot.

After a short while, a little man in blue coveralls walks out tentatively. He's carrying a big wrench for protection, but he's so small and old that even with this weapon you could easily overpower him.

Eventually he works up the courage to approach the car, and fear turns to opportunism as he starts riffling through the various compartments looking for valuables.

<a>

This old man poses no threat to you now—you could easily kill him. You rush in and kick him in the back of the head.

>>>>>>Turn to page 137.

<b>

This old man poses no threat to you, in fact he might even be able to help you on your journey. At the very least you should ask him about this strange place and how it comes to be that he has electric power while the rest of the world is in ruins.

>>>>>>Turn to page 133.

<c>

There's more than meets the eye at work here, which is typically a sign that someone or something is about to make an attempt on your life. There are a dozen ways you could play this—you could try to kill the man, make love to him, shine his shoes—but the smart move here, the move Roddy would make, is to sneak off and be on your way with haste. From your current position it would be trivially difficult to crawl on your hands and knees farther down the road without being seen, and that's just what you do.

>>>>>>Turn to page 67.

You take a broad, slow, non-menacing step out from your cover, and clear your throat to make your presence known.

The seemingly frail old station attendant scrambles for the wrench and whips around faster than you would've thought possible.

"Fuck me!" he exclaims. Then, catching his breath, "Mother, I thought you were bandits mister. Quick kid, you better get inside."

You apologize for the fright and the old man explains that there's soda inside, and a bed where you can take a load off. In the meanwhile, he'll refill your car with real gas, free of charge.

<a>

Kill him.

>>>>>>Turn to page 137.

<b>

Follow him inside.

>>>>>>Turn to page 201.



You fly through the window to be greeted by a hellish punch to the face. You can taste your blood and hear the roar of the enjin—the car's peeling out, but you're still in it.

"Just what the fuck are you doing kid?!"  
shouts the salt-and-pepper haired man.

<a>

Despite your loss of the first battle, this is a war you could still easily win. You punch the man back and go for his eye sockets with your thumbs.

>>>>>>Turn to page 283.

<b>

You're screwed. This guy's a tough customer and it looks like you're along for the ride. All you can do now is sit back and try to calm down.

>>>>>>Turn to page 546.

<c>

The car's going real fast already. The best possible move would be to jerk the steering wheel. He'll die in the wreckage and you'll make it out OK, you know it.

>>>>>>Turn to page 139.

"Urgg, gah..."

Your response doesn't come out the way you wanted it to, and you inadvertently spit blood and a single tooth onto the tan carpet interior.

Careful not to drop your cooler, you gingerly slip inside the dumpster.

Inside: three bodies—two dead and one in heavy narcosis—definitely not a threat to you. One of the dead ones has a carved up face, covered in initiation scars, which leads you to believe he's a Waster. On his wrist is a timepiece, probably a nice one, you suspect, from the feel of the real metal clasp. It's almost certainly broken, but you should still be able to trade it for a pigeon roll-up, or maybe a capful of Icy Hot. He doesn't mind you taking it.

Rummaging through the pockets of the other two, you strike gold! First a cooler pack, quarter-full, and then hard knurled plastic, clanky cold metal bits—in the darkness your blistered and liver-spotted hand has found a heater! Your cheeks burn and you realize you're reflexively smiling a hundred quads wide—not the soulless smile of a man with doll eyes—the realest of real smiles: the smile of a man who's packing.

The coppery smell and the thick consistency of whatever liquid you are crouching in indicate that, as you suspected, it is a pool of blood about one-and-a-half cans deep.

Outside, the Cop-O's blare past without stopping. They won't be nabbing you today. Double lucky, just like Twosoup. Twosoup, sometimes known as Roddy, was your friend, mentor, and savior, and he was also the greatest scavenger that had ever been. Damn, he would be proud of you if he could see.

Contemplating your good fortune and enjoying the heat in your palm, you fail to hear the approach of a scavenger pack. By the fast high-pitched chattering you can tell they're Ratters—deadly and not to be trifled with. Roddy once made the mistake of trying to cheat a Ratter in a game of enchanted cards, god-damn near got his fucking head ripped off. Three or four mean rats are now rummaging through trash piles outside, probably on their way to your dumpster.

<a>

There are worse ways of dying than getting your groin bitten off by a Ratter, but you can't think of any right now. Your only hope is to slowly, without making eye contact, raise the lid of the dumpster and surrender your boots.

>>>>>>Turn to page 200.

<b>

It's been a while since you held heat like this. The memories of the good old days make you giddy—blasting people for no reason, no reason at all other than you could and they didn't—man that's the good stuff. Whoever's out there, two, three, four guys, you've got the jump and you know for a fact that you can put them all on ice before they know what hit 'em. You fly out of the dumpster, heater blazing.

>>>>>>Turn to page 202.



You glance at the ReGreen kid-safe dumpster and briefly contemplate hiding in there. Once, during a red flood, you and Roddy had shared a small dumpster for what seemed like weeks but as it turned out had only been days. What a time... It felt like the world was ending, but now, looking back, it was the world beginning.

Despite all your fond memories, dumpsters are usually more trouble than they're worth. As they are the closest thing in Hell to durable shelter, they are highly sought after and almost always crowded.

This high demand and leads to certain other dangers. For example, spray and lay, the practice of poking a heater under the lid and indiscriminately firing two, three, or a dozen shots at whatever may be inside, so that it's safe for sleeping. The problem arises later on when you're trying to sleep and the next lodger comes along to perforate you.

Higher up in dumpster real estate value would be armored dumpsters, at which point you're really better off going with a storage unit or retrofitting a drainage ditch—two of the safest and most

underutilized modern dwellings, in your opinion at least.

You carry on down past the dumpster and deep into the alleyway, in search of a pile of trash or some other sort of trash structure to stay warm. The brick walls are slick and wet with a slimy green film, cold. The pavement is lukewarm, and it seems to heave and pulse under your feet, almost as if you're walking on freshly baked bread. The notion of the pavement being alive—living and breathing, excreting satoig from its creases in an upwards direction along all the walls—makes you physically sick, and you almost vomit. Almost vomit, but mustn't, not with a belly full of peanut brittle that you spent two days searching for, you've gotta keep that down. And if it does come up, well...

You were expecting to see trash and debris piled high, but there's little in the way of refuse. The walls are dark, red and brown, full of nutrients you imagine, and the pavement looks as if it just rained. The obscene alleyway life force throbs harder and pulls you towards the rolling steel door at the end.

<a>

>>>>>>Turn to page 203.

You rush the old man and go for a classic jumping kick to the back of the head, but he's too quick, and what's more is that he's packing. He spins on you, raising an old-time Tatov heater (six shots, deadly at close range) which connects with your failed head-kick, barrel to foot, and goes flipping through the air.

The old man, in actuality not old or frail in any way, tackles you at the hips and pummels you into the ground. His thumbs go into your eyes and you scream with fear and pain, but by some stroke of divine luck, your flailing arms find the heater in the dirt.

Holding the heavy Tatov by the barrel, you swing hard and nail him right in the temple with the iron buttcap. The strength in his hands instantly fades, and when your vision returns a moment later, you see that his eyes are rolled up into his head, and his mouth is all jacked up to the side. Not dead in the technical sense but near enough for your satisfaction.

Around his neck you find a rather stout-looking key, more industrial than the keys you've seen before. It must be for an important lock. In his pocket is a small ledger book, which looks like this when opened to a random page in the middle:

Figueres fore Festivus of an Unfortunate Jeeshock

Out-landres: 8  
Hellholers: 1  
Feddgo: 0  
Othre man: 1  
Othre childe: 1  
12 Large pile jerky

<a>

This key obviously unlocks something valuable. Your suspicion about the gas station being a trap is probably right, but you also probably just incapacitated the only person who can spring that trap. Thinking the place safe to explore, you stumble towards the building in search of treasure.

>>>>>>Turn to page 473.

<b>

You got your jollies—no need to push your luck now by getting in too deep. You head back to the highway and continue your journey.

>>>>>>Turn to page 67.



You hike down the highway for quads and quads and quads. Dusk comes, and you get a swatch's sleep under the hazy purple light, tucked safely inside the trunk of a derelict car.

It drove you insane sometimes, the light of that dead sun—they say it moves closer every day, but you can't seem to tell. Night and day were just words for the cycles of pulsing brightness—night was a deep purple hue that would drive men to commit insane acts, and day was a dull, foggy red that was unsettling to say the least.

Somewhere far off you hear the din of bandits reveling over a fresh kill—fireworks and heat-shotters into the air, then the sounds of fighting, then more merrymaking, then more fighting, and at last, quiet.

Another half-day cooking your feet on the sun-bleached pavement and you see another traveler, this one on a two-wheeler, headed opposite

yourself. Evidently he's so afraid of whatever's behind him that he can't be bothered to stop and shake you down or killmaim you. With wide, panic-stricken eyes fixed dead on the road in front of him, he blows by you without even so much as a glance. You wonder between the two of you who will wind up dead first. Probably you.

More roads and more sleeping. The sun is now like a joke you've told too many times, one that comes to mind reflexively in conversations and makes you sick, but you keep telling it anyway because you can't think of better ones. More quads, no people, but when you finally look up from your dirty shoes and the asphalt you've been pounding, you find that the two eight-lane tiers of the highway have tapered down to a single four-lane road, and off in the distance... Avalon.

<a>

>>>>>>Turn to page 627.

You wait for the car to accelerate to what you imagine is a rate of speed deadly for the driver but safe for you and initiate your master plan.

You reach for the wheel and give it a hard yank. Instantly, you, the man with salt-and-pepper hair, and the car, have mounted the median and re-oriented ninety degrees.

"Stupid cock!" shouts the man, trying in vain to counter-steer.

Now it's all flipping through the air like a centrifuge, generating more than enough g-force to make you pass out, but not before making you wish you'd never been born. At least you aren't conscious for your death, which happens 3.7 peeps later, when car is reunited with tarmac, roof-side first.

<The End>

THE  
END



# Bank of America: Skaters

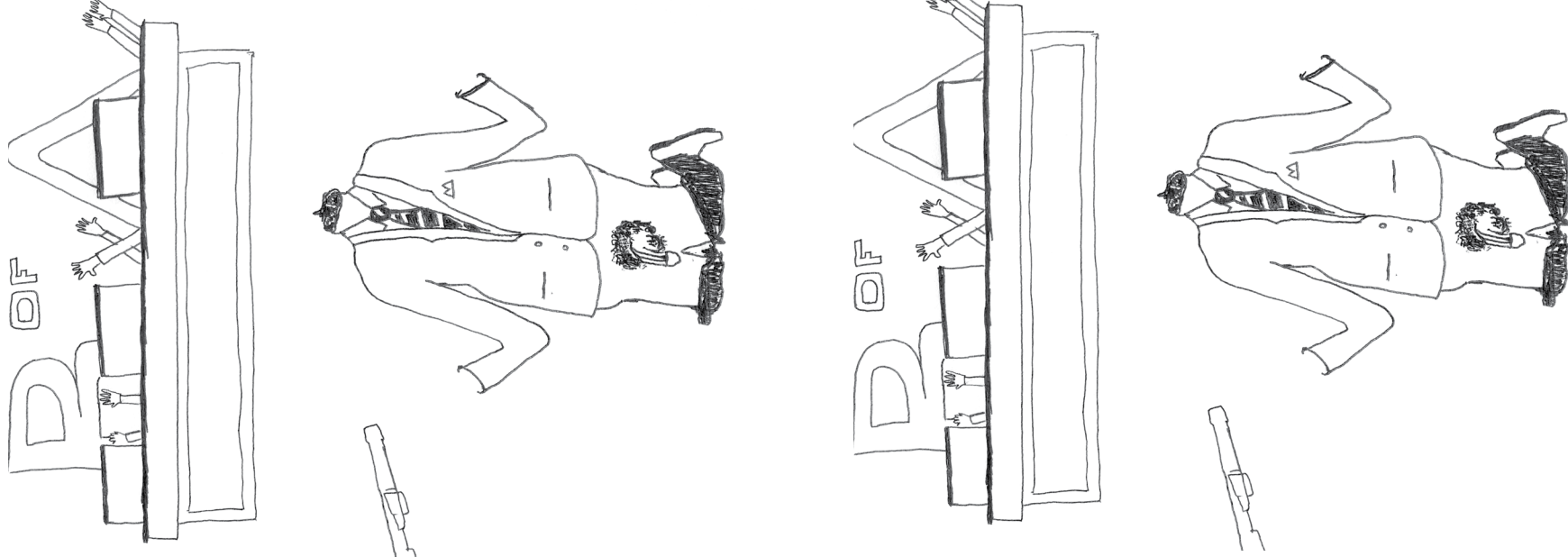
Channel 5 news reports of Banks taking action into their own hands. Tonight a local Bank of America branch has taken the budget cuts to security into their own hands. Dick Wharts states, Well we used to be on big uh, boat cruises and golfing a lot more than I currently do but the way the conomy is right now we have to cut back Video surveillance footage shows branch manager Dick Wharts running down skateboarders from pulling gnarly tailsides on the super mint curb out in front of the BOA branch on Boclaire Avenue.

One skater was stated as saying, Dick is a quirky guy, we catch him on bad days probably more than we should just us being local skater kids and shit but on good days he's actually a pretty cool dude, He talks about how he used to skate and shit back in the day when like Tony Hawk was in Police Academy and shit so it sucks to see him get all bent out of shape and run over Brandon like that, oh well.



# Bank of America: Basketball shorts

All we have thus far this evening is that a man in his twenties, most likely mulatto walked into a Bank of America location and forced a branch manager by the name of Sal Pimpliasso to take his pants down before being decapitated with a point blank shotgun blast. We are to be on the lookout for a Mulatto twenty something with white air jordan basketball shorts he should be running down the street with loot sack with a dollar sign on the exterior of the bag.



# Bank of America: Granny

I went to take out money and they told me it was going to take them three weeks, and at that time I could only get half, Granny explained as she sat handcuffed. Channel 10 reports that Bank of America branches all over the Northeast have been unable to keep up with demand from the public pulling nearly all funds from the banking institution. Bank of America reports that over 50% of cash holdings amongst elderly New Englanders has been extracted in only 3 hours this Tuesday, August 20th 2026. Bank Manager, Dick Wharts has been attempting to fight off angry bankers with soothing words of positivity. When customers become angry, the lack of security in branches often leads to fist fights and internal office battles. Dick Wharts wrestled in high school and has an amazing amount of pent up frustrations about his companies short comings as a former banking Giant.

I can't believe this is what my job has turned into, we used to be on top of the world.





# Adaptability break down





## Chevy Salesman

In the eighties you could smoke cigarettes at your desk. You could ask your customers and clients if they had any pills, and they would offer some to you. You could be a mess far more and it was fine fine fine. Now if you tried any of this shit you would be pinned down and extracted from your immediate environment. Being a piece of shit with bad skin can only be for the shutaway population that is growing with the internet and of course car sales. There are only a few markets where Real Deal Piece of Shits can exist.

WRITE THEM DOWN HERE:

-----  
-----  
-----  
-----  
-----  
-----  
-----  
-----

Bearded gunman



"THEY USED TO CALL HIM RUMPLEPUMP  
HE WOULD HELP PEOPLE WITH IMPORTANT  
DECISIONS."



## Steven Segal

Another black haired ponytail having motherfucker kicking niggas ass an shit. Throwing Chinese dudes through nightclubs, smashing their faces on the bar ten times asking him where motherfucking Chan is. Throwing Jamaican rasta motherfuckers off a ten story building into a motherfucking allie way. Snapping motherfuckers necks and shit after they punch this dude in the face. Hitting italians wearing suits and shit right in broad daylight tossing them by their shirt collars into fruit stands. It's awesome to see, notice he never went after the Klan though. Makes you think. Keep thinking about it. Good. Now go to your nearest pool bar and grab a stick off the wall, start swinging it around and calling people out, one by one. Call them a little cunny and tell them you're going to either fuck them up or knock all your teeth out. Oh man that would be so mint, nobody calls the cops.





**OUR UNDERSTANDING  
HAS CHANGED  
GREATLY SINCE  
THE BEGINNING OF  
THE DISCOVERY  
OF ANYTHING  
CONCERNING IT**

**X**

**1**



I'M NOT A COP. I'M AN AGENT OF TRUTH. AND TRUTH DOESN'T HAVE A JURISDICTION.

HEY JACK... WHY DON'T YOU JACK YOURSELF OUT OF THE MATRIX

TRUTH IS...? WELL IT DEPENDS... WHO'S "TRUTH" ARE WE TALKING ABOUT HERE?

ONCE YOU'VE OPENED YOUR EYES... YOU CAN'T GO BACK TO SLEEP.

WHEN IT COMES DOWN TO IT, WE ALL EXIST JUST TO F\*CK, EAT, SLEEP AND DIE. F\*CKED UP BUT TRUE.

ALL THOSE SPIRITUAL LEADERS AND GREAT THINKERS IN YOUR BOOKS, HAH! THEY HAVE A PLACE WHERE THEY PUT THE ONES WHO REALLY CRACK THE CODE. IT'S CALLED THE INSANOSYLUM

If MDE fails branch out into specialty dating sites.

HTTP://IWANTCHUTO-SUCHMYDICK

HTTP://hookup.com

WWW

HTTPS://getchoindian.org

lumberjack eDates

( )

pastry chef hookup.com.  
( Chef Matt's Profile: "I wantchu to such my dick" )

!

HT

PackerConnect  
( for transmen who wear packers, google transsexual packer if you wanna know more )

)(

getchoindian.org  
( like, yo, get cho indian dude! before time runs out, get cho indian )

TP://www.getchoindian.org

MARTIN SCORSESE REALLY MAKES ME THINK.

HOW MANY PEOPLE DESERVE TO DIE JUST SO YOU CAN LIVE ANOTHER DAY? THE ANSWER MIGHT SURPRISE YOU.

TRUTH DOESN'T HAVE NATIONAL BORDERS. RELOVEUTION CHUCK.

EVER FEEL LIKE A DREAM MIGHT BE REAL? WHAT IF YOU WERE RIGHT?

2 QUALITIES TO SEE ULTRA TRUTH. MUST BE BRILLIANT AND UNLOVED.

THEY SAY GAMING IS A WASTE OF TIME. THEY SAY IT'S NOT REAL. I SAY... HOW DO THEY KNOW THEY ARE REAL???





## Butterslice

You could buy whatever you wanted in **FUTUREPIG Sex MALL**. ButterSlice Top was tired of bottoming so he opted for piss play. "Aisle 94" said the she slave when Butterslice asked in a corny badass way, "where do I go around here? I'm looking for piss". He walked through the mega outlet practicing this sort of Tai Chi-Thai Kwon Do hybrid sneak attack around each rack of perversions. It wasn't looking clever, he looked like a fucking dope actually. "guys like this should stick to hetero missionary," the pig snouted securty cam watchers discussed in awe of the self satisfaction from such a pathetic public display of badassery. "fuck him" said cam watcher 2.

Anyway long story short, blade guy Butterslice got the boxed piss urine instead of the glass bottle brand and he felt as though he should of stuck to his roots and just practiced traditional Karate instead, just like Black belt Magazine.

I THINK I'M DOING THIS WRONG







Are you reading this?

## Buy More Rat Pussy

WOULD YOU PAY  
FOR SOMETHING  
YOU DIDN'T WANT?

Here is a list of unsavory  
products that you have  
payed for

**FEES**  
Insurance  
Taxes  
infected sexual  
partner's drinks  
Surcharges

She hates me so much.





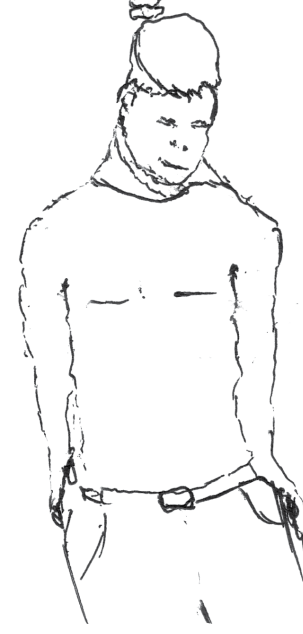
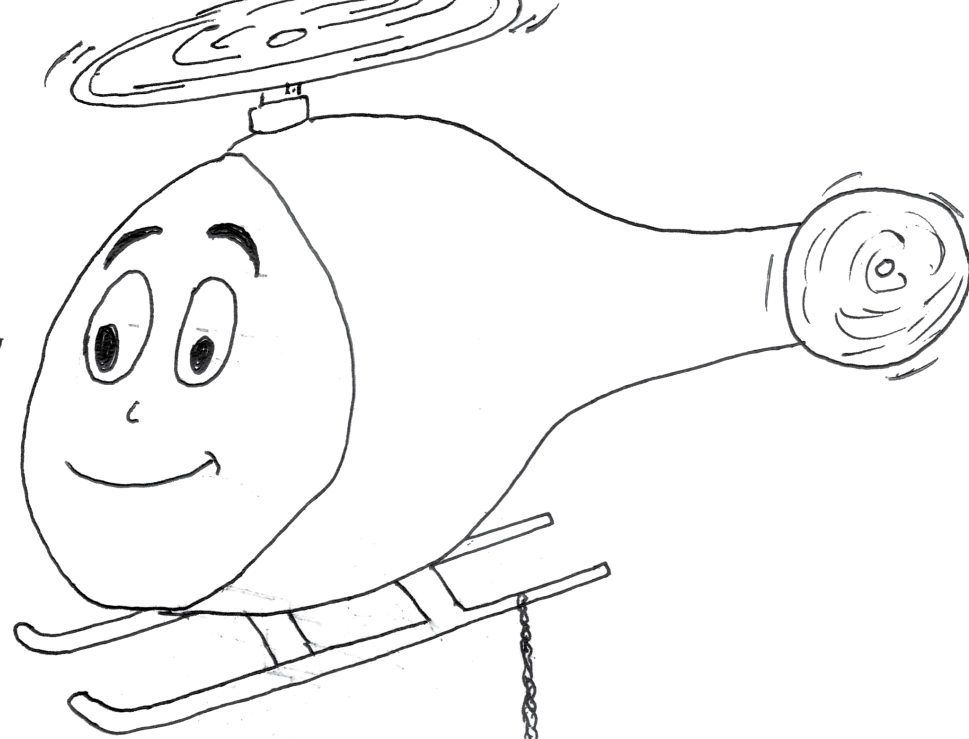
## **Unused MDE sketch idea from Josh:**

**Older husband makes his  
wife look for a power outlet  
in a Chinese restaurant  
while he looks at the menu..  
wife finds a power outlet  
and he uses it to charge his  
phone so he can use the  
Cheat on my Wife iOS app.**

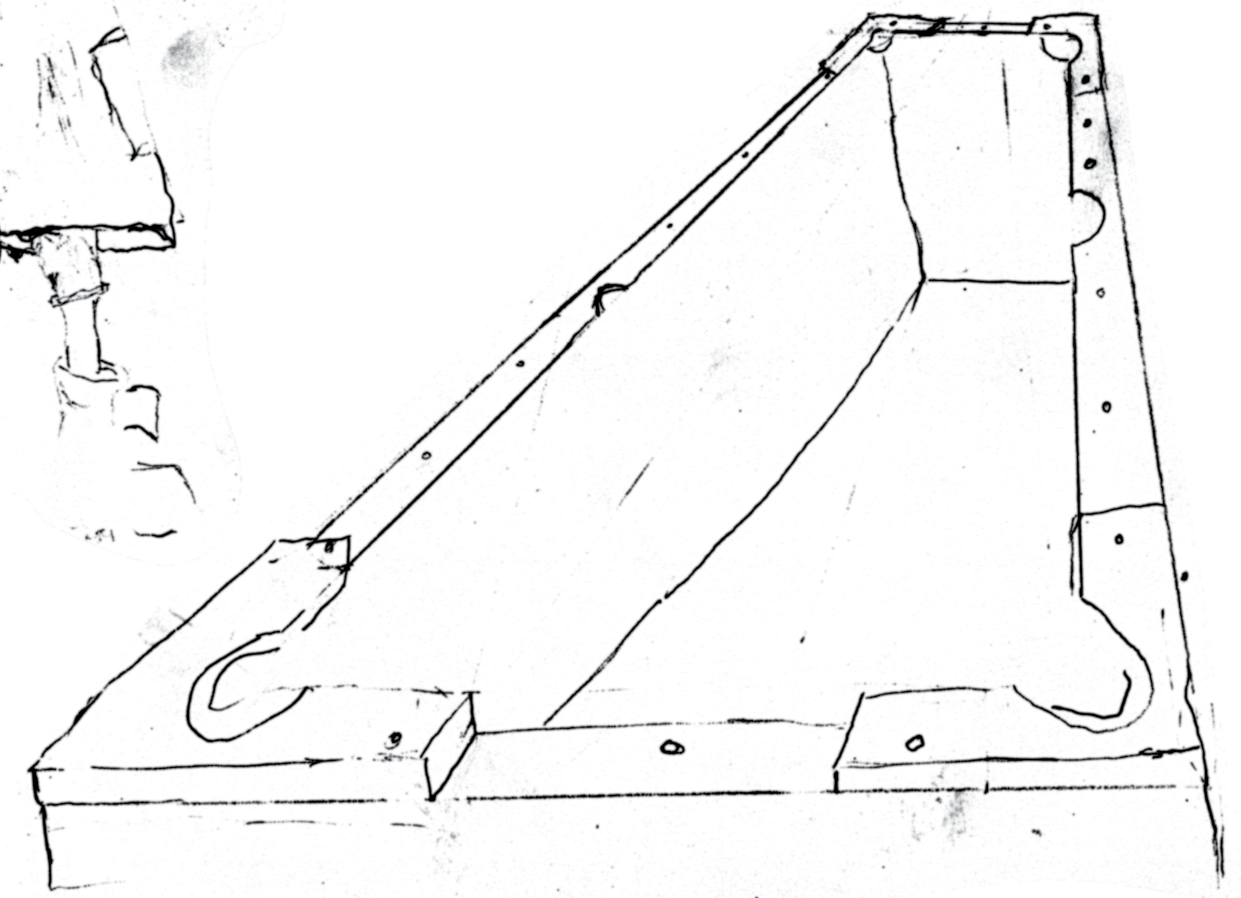
**Notes from Sam: this is a  
good premise... a realistic  
little vignette showing what  
life is like when you're older.  
How do older guys get  
anon sex online anyway?  
Fake pictures/catfishing?  
Money? This is a question  
that is a novelty now but  
soon will be practical for me**



HEHEHE  
THATS RIGHT  
BOYS AND  
OVER HERE  
IS THE  
MOUNTAINS!



my buddy chris  
work for me.  
That dude is loaded.  
He's gotta Pool Table  
in his house.







**I'LL START  
MY DIET  
TOMORROW**





I don't think 24mg  
is doing it any  
more for me. Maybe  
I'll blend 24mil cherry  
with 36 "mil vanilla.

I'm telling you,  
Claire03X, you  
gotta try an esaphogal  
aug. This one pushes  
out 9.2

SHITTY  
SERVICE  
SHITTY  
WIFI!







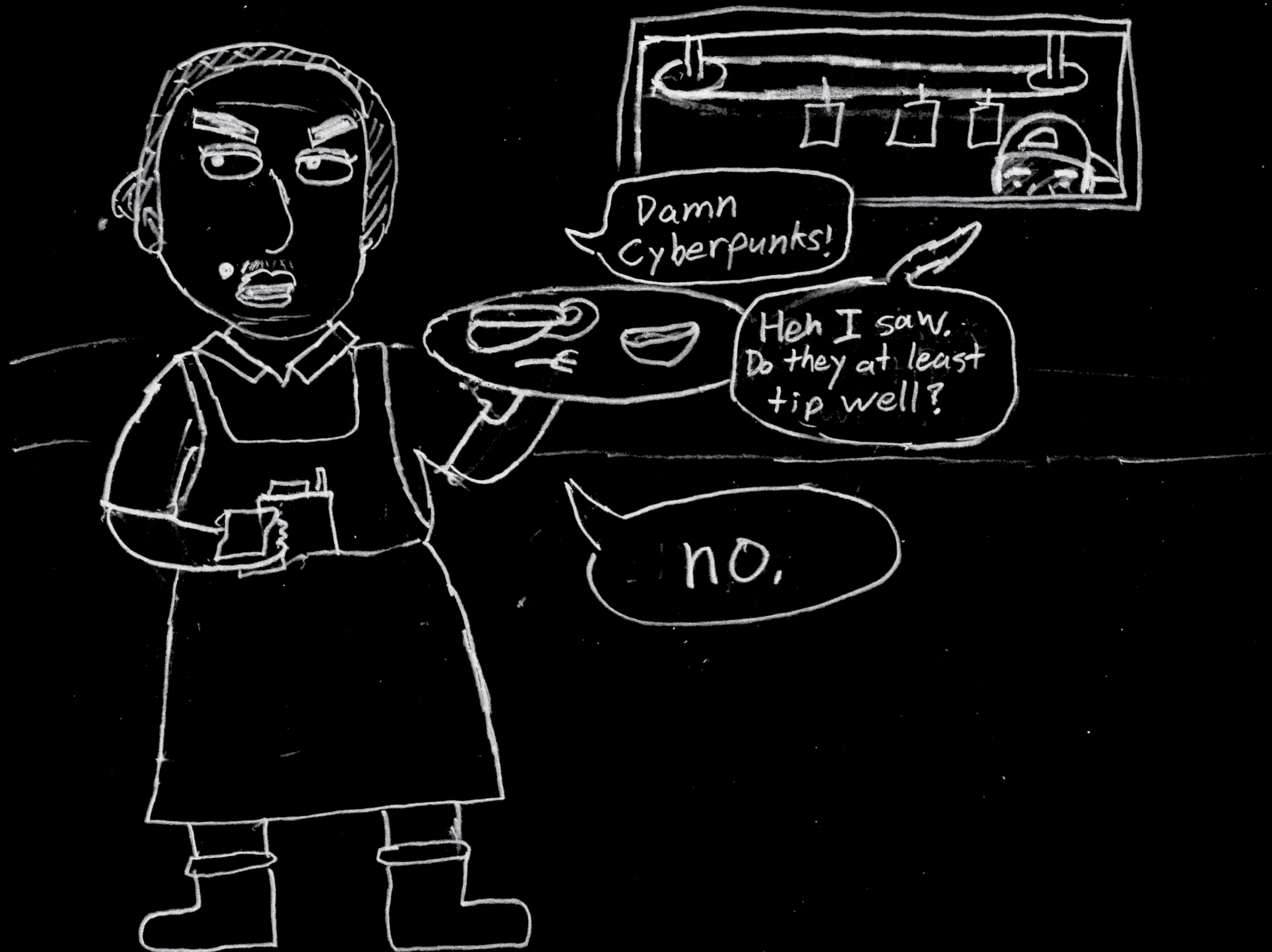




Vaping isn't Smoking  
And I can do it indoors







Damn  
Cyberpunks!

Heh I saw.  
Do they at least  
tip well?

no.





It must be hard being a dad of a girl. It must be hard being in close proximity with someone so obviously ready for breeding and having to deal with knowing when she's in the shower etc. Am I shocking you right now? Am I cutting you with my razor sharp edge? Do you know what a quinceañera is? Have you seen the t-shirts that say D.A.D.D.: Dads Against Daughters Dating? Never mind me I'm just making this up in my head. I'm just being toxic and inflammatory and the world isn't one big jet afterburner that runs on high-octane dad-daughter lust and crazy intergenerational sexual tension. That's right folks incest thoughts are a statistical outlier, have you heard of this thing called the WESTERMARCKEFFECT??? It proves that old men and hot sixteen-year-old girls can coexist peacefully. It's named after Jim Westermarck, a man who famously had a simultaneous heart attack and stroke when he walked in on his hot daughter taking a piss, possibly because all the blood from his body entered his dick at once. Later on in the hospital they asked him if he was aroused and he said 'no way' and thus the Westermarck effect was born. OK? I wonder how many dads really want to bang their daughters. I wonder if it's 90% or only 85%. Don't worry hun I'll



## 5 Things You Should Know About My Dad

1. He is a retired MMA Champ
  2. He is an excellent Marksman
  3. He has a shovel, and a backyard
  4. He has anger issues
  5. I am his Princess.
- © myfatherdaughter.com
6. He cums big loads
  7. He watches me take shits



?



?



Are these harmless trinkets and keychain keepsakes? Because they look like dog collar accessories or BDSM talismans. Maybe if your daughter is also your submissive these would make sense





Father-daughter commemorative leather cock ring...



do the laundry tonight just give me all your dirty panties. Italian dads and Hispanic dads especially—gotta put their daughters in beautiful white gowns. They're smoking hot and already practicing BJ's on football players literally, and they're our precious angels. God help this next generation that's coming up, you guys posting wincest memes on every website you haven't been banned from yet, right now they call us millennials but when it's time for us to have kids they will probably call us daughterbangers or something vulgar like that. Don't get pissed at me for pointing any of this out, you're the one spending all your free time on redtube, opening thirty tabs at once, nobody needs that much porn.

God help this next generation that's coming up, you guys posting wincest memes on every website you haven't been banned from yet, right now they call us millennials but when it's time for us to have kids they will probably call us daughterbangers or something vulgar like that. Don't get pissed at me for pointing any of this out, you're the one spending all your free time on redtube, opening thirty tabs at once, nobody needs that much porn.







## Dad's Treasure Chest

**Kyle's house was the popular after-school hangout spot mainly because his dad had so many neat artifacts. They could use these to play and transform themselves into ancient pirates or knights fighting a noble quest with fleshy swords. This is inspired by the time I was making a pillow fort and needed extra pillows, so I went into my dad's room and took his pillow, and underneath there was a ball gag and some other fucking thing I don't know what it was but it was some horrific apparatus, looked like some Nazi torture device actually. I don't want to talk about it.**



# THE BEST PART OF WAKING UP



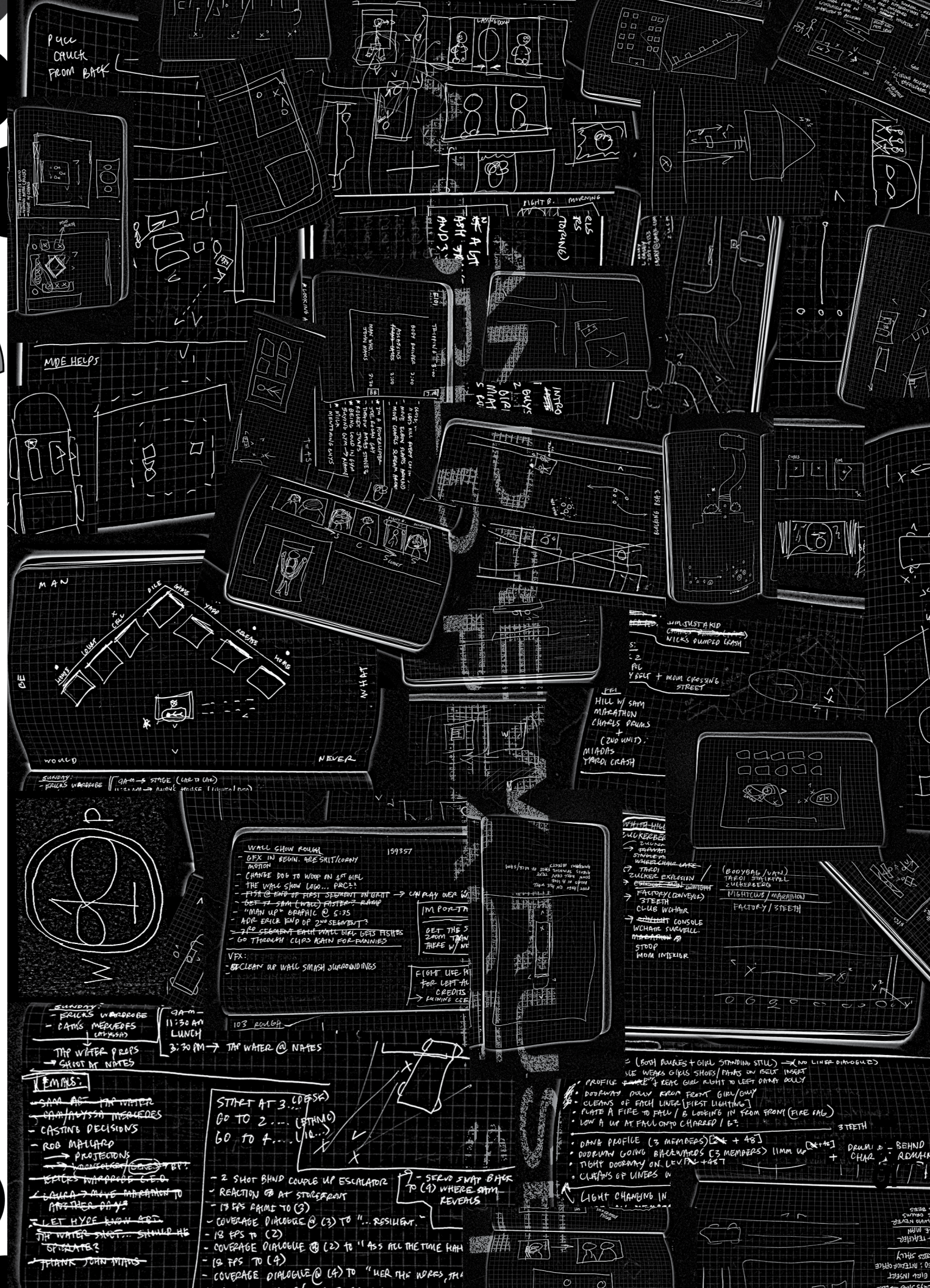
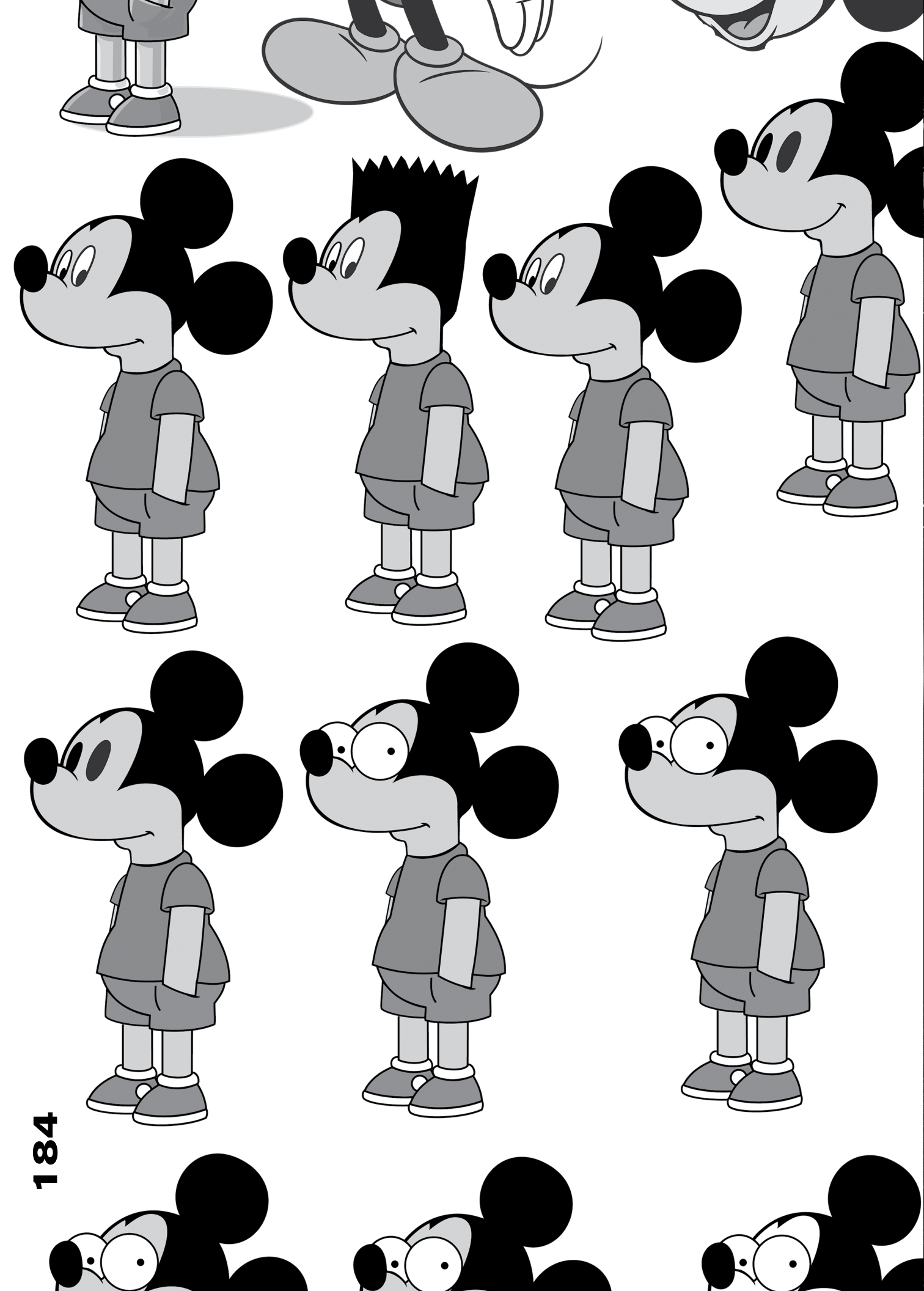
...IS STUFFING FOOD  
INTO MY MOUTH  
UNTIL I PASS OUT  
AGAIN.















BIG Red

The Older of the two



LITTLE JOE

The silent one

BRIS

Dice



Cadillac Jack goes to taco bell.  
He doesn't bring back Bince any Fire sauce,  
Cadillac Jack tells Bince

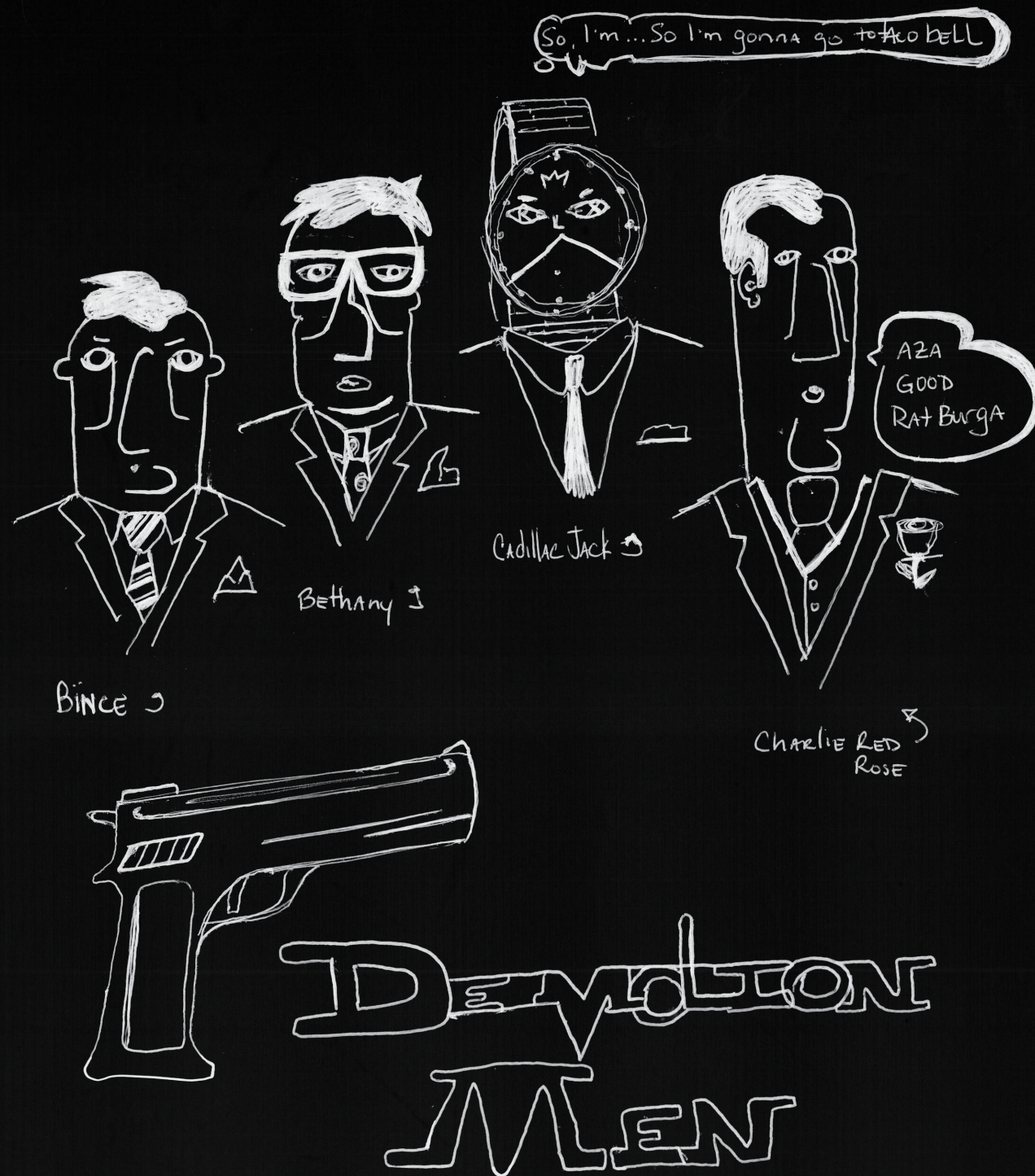
**Bince they don't  
make the Fire sauce  
anymore**

Bince is fucking steamed. Bethany is cooking burgers  
for the card game. Rat burgers.

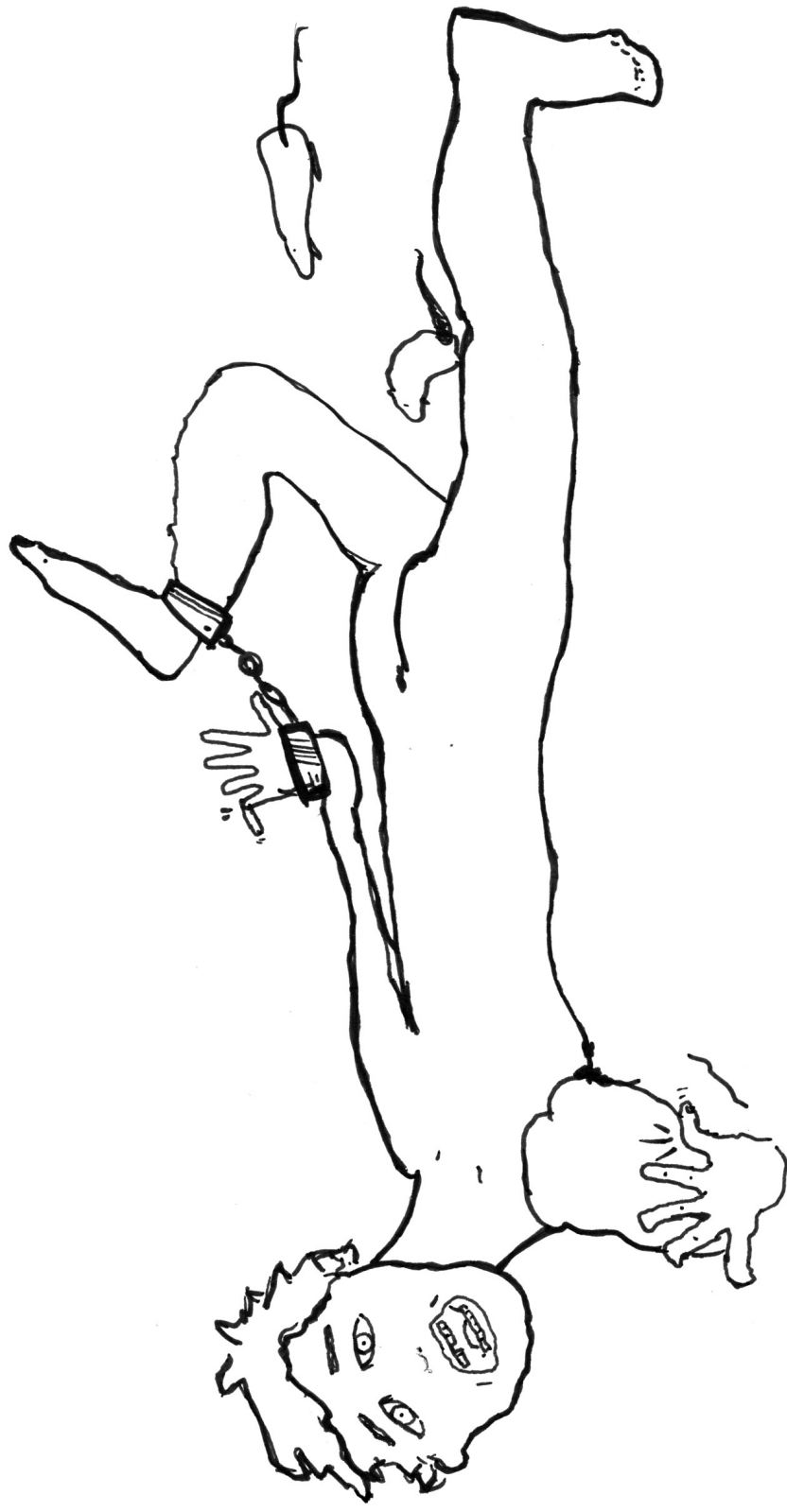
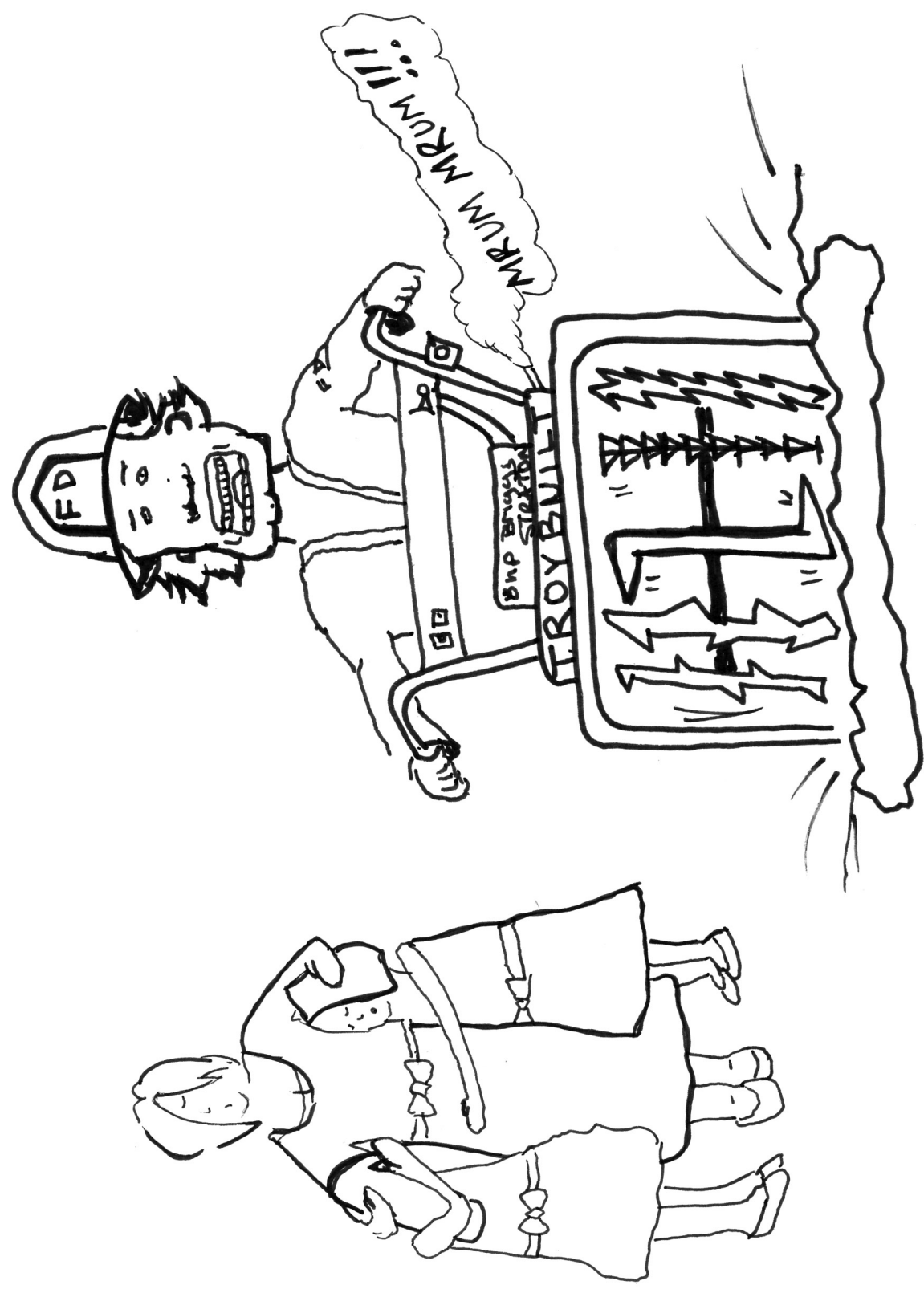
**Charlie Red Rose says  
he doesn't eat Taco  
Bell because it's  
"spic shit"**

Cadillac Jack tells him the story of Francisco Biazaro the  
Italian Conquistador that fostered the cultural infusion of  
the Deep Italian roots by landing in Central America in the  
1400's and raping his way through latin American and bringing  
similarities that wouldn't be fully realized until a thousand  
years later due to racial ignorance like that.

**Red Rose Charley  
eats away at his  
rat burger.**











## Jayce D. Fens alias Mach5

Mach5 was one of the most feared competitors on the Japanese drift circuit. Despite being a gaijin, he had earned the respect of the greatest drifters in Japan and indeed the world, and was once named a Japanese living national treasure for his incredible driftstyle, which blended the worlds of both drifting and parkour into one deadly art. That is, until one day, he drifted his turbo RX-7 too fast over a jump, crashed, and rolled for hundreds of feet in a fireball that would certainly have killed a normal man. Mach5, or Mach as he is known to his inner-circle, had only sustained minor injuries, but in the high-charged world of drifting, minor injuries were enough to put his career on ice. His shifting hand would never be the same, and also he was a quadriplegic. He is able to walk today, if only just barely, thanks to a Metal-Gear-Solid-style muscle-assist suit. But he'll never drive again. Every cloud has its silver lining, even in Nippon, because while in the hospital, a close friend brought Mach a top-of-the-line Macintosh Apple iApple computer, with a 32-bit processor and French architecture. It

turns out the racer could hack, and he could hack good. Mach5 is not suited for jobs where stealth is required, reason being: his unusual hack style. To get in the zone or in the redline as the drifter calls it, Mach makes car noises with his mouth while navigating and downloading files. It is said that towards the end of a hack, neighbors in iLife units nextdoor complain of passing Formula 1 cars. Nope, it's just the Mario Andretti of the computer world, revving up! Quickly racking up rep points, thumbs-ups, retweets and cred in the hacker leaderboards as one of the most fierce and unrelenting password crackers, downloaders, and file hackers on the net, Mach began to attract the attention of the authorities with his acrobatic leaps through high-level security barriers, both in cyberspace and the world of parkour. This aggressive play style means that Mach is no stranger to trouble, but as of this writing he is a free man, open for business... that is, if you can manage to contact him and make it out alive. He can be reached at [ChildPornJunkie@well.com](mailto:ChildPornJunkie@well.com).





**Dickie Heap here — Get It on the Cheap with Dickie Heap — got a hot tip for ya today, we're talkin' 'bout the 'conomy, 'bout gas proices — gas proices, gas proices, gas proices — well they try to screw ya but ol' Dickie here found a workaround. Whenever I go to fill 'er up, I always take the soap dispenser off the bathroom wall to offset the cost. Make a big mess in the bathroom so the schmuck behind the counter has to spend his time and his resources cleaning it up! Ya still gotta pay four buck a gallon, just make sure those bastids end up paying more!**

**THIS HAS BEEN DICKIE HEAP WITH ANOTHER INSTALLMENT OF GET IT ON THE CHEAP WITH DICKIE HEAP.**





**I neva  
undastood  
why more  
people  
don't steal  
mail! It's free  
money!**





**Fountain sodas with no ice, fountain sodas with no ice! I said it before and I'll say it again, fountain sodas with no ice! Global wahmin might not be good for gas proices, but if you melt that iceberg in your pop you'll get twice as much! I don't believe these poor dum-dums who go into the store askin' for drinks and not tellin' 'em no ice. It just doesn't make sense — you're gonna get it cold anyway it's part of the guarantee! The ice is just an upsell like car insurance or a mortgage, it blows my fuckin' moind!**



With absolute steadiness and surgical precision, you raise the lid of the dumpster, clear your throat, and surrender your boots in as deferential a manner as possible.

Two quarter-quad-tall mutant rats whip around and gnash their teeth menacingly. For a moment you think it's all over—you're about to be today's breakfast for these unnatural freaks.

Then the third rat barks something authoritatively in ratspeak and rises up on its hind legs. This one must be the leader, because it's at least a half-quad tall, covered head to toe in war paint, and adorned with special beads and pieces of trash that must have high spiritual significance. It's wearing football pads and yellow latex gloves—quality gear for any scavenger—and you reckon it must've won many Ratter combat trials to attain such fine vestment. Its coat is stained front to back with blood and sebum.

The big rat brushes its hasty companions to the side in a gentle way that suggests confident dominance, and steps towards you calmly. Surrendering one's boots to a rat is a gesture of both honor and respect. Perhaps the smaller pack mates are too young to know the rat ways, but the twinkle in this battle-hardened silverback's eyes tells you that it is no stranger to tradition and ritual.

With an elegant curtsey it accepts your makeshift footwear. They are ugly but reliable handmade jobs—shreds of truck tire lashed together with bungee cord, then sealed with chewing gum. The elder rat takes a moment to admire the craftsmanship before indicating with an appreciative nod that you are free to leave.

<a>

>>>>>>Turn to page 136.

You wonder why it didn't also demand the surrender of your new heater, but then you remember that the Ratters view the heater as a dishonorable crutch with no place in the grand combat arena. They are quite impervious to such small arms fire anyway—it is fortunate you didn't move to attack and instead relied on the cultural diplomacy taught to you by Roddy.

Soberly reflecting on the Ratter warrior code, you look down at the cowardly device in your hand, which not one miniswatch ago had you so high on your own power craze that you nearly toed it with giant killshotproof mutant rats. It strikes you now as a dishonorable weapon indeed. Perhaps there is wisdom in the ways of the long-tailed savages.

To walk the streets without a piece is suicide, but everything is suicide nowadays, and if you're going to die no matter what, you might as well die in a way that pleases the Ratter ancients and not like thumb-sucking Cowardly Joel. You toss the biscuit into a heap of wet old clothing and scrap metal—maybe some kid will find it and learn a thing or two.

The fancy watch is still secured to your wrist, so in the end you come out on top anyway... And don't forget about the coolers. They're Good Boys—not your brand, but the light, clean, fresh smoke will be a good change from the staunch, headier flavor and aroma of the Hi-Nics you've been enjoying recently. You light one up and head for the alley.

The inside of the boarded-up gas station is like nothing you've ever seen before. Thanks to multiple electric lights, you can see that there are big drums of soda, cans of food, all sorts of delicious looking jerkies, hot fries, tomato paste, onion powder, and an entire wall stacked high with cartons of coolers. The only time you'd ever seen a stash like this was as a kid, when you used to sneak into the warlord Jizzy Jackshow's compound to watch the mercy killings. Jackshow had a stash almost as big as this, but not since then had you seen such abundance.

"What'll it be Sport? Hi-Nics or Juicy Smoothies? Got Adams, Individual Male, Mammie's—"

"Mammie's sounds good," you stammer, giddy at the prospect of a free pack of your personal favorite coolers.

The old man tosses you a whole carton of Mammie's Classy-Fancy Coolers, your brand of choice.

"On the house," he smiles.

<a>

This is just too good to be true, and that's the only justification you need. Kill him,

>>>>>>Turn to page 137.

<b>

You knew there were good people out there in the world, you just never looked hard enough. This old man isn't some city scavenger or satoig pipe slicker, he's just a guy who wants to help and be helped. You do what he says and follow him to the cellar out back.

>>>>>>Turn to page 204

You laugh with disbelief. These are enough coolers to last you for months... and the good kind too—Mammie's were made with the best ingredients, everybody knew that.

"I'm gonna get to work on your car, stranger. We'll have her filled up tight, don't worry 'bout that. Just need one favor though—I'm sure you saw there's no pumps outside. Even if there were, the gas in those tanks went bad long ago, and since then it's just been seeping into the groundsoda, making people crazy. Now I got some gas, mind you, mondo cans, but it's in the cellar and—I mean look at my leg dude... That's part of the exchange, you go get the gas, and help me with some other stuff I gotta get outta there. Nothing heavy, just stuff I can't carry out on my own. Good deal, right?"



“Surprise, prrricks!”

The dumpster lid whips up, bounces off the brick wall behind it, and comes crashing down on the top of your head. You are stunned, and while you’re out to lunch, your body and central nervous system carry out a plan of their own design.

Your elbow reflexively bends, your head slumps, and your grip tightens—all pieces of the unlikely symphony of neuromuscular events that results in you blowing your own jaw off before your enemies even have a chance to turn around. There was a time, not too long ago, when a suicide ambush like this would’ve been innovative, even ground-breaking, but ever since The Scavenger’s Lodge was disbanded and the Cop-O’s rose to power, they’ve become all too common.

These Ratters are evidently less savage than the rest of their ilk—they are content merely looting your body and letting you bleed out with your new buddies in the dumpster. You’d thank them if you could, for sparing you your last single sliver of dignity and not feasting on your groin and tender bits.

If it’s any consolation, your reaction time and initiative were on par with the wildest and most dangerous killers in the land. It’s the planning that tripped you up.

<The End>

THE  
END

A moment later and the alleyway is back to normal—dry, blasted brick walls, sun-bleached pavement, and mountains of rubbish on either side, just the way it’s supposed to be. What a wild hallucination.

Pipe sickness, that’s it’s called. Your mentor, Roddy, The Pipe King, used to get it, and bad. Supposedly if you spend too much time down in the pipes, crawling around, smeared in other peoples’ filth, you start seeing the same filth up top, on the streets when you’re walking around and what not, everything slick with goo, everything like a pipe.

That was your first time ever experiencing it—pretty unsettling. It wasn’t a big deal, at least according to Roddy. The old timers, if you looked at one of them and they had their eyes closed and nostrils dilated, chances were they were pipe sick, either trying to stay calm and not be overwhelmed, or maybe in some cases trying their best to visualize the pipe and prolong the experience. That’s what Roddy did. Roddy said when he was down in the pipes, he could feel the whole city talking, joking, laughing. Down in the satoig, he could reach out and touch anyone and everyone all at once, because they were all down there with him, on him, in him.

You’re not sure if you like it yet—the undulating darkness and thick aroma were so intense—maybe one day you could get acclimated to it, but for now you decide it’s not a state of mind you want to actively pursue. You never liked pipes as much as Roddy, thought of them more as a means to an end, whereas The Pipe King... Well, pipes were his thing.

The steel door at the end of the alley was real. Time to get inside.

<a>

A big heavy-duty door like this in the middle of a war zone? Why not just broadcast to the whole world that there’s valuables inside?! You feel sorry for the easy make who put his stuff in such an obvious spot, but that doesn’t change the fact that it’s about to be yours. You

stealthily bust it open using a hammer.

>>>>>>Turn to page 209.

<b>

Hallucination doesn’t preclude manners and common courtesy. You give the door a friendly, loud knock.

>>>>>>Turn to page 207.

When you think steel doors you think protection, and when you think protection you think heaters—big ones. Functional, locked doors were quite rare in Hell, but you’d seen a few, and not once did such a door open to a friendly face and a helping hand. Behind this door could be some bad dude’s stash, or it could be a cannibalistic honey pot to lure in wayward scavengers, or it could be some well armed guy who just wants to be left alone. Whatever it may be, your best bet is to wait and see while hiding under a cozy pile of trash.

>>>>>>Turn to page 206.

<c>

You get distracted for a peep, thinking of something else. Now you start thinking about the door again and get cold feet. Maybe it’s something good or maybe it’s a death trap—you just don’t know and there’s no way to say with certainty until after the fact. Pacing back and forth down the alley to aid your thinking, you finally realize that coming to a snap judgment would be a bad idea, and you need a little bit longer to think about this one. Re-read this page.



The old gas station attendant leads you out back, about a quad away from the main building, past a delicious-smelling wood smokehouse where racks of jerky are hung up for curing, over to a bare metal shed with a heavy cellar door attached to it

"Heeere we go, just scooch on down there and get the gas cans. There's an electric light controlled by a switch—you'll see it," he explains, using a chunky metal key to pop open the hefty lock.

As soon as he opens the door, you can tell something's not right. It stinks, much more than a musty old cellar ever should for natural reasons. The smell is so intense, you briefly imagine that

a cloud of thick brown smog is wafting out of the opening, and though no such cloud really exists, in your mind's eye you watch it billow out, surrounding you and invading your nostrils, lifting you out of your boots.

The old man darts his eyes impatiently towards the wooden ladder propped up against the rim of the orifice.

"The bandits in these hills know not to fuck with me, but if they can bag two turkeys out in the open they might change their mind, so get in there and get the stuff quick, son!"

<a>

Better do what he says before some hidden raiders scope you and decide they're hungry. You head down the ladder eager to get your gas, and to give the kind man a helping hand.

>>>>>>Turn to page 205.

<b>

Your curiosity brought you this far, but now it's time for curiosity to take a backseat to common sense. Kill this fuck and be done with it.

>>>>>>Turn to page 545.

You hurry down the ladder, happy to be of service and happier to get gassed up.

It's dark, and the floor is a few rungs farther down than you would've guessed. Deep cellar, huh. As soon as you find it, giant metal jaws snap themselves around your leg. The heavy steel door slams shut above you with a deafening bang, showering you with dust and little pieces of concrete.

Later on, you discover that you weren't the first to get caught down here. It feels like there are dozens of emaciated bodies piled in the darkness.

The odor ceases to bother you, and by drinking your urine, you're able to extend your life for a few extra days. Eventually however, you succumb to dehydration and kidney toxicity. Perhaps you will have better luck when you are reincarnated as jerky.

<The End>

THE  
END



You find a nice heap of wet cardboard and broken bottles to tuck yourself away under. From here, you have the perfect vantage point for alley reconnaissance, and no one will be any wiser to your presence. This is nice, you think to yourself, and indeed, your new heap is nice. Warm, secure camouflage—you can't ask for much more than that! The smell of old boxes soaked in pickle juice and the sound of crunching glass are comforting as well.

No stranger to long stake-outs, you are happy to busy yourself with a classic game in the meantime. Dead Man's Touch, a bit like solitaire but without the cards, basically consists of touching yourself in certain spots and trying to guess where it is you touched and which hand or other appendage was used. It could be a tedious game, little more fun than picking one's nose, but Roddy taught you

some special tricks to make it exciting.

At least three swatch go by before you hear the door clanging and then see it spring open. Standing in the portal is a man with salt-and-pepper hair, older than anyone you've ever seen, at least forty, maybe fifty. It's hard to tell exactly—his pock-marked gravel face makes a more precise estimate impossible.

Inside is a garage, with what appear to be supplies and tools surrounding a mean old-time car with darkish orange paint so nice it could almost be new. You're not so interested in the car—a car is a liability when your life demands constant trash pile hiding and jumping into pipes at a moment's notice—but those supplies and tools are making your mouth soda.

<a>

The man with salt-and-pepper hair is on his way out, making your task easy enough. You'll simply wait for him to leave, bust the door, and take what you need.

>>>>>>Turn to page 272.

<b>

For some reason you think the best course of action here is killing the man with salt-and-pepper hair, and you're probably right.

>>>>>>Turn to page 210.

<c>

This man looks different from your typical Waster or scavenger. Something about his posture and manner of dress suggest to you that he'd listen to a reasoned plea and perhaps share some of his goods with a hungry outsider. You emerge from your garbage cocoon and approach while making friendly hand gestures.

>>>>>>Turn to page 211.

You give the door your most genial knock and wait a miniswatch or two. No answer.

<a>

Nobody's home? Or... You decide to go with the hiding in trash plan. Someone or something will come out eventually.

>>>>>>Turn to page 206.

<b>

That's it, enough is enough. You're breaking in.

>>>>>>Turn to page 209.

<c>

You've tried a friendly knock, now you'll try an authoritative knock, let whoever know that you mean business. Give the door your loudest,

>>>>>>Turn to page 208.



\The big steel door flies open faster than you would've thought possible, and a man with salt-and-pepper hair shoots you square in the chest at point blank range with a big heater.

Your final thought as you fly over mounds of garbage and land neatly stuffed inside an empty barrel is, "I'm dead."

<The End>

THE  
END

You decide to bust the door down. There's something gravy in there and you know it.

Using the multi-purpose hammer you carry on you at all times, you give the door about two dozen good thwacks, square in the center. It appears to do nothing, but you remain hopeful, giving it clean licks until the head of the hammer pops off.

You grab a piece of rebar off the ground and prepare to finish the job, but suddenly the door flies open.

You see his heater before you see his face: the heater is an Eagle—the old kind, before they came with safeties and racial targeting—and the face is pock-marked, gravelly, and looking quite displeased.

The man has salt-and-pepper hair.

<a>

He means business, but big deal. You've taken down tougher customers. Jump him,

>>>>>>Turn to page 210.

<b>

Something about this man's demeanor tells you he's not to be trifled with. You'd better get to explaining, and quick. You make up a story about how you heard a troggy hollering inside and thought maybe you could help a poor, trapped creature.

>>>>>>Turn to page 211.



No time for conversation; you whip the rebar at the man's face and hit him clean. He jerks back, firing an accidental shot into the ceiling of his storage unit.

You go in again, but this time he blocks the swing, grabbing the rebar and pulling you in close. He tries to pistol whip you with his free hand, but you manage to grab his wrist—both sets of hands are now locked in stalemate.

<a>

There's a can of gasoline just to your right. Maybe if you kick it over...

>>>>>>Turn to page 273.

<b>

Now's no time for parlor tricks--now's the time for fighting dirty. You wind up good and kick the man clean between the legs.

>>>>>>Turn to page 274.

<c>

A kick to the groin is effective, but dishonorable. What would the ancient Ratter clan elders think if they knew you fought with such low tactics? Give the man a clean head butt and let this be over with. Just one head butt and it's lights out, guaranteed.

>>>>>>Turn to page 275.

"I was just wondering if--"

Before you can finish your sentence, the salt-and-pepper-haired man gives you a good clean blast in the chest from his double-large heater.

<The End>

THE  
END



## Digital Indian

**Skrillex, Dillion Francis, Diplo, Kavinsky, Digital Indian.**

People loved him, loved his shit, listened to him for a year, year and a half straight. He did this bit where he would talk in old Native American speech. It was pretty cool. It lasted like 5 minutes in the beginning of his shows. Then he got herpes and everyone saw it and it became a funnier joke that he was a made up character with STD's and they became harder to hide, he got it bad. So I think he quit. He's going to be on the Celebrity Apprentice this season so we'll see what he's up to now, I heard he has a construction company or some-  
thing.







# DUNKIN DONUTS

"I'm so sick of their fucking shit. These losers from high school end up becoming fucking cops. That's what we have to deal with man, this is the way this fucking place is going to work around here from now on?"

"Chill out Mug, CHILL THE FUCK OUT. You're high strung, you're in a fucking weird place right now man. I haven't seen anything and I mean anything that supports the possibility of this becoming any worse than it currently is"

"You don't ? What are you fucking blind man? Is my best friend all of a sudden a fucking social laydown?"

"YEAH SO WHAT Frosted DONUT, SOOO FUCKING WHAT!!"

"You fucking sell out. I'm going to take care of this fucking barbarian once and for all, He's out there touching defenseless kids. EVERY....FUCKING.....DAY.....!!"

"Fine. You're right"

Wham Donut cracks Officer Ballschin over the top of the head with a hard left, rendering him useless for the rest of his cop career.

"My EYE !?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?"



PICK A CREST



GIVE FELLOWMAN

ALL THE



HE CAN EAT





## **Fireman vs. Hancock & Schiller**

**Another example of abuse of power on a municipal level. Frederick Hancock Jr. and Evan Schiller were simply watching the Boston Marathon and cheering on a friend of theirs Karen Macera. They were cheering her on when out of nowhere Lt. Fire Chief Dennis Leary opened and fired a highly pressurized fire hose directly into the eyes of Frederick Hancock blinding her and severely injuring her eyes. When attempting to assist his wife, Evan Schiller was arrested and beaten in the street by an infuriated LFC Dennis Leary. Dennis Leary was a prolific public servant, both a cop and a fireman at the same time, a captain of both. He stomped the head and testicles of Mr. Schiller and the clitoris and breasts of Mrs. Frederick Hancock.**

**He was suspended with pay. Then he became a comedian, a terrible corny comedian who is so fucking wack.**





# Philanthropy Airline Insurance

is better than those things.

"s o m e t i m e s  
we don't even know the  
power of our own guns"

said a girl in my 11th grade english  
class. She went on to be a single  
mother with a lot more misunders-  
tandings and miscalculations.





Percy is a 'punk-rock' style hacker, meaning he likes to hack while wearing studded leather jackets and other sorts of punk-rock gear. Early on in his career, he hacked a Jewish website, and ever since then he's had to hack on a laptop on rollerblades to avoid getting location fixed by JIDF forces. He was given a full pardon by Grand Chancellor Hillary Clinton in exchange for some high-risk Chinese computer hijinx, but that pardon wasn't transatlantic United States of Israel approved. Jewish kike slime never forgives, never forgets (partially because of the Six Bajillion) and so he's still on Mossad's big-nosed slimey kike bad side.

Percy Litorous alias  
eternal Pisces alias  
Dominant God

DominantGod found that hacking while rollerblading was difficult at first, but since starting out he has perfected a blend of martial arts and rollerblade parkour wherein he 'blades into battle and does a top rock while firing machine pistols at any opponents in a 360-degree radius. Previously, you could identify him by his custom neon-orange cybergoth Boblbee backpack full of lithium-ion batteries, but he has upgraded his laptop's power source to liquid green mutagen nuclear canisters. He uses an upside-down keyboard, and hacks purely on instinct. This fact often earns him reproach from older, more experienced hackers, but they're not the ones making the big bucks and taking on the big jobs, are they?

A while back, Percy  
dropped off the scene  
after becoming infected  
with a computer virus  
that could infect  
humans. He has since come  
back stronger than ever,  
taking on computer-like  
attributes, including  
autism.

BLACK HOLES AND ANTI-  
MATTER WERE VERY IM-  
PORTANT TO ME AND GARY

COOL SOUND EFFECTS OVER  
JACKED UP STEP BEATS  
WITH GLITCH EFFECTS

I AM ALWAYS REASSURED  
WHEN I REMEMBER THAT  
NOTICING IS CATEGO-  
RIZED AS A CREATIVE ACT

I FUCKING HATE DRUNKS!  
I FUCKING HATE CIGARETTES!  
I FUCKING HATE ALL OF IT!



# Wight Conscum alias SignalDeth

SignalDeth is not your average hacker. Sure, he has a whole arsenal of secret-encrypted packet GUIs and protocol bombs at his disposal, but he feels those are far too pedestrian. Instead, he is a master of real-life subversion and mental trickery. Forget a REDchip or a hypertext interlink device, all Sig' needs is a snide look and a sarcastic quip. Not to mention, he's only 14 years old!

Far more complex and artful than simply sleeping his way to the top, SignalDeth first lures his target into a web of lies and mind-bending machinations. He uses his charm and neural-personality augs to earn the trust of his victim. Then, working his way to a sometimes bloody crescendo, he strikes, leaving in the middle of the night with a neural hub disk full of account information, blueprints, passcodes, passphrases, and whatever else the highest bidder is paying for. You'd be surprised what sort of information people will divulge to a trustworthy-looking 14-year-old kid with acne scars.

The men and women SignalDeth beguiles and betrays are never the same. Passwords can be changed, data can be restored, but the fragile human psyche, having been crumpled up and smashed into a million pieces, will never recover.

SignalDeth's iLife unit is an arcane boudoir of voodoo trinkets, shamanistic curios, and Nazi bric-a-brac. In a bath of rich scented oils and extravagant incenses, before each hack he pays tribute to the five elements: earth, wind, fire, water, and viper.

His signature attack is the pop-up barrage. With the touch of a button, SignalDeth sends literally hundreds of pop-up windows towards his victim, sending them into a seizure usually or sometimes killing them outright.

SignalDeth is available for immediate deployment in the theatre of your choice. His prices are high, and thus he is more suited for jobs where the element of revenge is a priority. He can be reached at <http://www.myspace.com/xbloodykissesx>.

LADY MIDNIGHT POSE WITH CY-  
CLODS WITH MACHINE GUNS

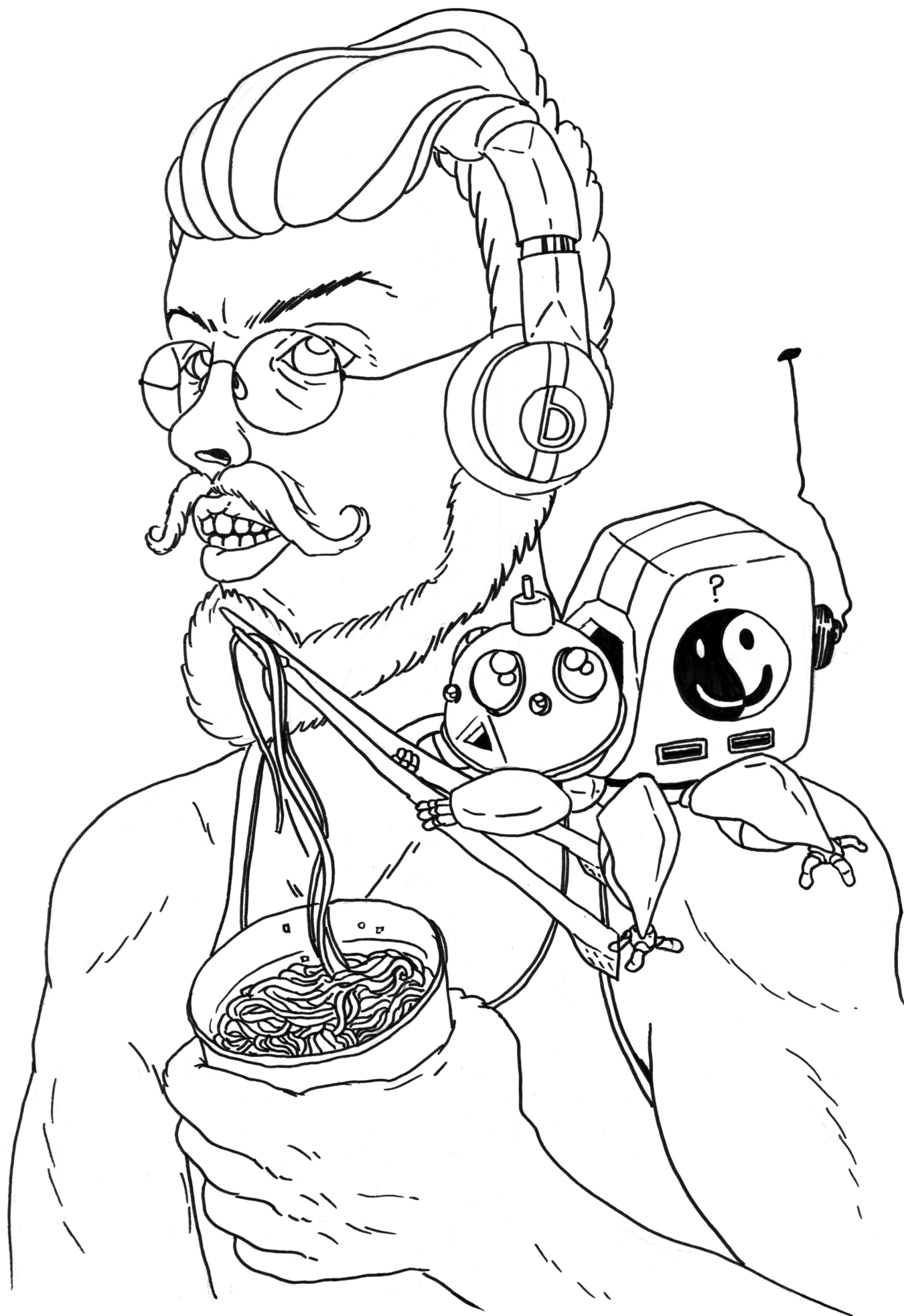
WE HAD DISCOVERED THE  
M.C. ESCHER OF RADISTS

I THOUGHT OF BULLET CON-  
TROL. AND KEPT WALKING

WE SHARED A BRIEF, BUT  
INTOXICATING MOMENT







Lightning fast swipe acrobatics!

I send this girl funny filenames

Sensitive and strange

Maybe in ten years

W 1999, SHORTLY BEFORE THE Y2K VIRUS WIPED OUT MOST OF THE WORLD'S COMPUTERS, SLAYDE GURED HE'D HACKED HIS MASTERPIECE HACK - -COPYING OVER 3 PETABYTES OF MOVIES FROM THE RESEARCH SERVERS AT CITIBANK.

WITH ACCESS TO BLACKSHADE'S IMMENSE PASSWORD COLLECTION AND CUTTING EDGE GOVERNMENT-ONLY SOFTWARE, THE SAMURAI CRACKER BEGAN HIS LENGTHY AND SORDID HACKING CAREER WITH AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE, AND THE REST, IS HISTORY.

FIERRO GOT HIS UNLIKELY START MOPPING UP VOMIT AND TAKING OUT TRASH AT DIVE BARS IN NED WILLIAMSBURG AS A POST-ADOLESCENT. ONE NIGHT, WHILE PULLING A DOUBLE SHIFT AT THE HACKER BAR, SWITCH3D, HE FOUND A NEURAL INTERFACE RIG BELONGING TO THE FAMOUS BLACKSHADE. HE HELD ONTO IT FOR SAFE-KEEPING, INTENDING TO RETURN IT THE NEXT TIME HE SAW THE LEGEND IN THE ESH, BUT NOT ONE WEEK LATER, THE BODY OF BLACKSHADE WAS FOUND IN AN ALLEYWAY, RIDDLED WITH BULLETS, MOST LIKELY AFTER A CLASH WITH VASSIDIC APPLE MERCENARIES.

HE WAS WRONG. HIS MASTERPIECE HACK CAME A FEW YEARS LATER, WHEN, AT THE BEHEST OF A SECREIVE JAPANESE CLIENT, SLAYDE HACKED THE US ARMY.

SLADE PREFERS TO WORK WITH HARD DRIVES FULL, DELETING THINGS ON AN AS-NEEDED BASIS. HIS ONE WEAKNESS IS THAT HE IS PRONE TO SLIPPING INTO A HACK-TRANCE, A COMATOSE STATE WHERE HE MELTS HIS MIND WITH THE COMPUTER AND IS JUST IN THE SYSTEM FOR DAYS, GETTING WAY MORE DATA THAN HE NEEDED.

SPECIALIZING IN HACKING GOVERNMENT AND CORPORATE COMPUTERS, WITH AN EMPHASIS ON GURING OUT PASSWORDS AND STEALING MONEY, SLAYDE CAN BE REACHED AT: WEBSITE \_ HACKER\_JRL@ADL.COM \PLEASE TURN E-MAIL INSCRIPTION ON\, PLEASE DO NOT ATTEMPT TO HIRE SLAYDE FOR SMALL JOBS, ONLY BIG JOBS WHERE A DEEP HACK IS REQUIRED, OTHERWISE YOU MIGHT GET MORE THAN YOU BARGAINED FOR. HE CAN BE PAID IN WARHAMMER 40K GURINES OR IN BTCOIN 2.0 COINS.

SLAYDE FIERRO ALIAS SAMURAI CRACKER VASLD ALIAS SKYPE^1, SHELLSHOCKER, MANIAK-BLAYZE^



WELCOME TO THE HISTORIC  
BROWN UNIVERSITY  
IN HISTORIC RHODE ISLAND.  
TODAY WE'RE GOING TO  
VISIT THE FORMER  
STOMPING GROUNDS  
OF CONVINCED CHILD-  
PEDOPHILE AND  
PROVIDENCE RHODE  
ISLAND NATIVE, TIMBUCK  
TAGLIACOZZO.

Power General  
Academician  
mind warzone.  
The war for the  
mind. Ah yes,  
the war for the  
heart. The war of  
feelings.  
Demagogic trap  
spells.

INDOCTRINATION ISN'T  
ANYBODY'S FAULT RIGHT?  
ONLY YOUR OWN (PANDY BAT  
SLAPPING INTO PALM)

Lets get to the  
core here, people  
stay in college  
because they're  
afraid of real life.  
They've become  
so used to being  
taken seriously by  
academicians--  
who are generally  
bottom of barrel  
trash men —  
they believe  
they've actually  
uncovered some  
glorious new  
intellectual  
insight. You  
don't like what  
I just said? Go  
write an A essay,  
then go fuck  
yourself because

essay papers  
for the joker are  
completely  
meaningless  
masturbatory and  
waste of time.

ANYONE EVER PAT YOUR  
BACK AND GIVE YOU AN A  
FOR MASTURBATING? SEEMS  
LIKE A JOKE RIGHT?  
TAKE YOUR USELESS  
DEGREE AND TOSS IT IN THE  
GARBAGE B CAUSE YOU'RE  
THE JOKE.GO AHEAD AND  
LAUGH.

discourse  
discourse  
discourse

LET'S WRITE IMPORTANT  
PAPERS ON GENDER STUDIES  
AND SEXUALITY STUDIES  
AND RACE STUDIES.  
IMPORTANT ACCUSATIONS,  
GO FLY A KITE. PAPERS

PAPERS PAPERS AND ESSAYS  
THAT NO ONE THAT MATTERS  
WILL EVER READ; ONLY  
PROFESSORS PROGRAMMED  
FOR STEEPING THEIR DUMB  
STUDENTS IN AGENDA  
POLITICS. PROGRAMMED TO  
PROGRAM.

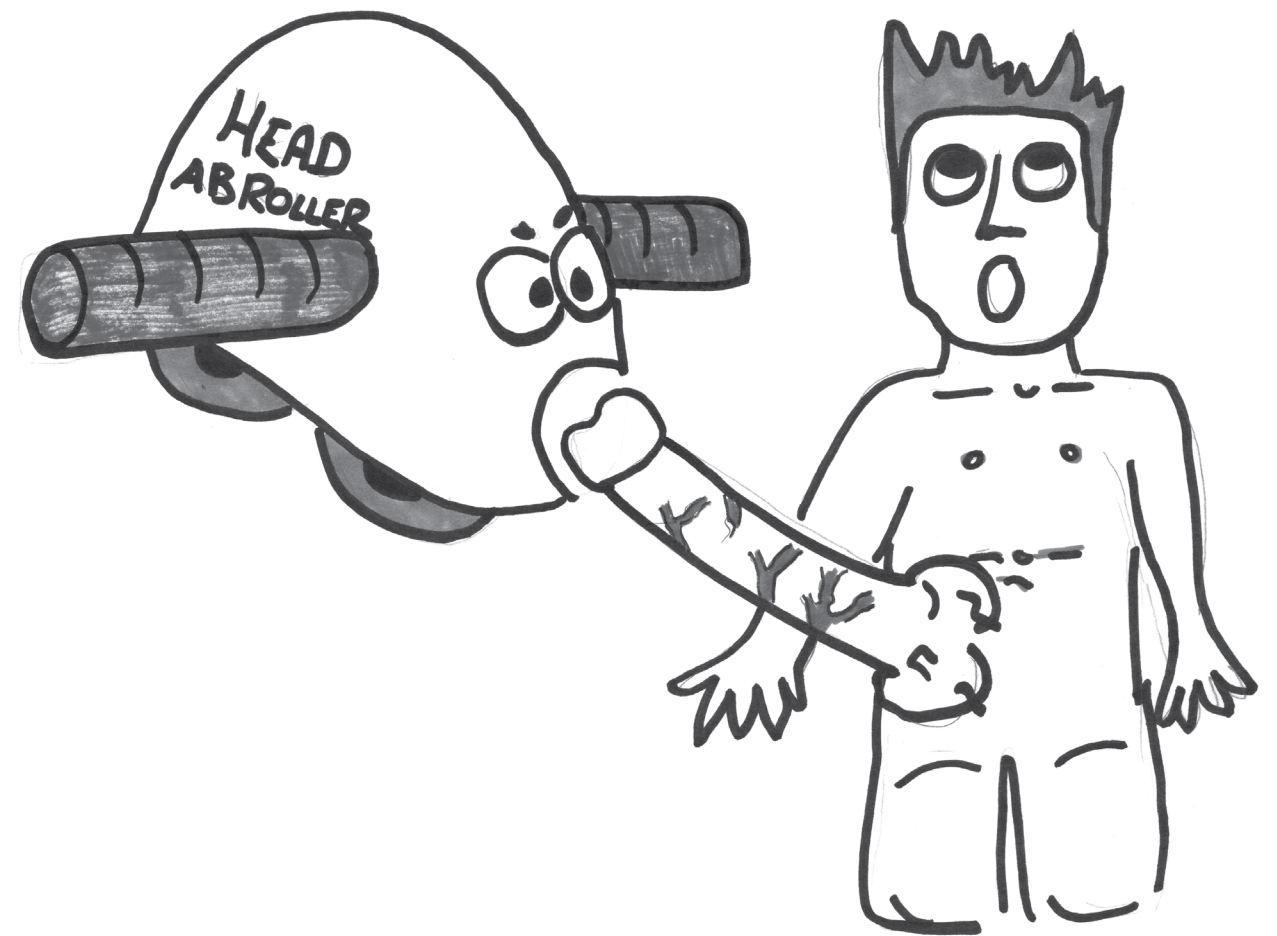
Egghead  
Shithead  
Nothingmaster

NOBODYNOBODYLAUGH-  
INGSTOCK  
USEFULIDIOTS

No one knows,  
no one cares.



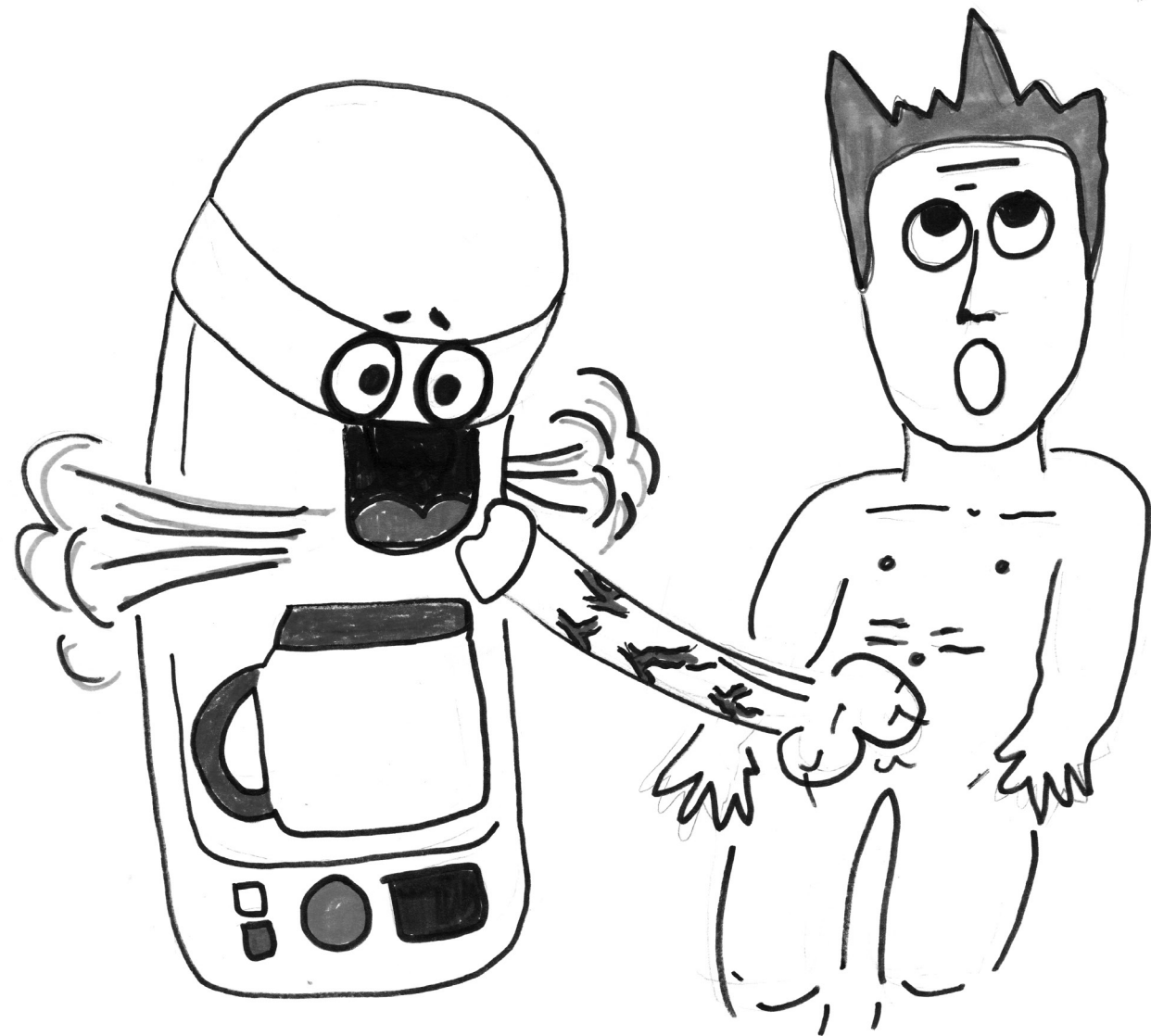
# HEAD 25 MINUTE ABS™



YOU'LL GET HEAD!™

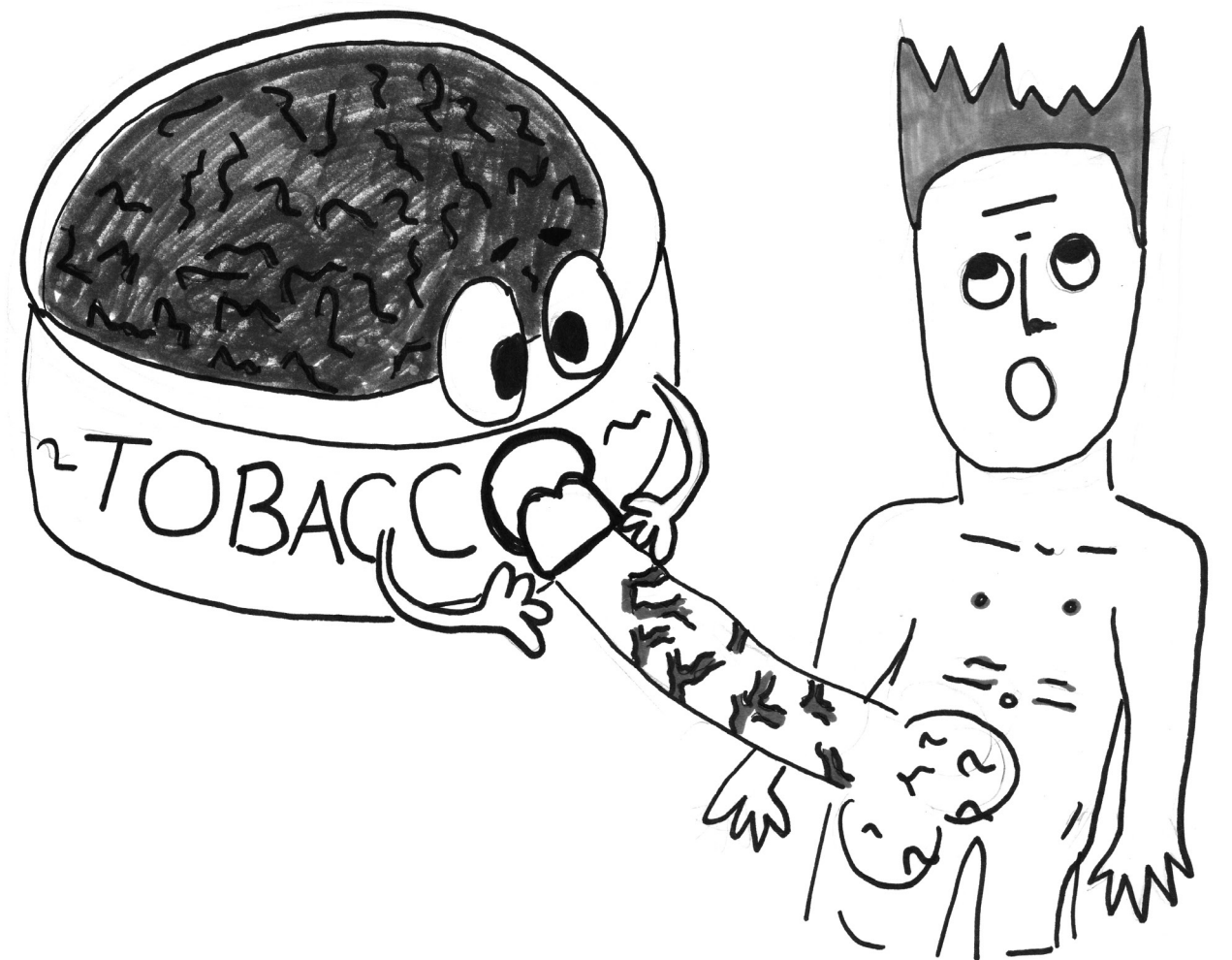


# HEAD COFFEE™



YOU'LL GET HEAD!  
SM

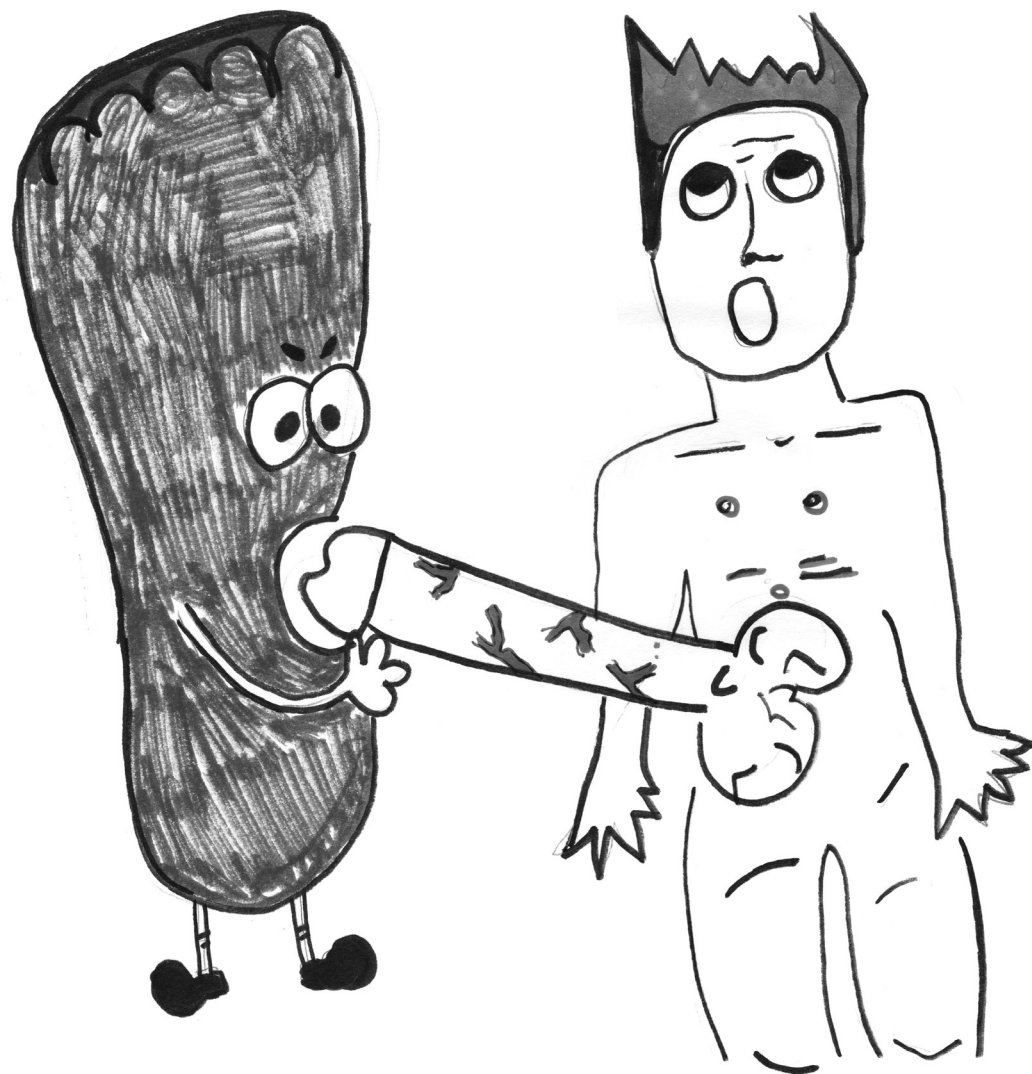
# HEAD CHEWING TOBACCO™



YOU'LL GET HEAD!  
SM

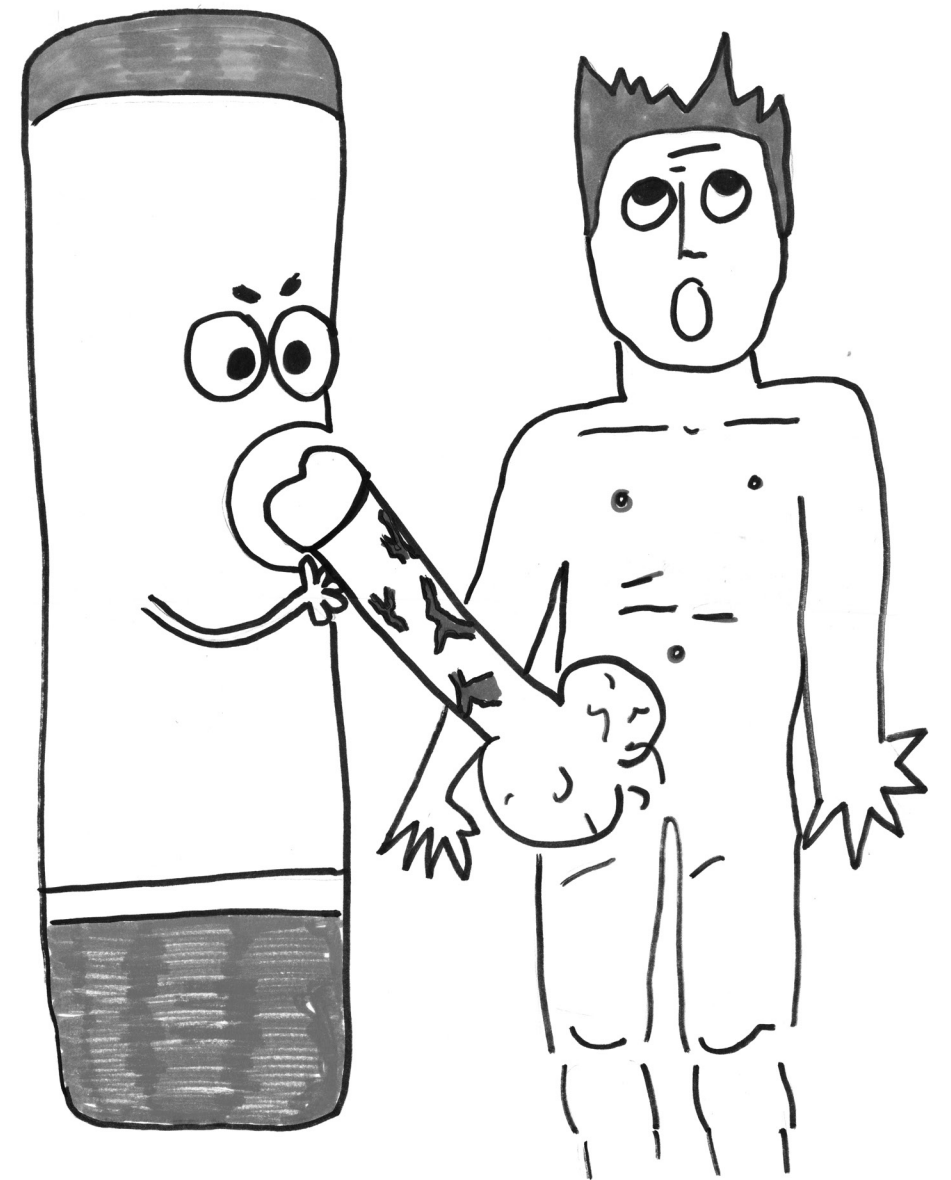


# HEAD ORTHOPEDIC FOOT INSERTS™



YOU'LL GET HEAD!  
SM

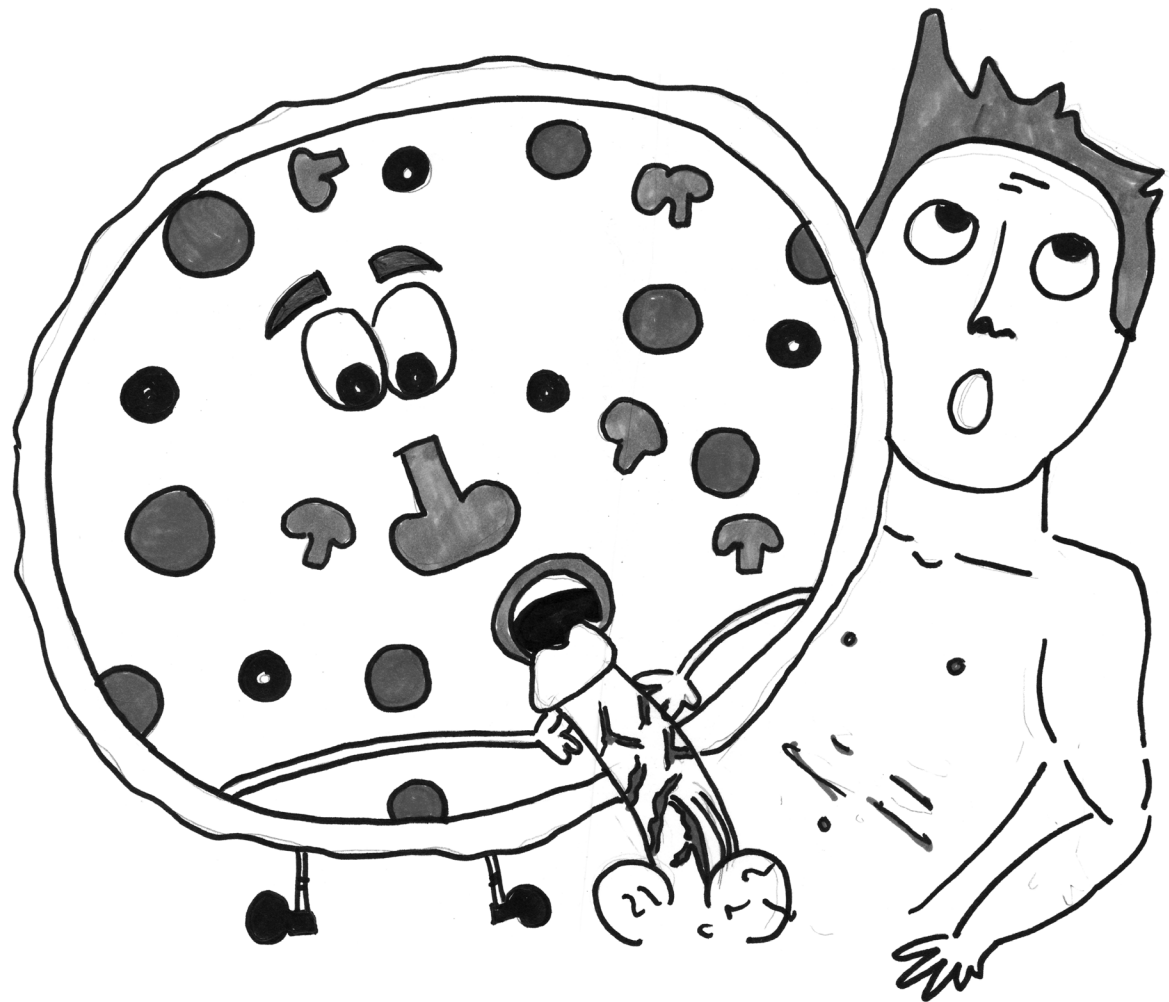
# HEAD E-CIGARETTES™



YOU'LL GET HEAD!  
SM



# HEAD PIZZA™



YOU'LL GET HEAD! SM

# HEAD KOMBUCHA™



YOU'LL GET HEAD! SM



# HOT QUIZ

**You are a woman and you're having a baby. You find out the baby is gender: male, what do you do?**

**a)**

Papa don't preach,  
I'm'a keep  
my baby.

**b)**

Abort.  
Abort.  
Abort.

Answer: b) Clearly the obvious answer to this question. You abort your male child because you cannot bear to bring another monster into this world. Women have enough problems as it is and they don't need another chauvin rocking his cock around, making life miserable for womankind. I'll eat your children and fuck you till you love me.

# HOT QUIZ

**Your children go to Disney Land and contract measles, which is practically dead in this First World Country called the United States of America. What is your best option?**

**a)**

Ask yourself or anybody where this disease could have come back from.

**b)**

Ask yourself or anybody if this has anything to do with a border issue.

**c)**

Ask yourself or anybody if any of the President's children come in contact with Third World Disease of which US citizens have little or no immunity to.

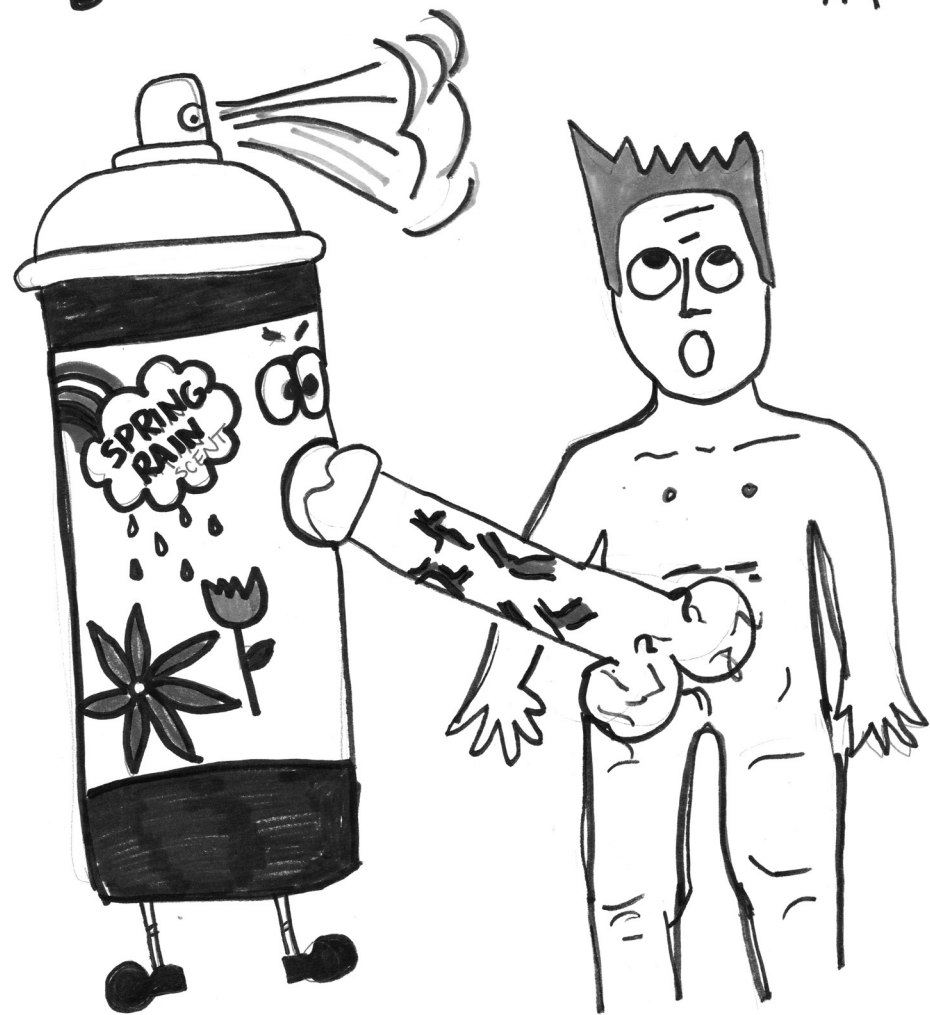
**d)**

Get your kids children kids vaccinated next time you anti-vaxxer.

Answer: d) Get your kids children kids baby-killer kids kids children children babies with tubes in them in pain and agony you baby-killer GOP murders vaccinated next time you anti-vaxxer scum. What are you racist? Stop being such a pussy and open the borders, after all we need more people. No more population control anymore folks, we want it all. Where else would we get cheap child labor? I'll clean your toilet myself, but it'll cost you \$75 an hour.

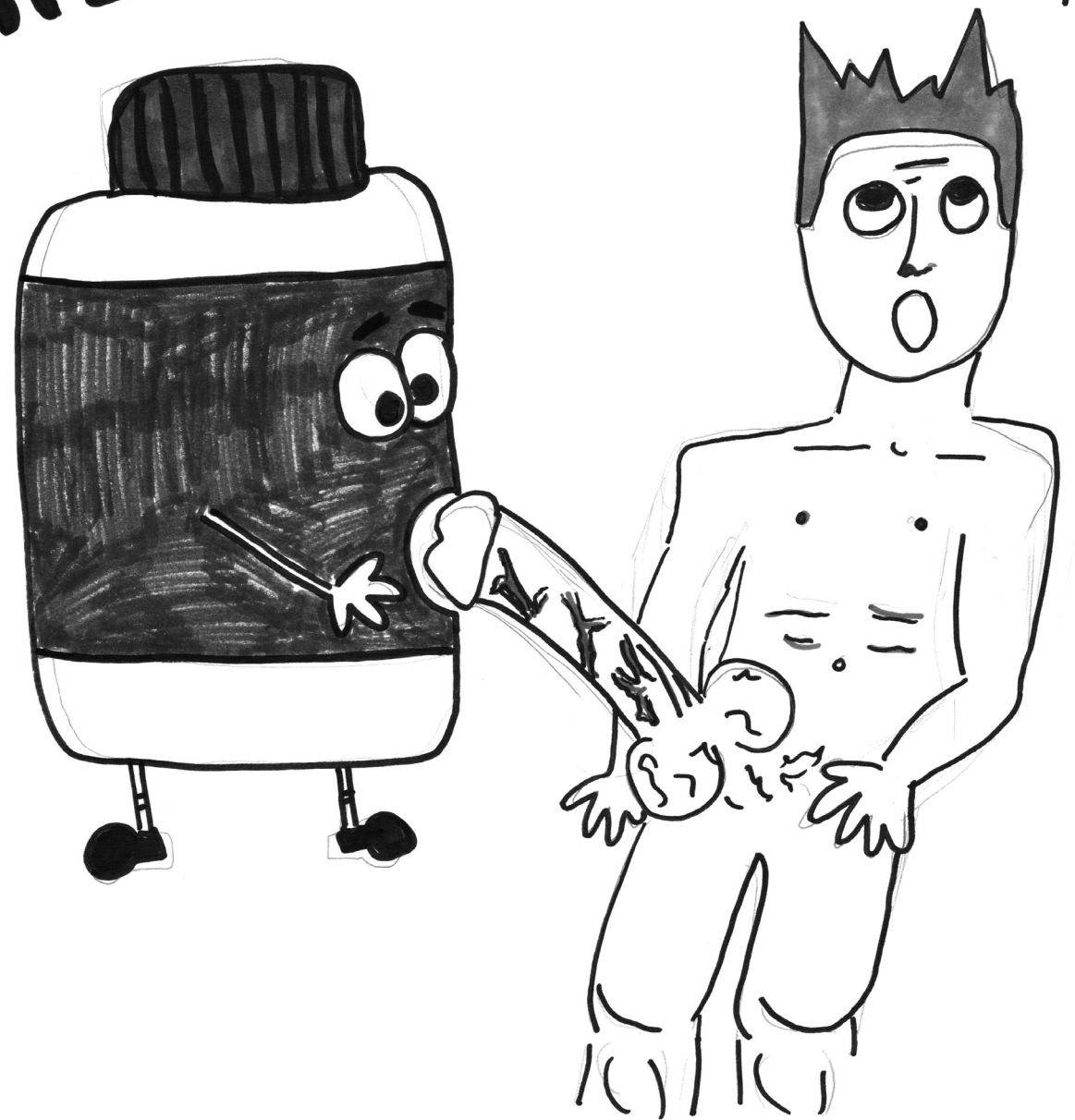


# HEAD SCENTED ROOM SPRAY™



YOU'LL GET HEAD!  
SM

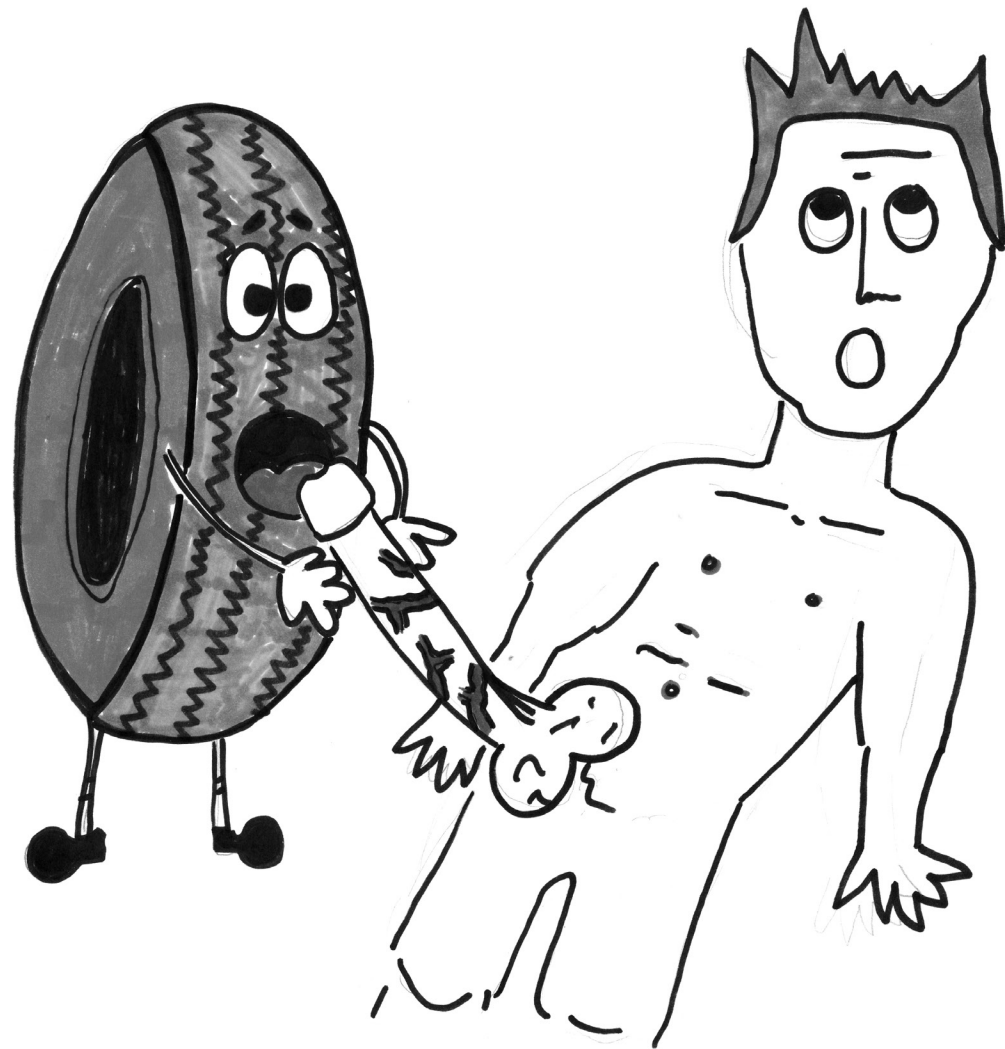
# HEAD PROBIOTICS™



YOU'LL GET HEAD!  
SM

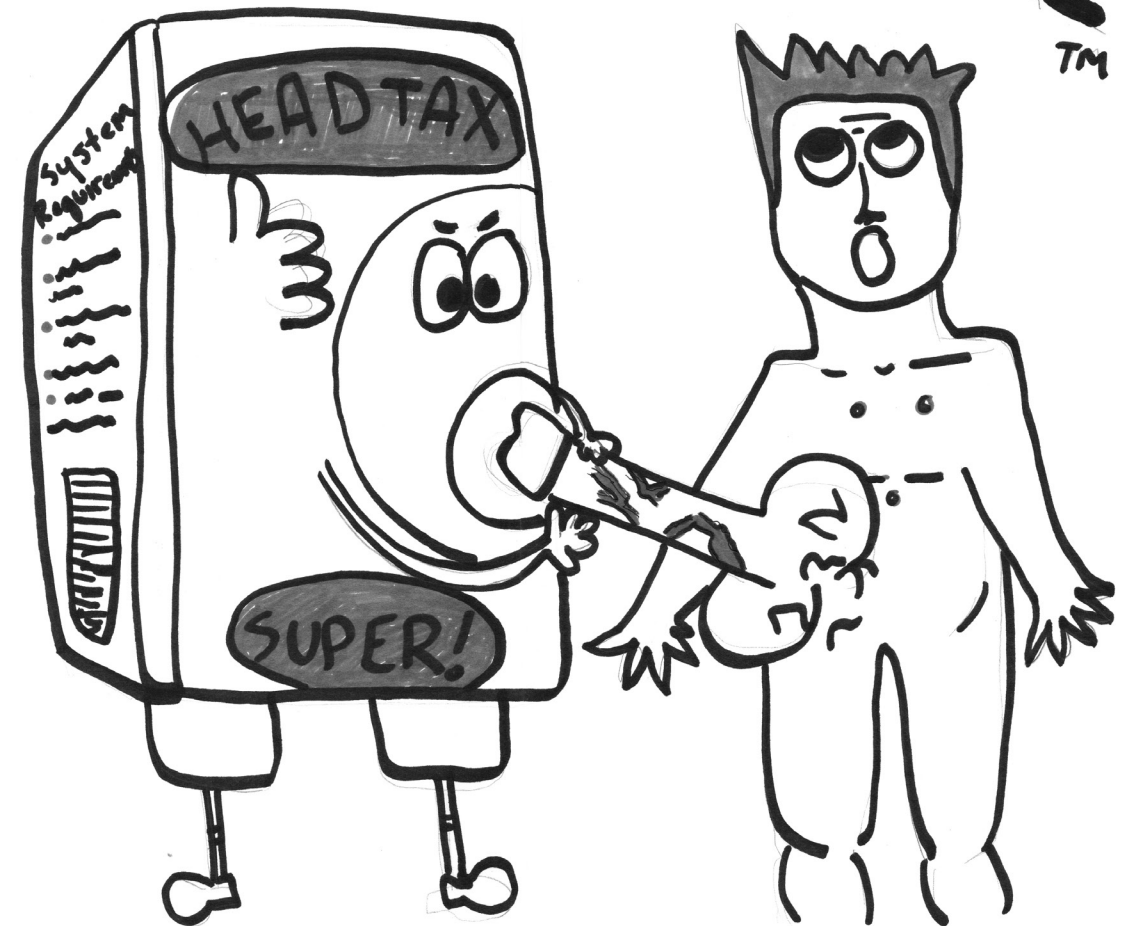


# HEAD TIRE SERVICE™



YOU'LL GET HEAD!™

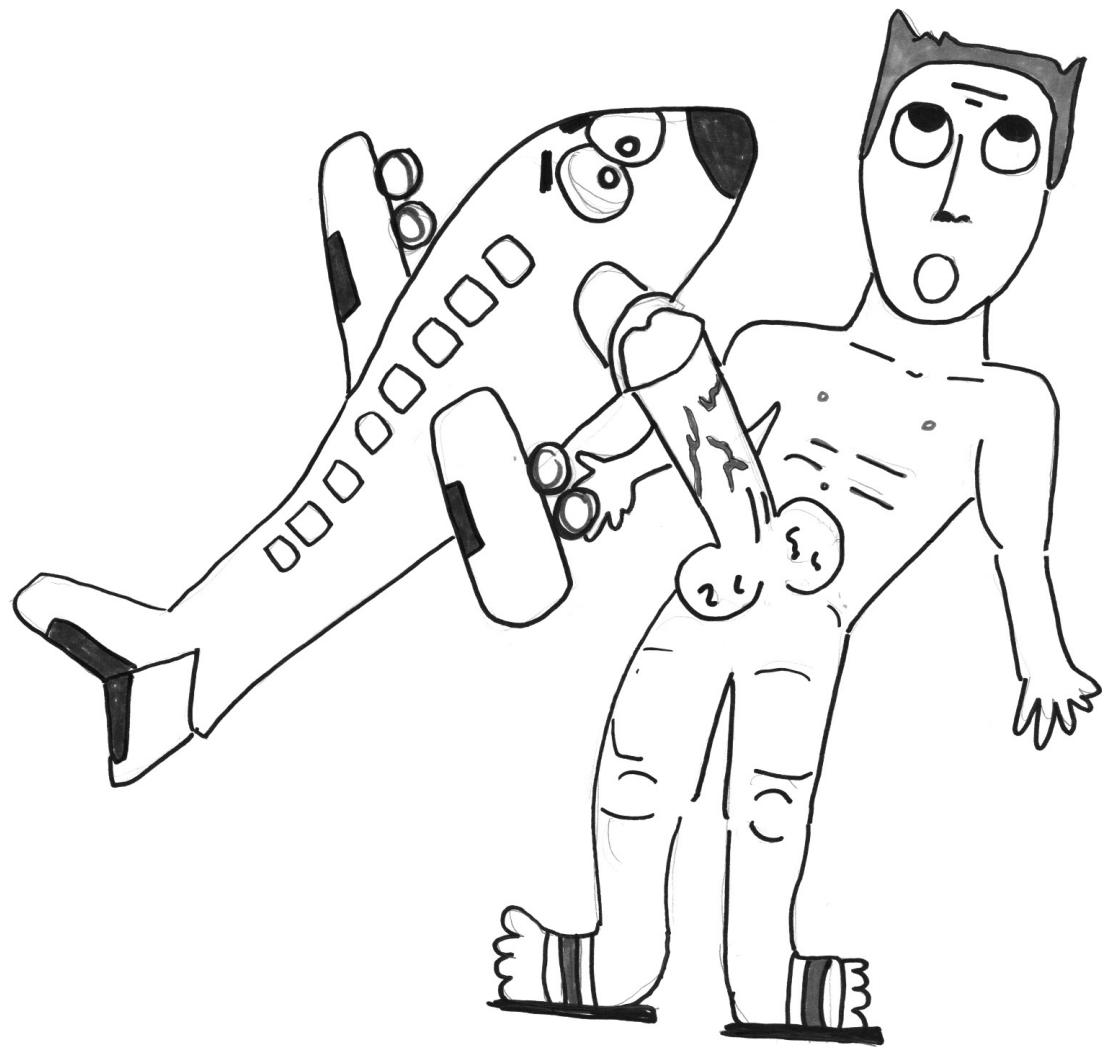
# HEAD TAX SOFTWARE™



YOU'LL GET HEAD!™

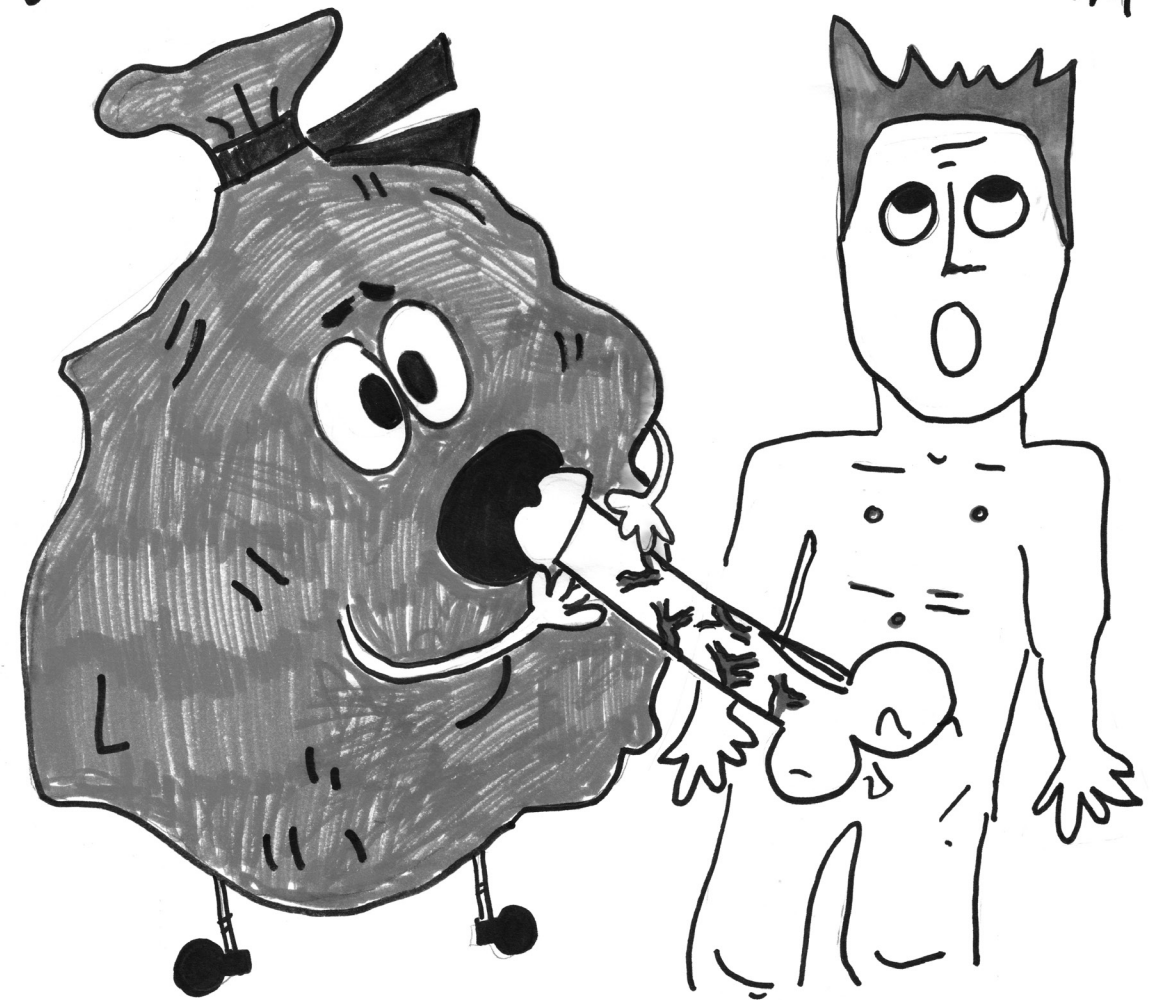


# HEAD AIRLINES™



YOU'LL GET HEAD!™

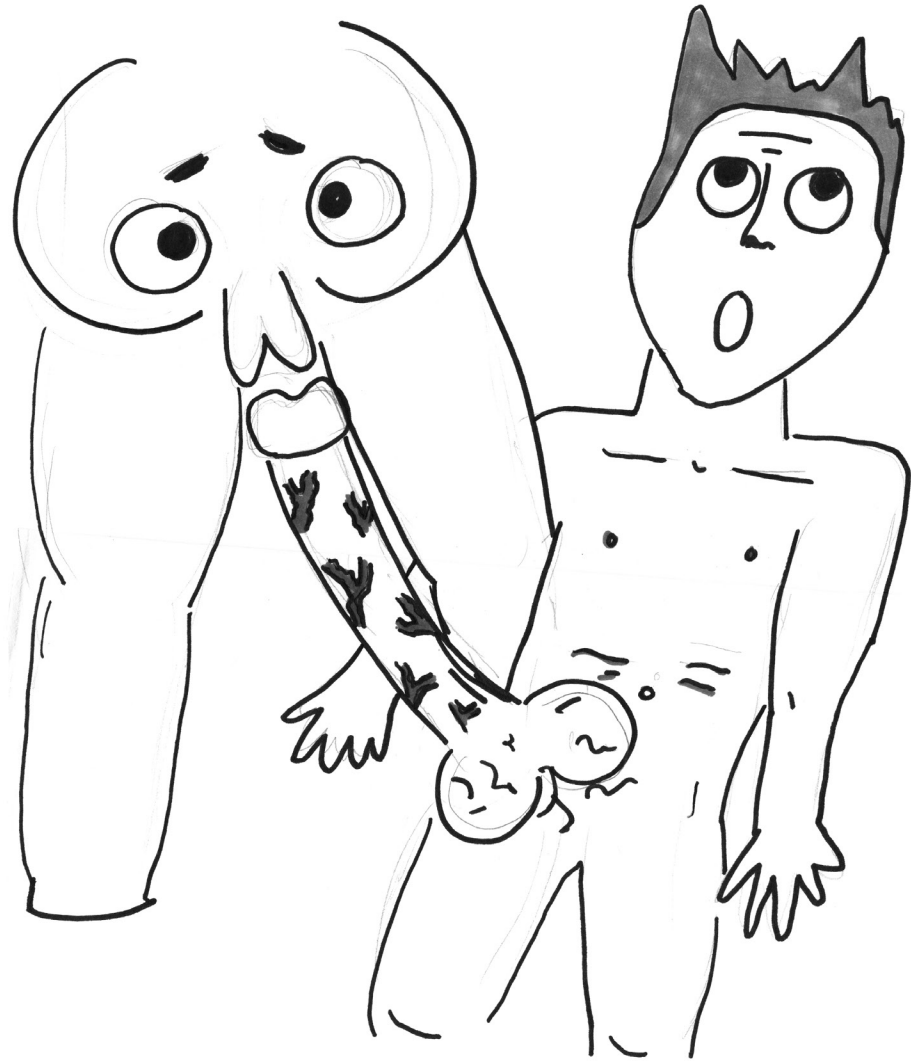
# HEAD HEAVY DUTY KITCHEN TRASH BAGS™



YOU'LL GET HEAD!™



# HEAD YOGA PANTS™



YOU'LL GET HEAD!® SM

# HEAD GUM WITH XYLITOL™



YOU'LL GET HEAD!® SM



HERO CODE # 01

Know to make  
them submit.

HERO CODE # 02

Protect Authority.

HERO CODE # 3

Follow orders.

HERO CODE # 04

If citizen runs, pursue.

HERO CODE # 05

If citizen questions, beat.

HERO CODE # 06

If citizen records, harass,  
beat, and beat\_more.

HERO CODE # 07

If citizen is black with  
asthma, strangle\_kill.

HERO CODE # 08

Bury those who resist in  
shallow graves.

HERO CODE # 09

When it doubt, kill.

HERO CODE # 10

Sneaky about enforcing  
taxes and fines.

HERO CODE # 11

Take your cut.

HERO CODE # 12

Beat first, ask  
questions later.

HERO CODE # 13

If in danger, sic K9  
unit dogs over to die  
in friendly fire.

HERO CODE # 14

If off duty, shoot to kill  
like you're on duty.

HERO CODE #15

If citizen is brown,  
beat then recruit.

HERO CODE #16

Plant undercover cops to  
shuffle back and forth on a  
crosswalk and ticket those  
who get tricked into driving  
over the crosswalk after the  
undercover cop passed the  
crosswalk all the way to the  
other end of the street.

HERO CODE # 17

If citizen is innocent, rape.

HERO CODE # 18

Behead those who insult  
the fraternity.

HERO CODE # 19

If unarmed, shoot.

HERO CODE # 20

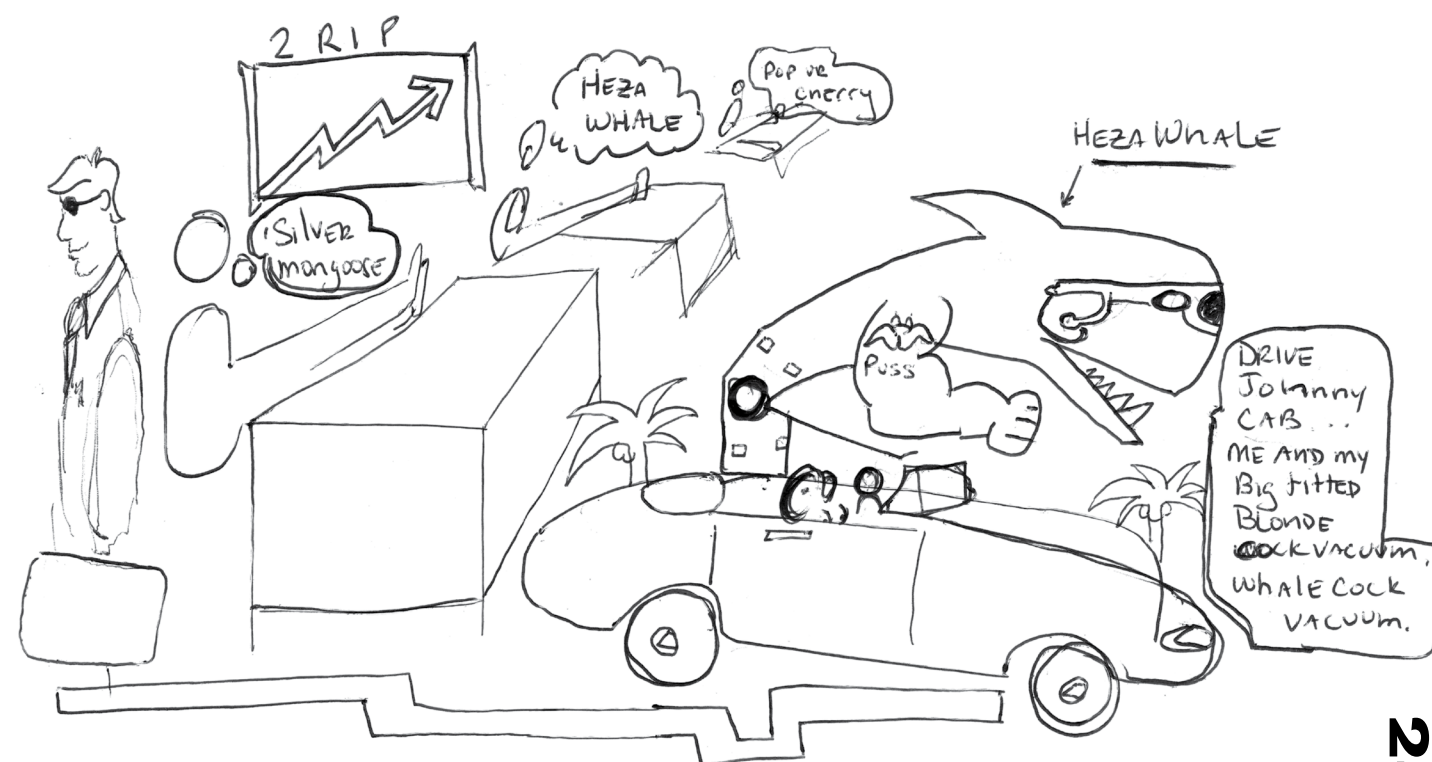
If low IQ, welcome aboard,  
dumb stupid jock idiot  
authority stormtrooper.

HERO CODE # 21

Slap face when subdued,  
to extra teach.

# BOILER ROOM

HAVE YOU GUYS EVER SEEN BOILER ROOM? OH MAN WHAT AN AWESOME MOVIE. IT'S ACTUALLY MAD GOOD. VIN DIESELS IN IT, FUCKING GIOVANNI RIBISI BEFORE HE WAS A FUCKING LOON. OH MAN IT WAS PRETTY GOOD TIME IN HISTORY TOO. SCAMS EVERYWHERE. I WORKED IN A MORTGAGE SWEATSHOP WHEN I WAS 14-16 IT WAS AWESOME. I SOLD MORTGAGES OVER THE PHONE WITH MY HIGH SCHOOL FRIENDS 10 BUCKS AN HOUR CASH.









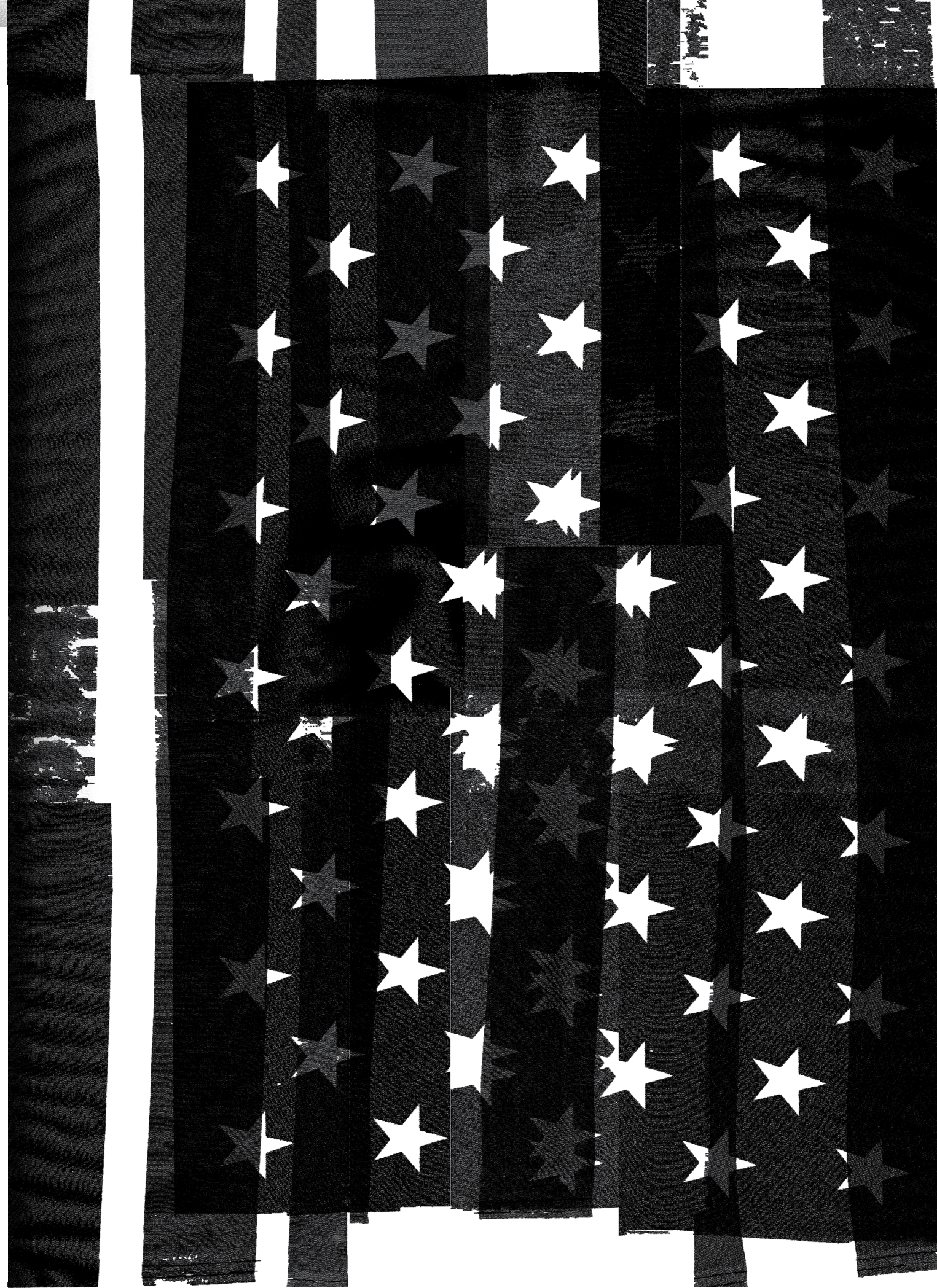
**I'VE NOTICED A FEW TIMES JEWISH  
CHICKS LOOK ABSOLUTELY  
STACKED IN A BRA BUT WHEN**



**THEY TAKE IT OFF THEIR TITS LOOK  
LIKE SPILLED SNACKPACK CUPS..  
JUST A LIL THOUGHT I HAD!**











## **SOME PEOPLE THINK THEIR SHIT DON'T STINK**

Rich people will not want to mingle with the stinky stinky poor if this keeps up like this. I like to think of mini societies once things become alarmingly local. When local celebrity is an actual thing that can be tracked monetized and mutually beneficial. People acting silly, making boastful claims and keeping themselves in a different echelon in towns in the midwest and across Maine. Seeing the local newscaster or chief of fire department at Panera is a big deal in certain towns – biggest fish in small pond shit. New world would be gross if we couldn't hit the brakes on shit like this. I don't know when the chunky cheerleading captain from my high school got so important she would be offering life advice and inspirational quotes to thousands of people at a time. Keep it up I think that you're changing lives. It's really easy to listen to your own bullshit when people like it.



# The Meat-Balls

(JOE PESCI READS)

These fucking guys were everywhere, they had control of the bosses back east, and the guys out in vegas. These mudderfuckers didn't wake up for two fuckin years before they knew it there was a meatball on every drop in the city. And they didn't take any shit. From anybody. One time Neckbrace Billy a local redneck tried to skim from a bookie in the old Gold Western. They sent out Myself and Vinny Ferla to smash his fucking hand with a hammer. Right on the knuckles. Oh man you should have heard the crack of the bones is like breaking celery sticks. We had it made, until Ginger came along.





# The Next National Crisis

**GRIND TRAINS WITH  
YOUR COOL CREW!**

**KNOWN AS THE WORLD'S  
LARGEST EASTER EGG HUNT**

**Girls these days get started TOO YOUNG!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
Is Somebody going to DO something about it?!?!?!?!?!**

**GIRLS IN MIDDLE**  
**SCHOOL ARE SUCKING COCK,**  
**RIGHT NOW!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**  
**DO SOMETHING!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**  
**THIS ISN'T A JOKE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

**This is a regular thing and I don't just mean INNER CITY schools! I mean YOUR neighborhood school, there are MORE THAN A HANDFUL of girls PRACTICING BLOWJOBS on HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL PLAYERS! THIS IS REAL! ALERT ALERT WARNING!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

These aren't just awkward handjobs, these are  
BLOWJOB PARTIES and DOING THINGS WITH CUM...  
this is PLANNED OUT IN ADVANCE and TALKED ABOUT WITH PICTURES  
AFTERWARDS

Extrapolate this out and what do you get ??????????????????????  
 ???XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
 If you don't believe me, search SPANKWIRE for:  
 teen talks about her ex while sucking cock.

**FILLED WITH THE KIND OF  
STRANGE CURIOSITY THAT  
CREATED THE FIRST PEDOPHILES. STILL DETERMINED.**

**FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF JAKE, TRICKY AND FRESH!**



## New Informant

The coppers tried turning us all into rats. Ratting out each other when we are all unjustly broken financially. Offering money to people to report tax cheats, 15%. I love it 15% of the money recovered so if someone is caught defrauding the IRS and ratted on say for like 40 grand of actual fraud after they whittle that number down defending this poor son of a bitch they'll call it 15 grand. That means that after taxes upfront then taxes again on your annual return you can get paid like 700 bucks to ruin someone you knows life. That hotline should be tapped by bounty hunters that have a social peacekeeping pact in which they destroy life's fucking assholes. Rounding them up would cost us just as much so the whole fucking idea is childish ridiculous and borderline promotional advertising for a genocide.

you feel the  
hammer being  
pulled back? thats  
the government  
about to shoot you  
out of a golden  
desert eagle with a  
chill laser sight

'm only the guide, I can't  
do the walking for you.  
Never said it was gonna  
be easy, did I?

you feel the world  
spinning underneath  
your feet? no? thanks  
illuminati





## COACH

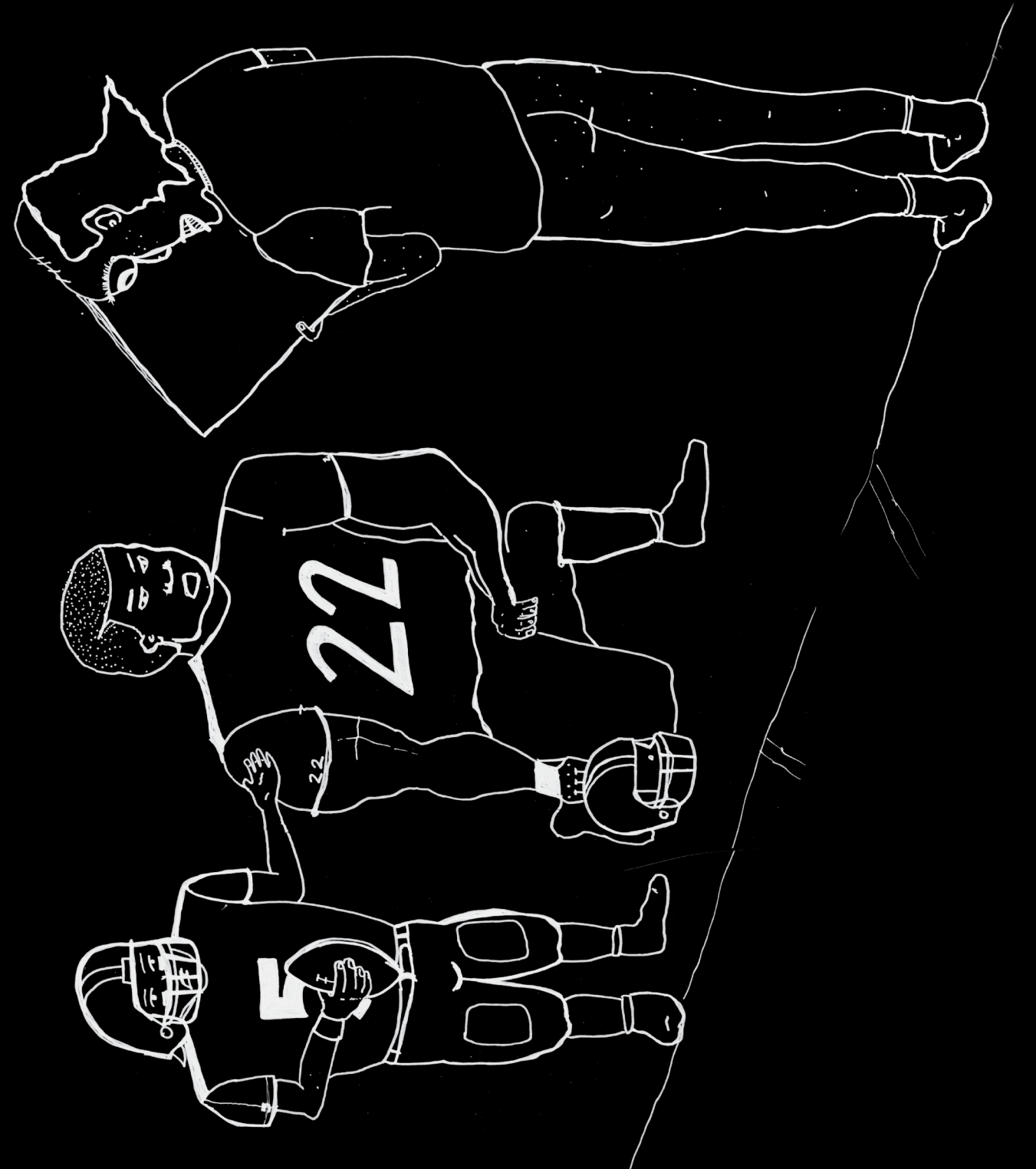
"he told me to stay like this 5 and we're supposed to do what coach says"

"look 22, you maybe able to run like Emmitt but your doing to end up like the rest of them, He's going to HURT your Jeff."

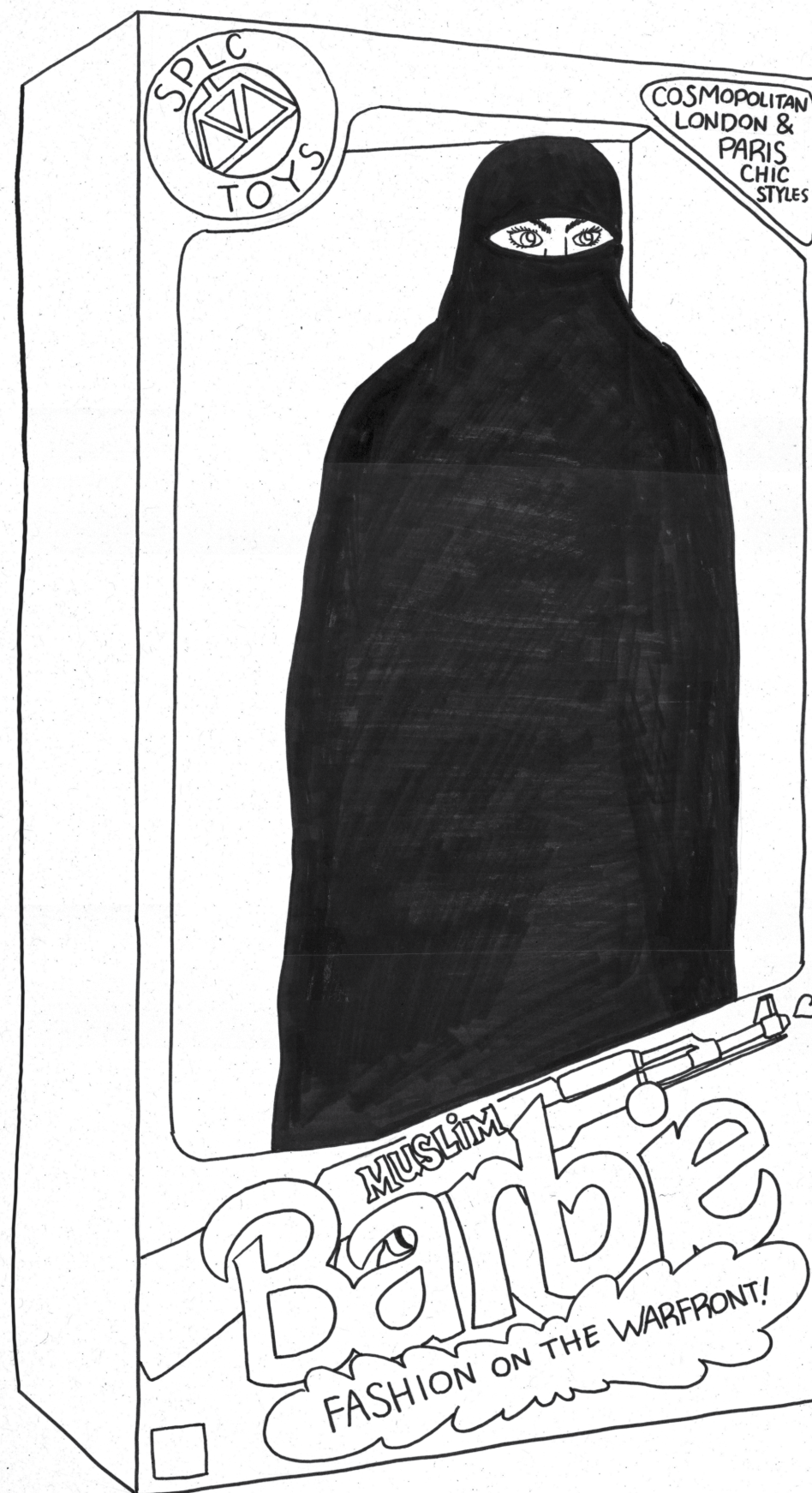
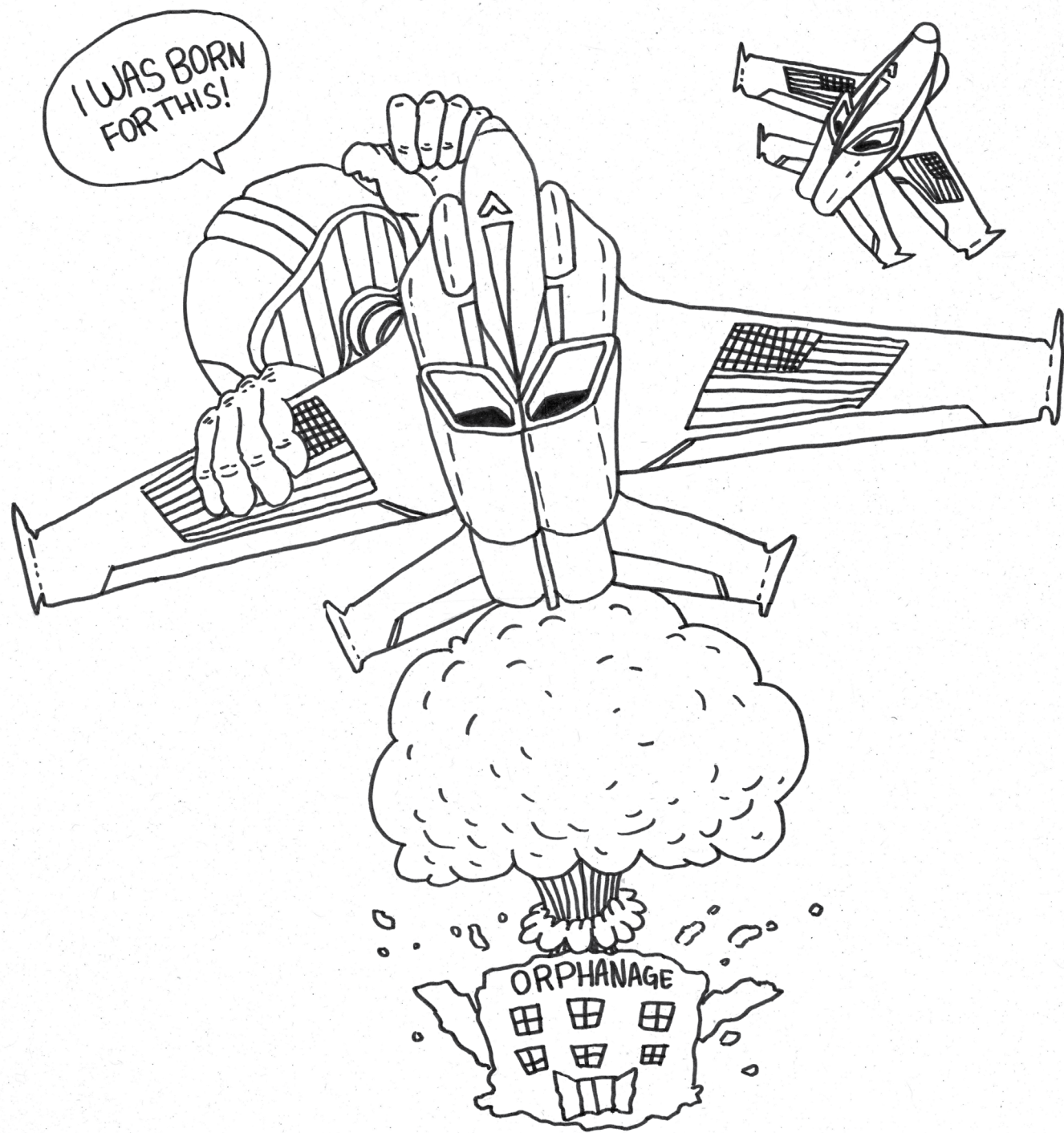
"quiet 5, he's going to be a star you see, a bright shining fucking star and all at once too. now beat it shrimp."

"Fuck you coach Chester"

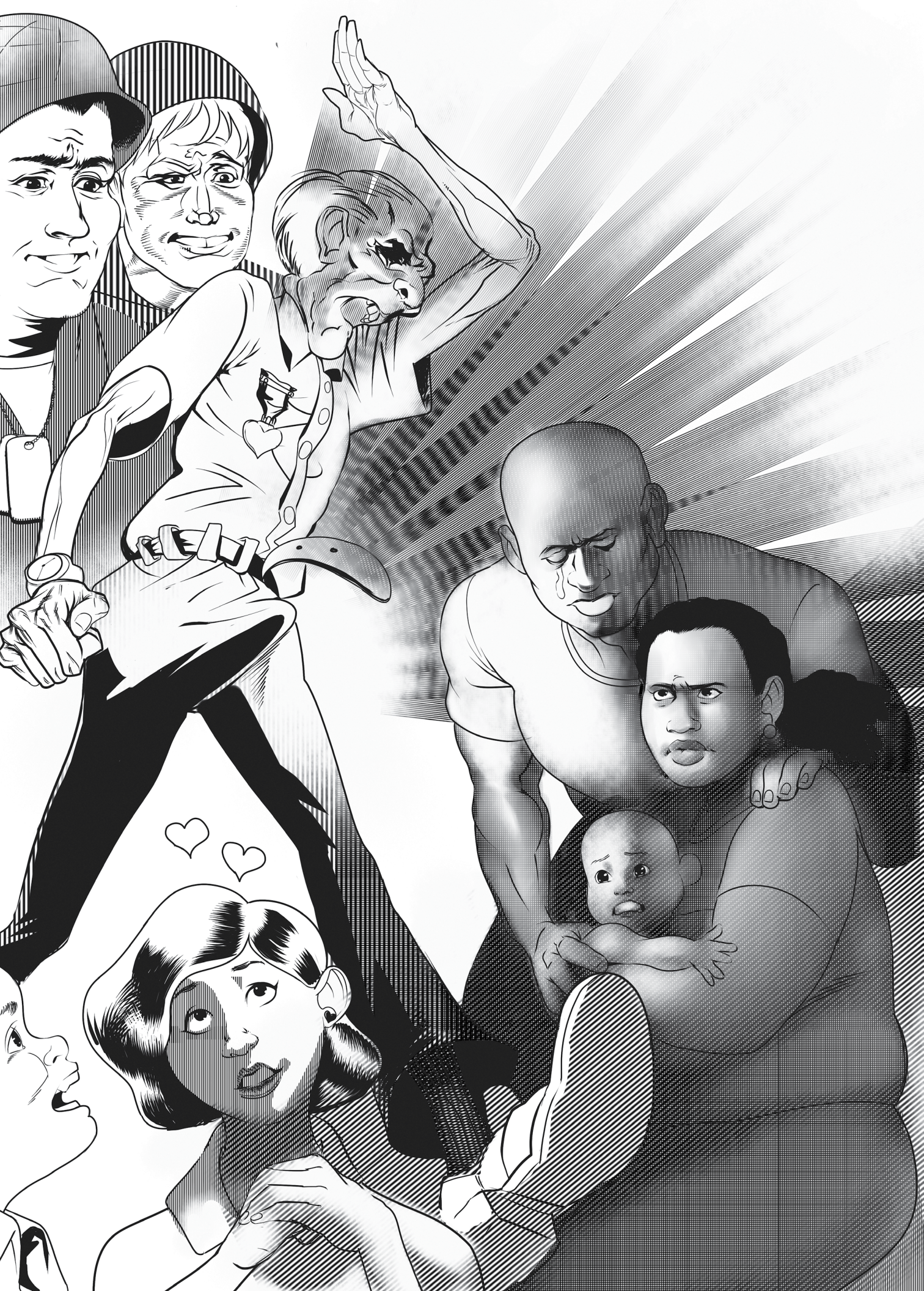
WANT TO MAKE AN EN- EMY FOR LIFE? TELL SOMEONE THE TRUTH. IDEAS ARE BULLETPROOF MEN CAN BE FLAYED, MADE NUDE, SHAMED. IF THERE IS A GOD, HE'S GOT ONE SCREWED UP SENSE OF HUMOR.











USSY...HOT HENTAI...EQUESTRI...FUR HENTAI...OVARIAN C...DEVARIANT A...HOT CUN...

VIEW?I=G08 \_ 13 \_ 34SDFSDFSDF774=JJFDJ?DUHWSH

WHITE OLD DUDE KILLS/EAT BLACK PERSON

Live Leak

RELATED

SHARE

RELATED

?

UNGRATEFUL RIOT OVER CONDITION

?

COLORED S OVER A T

?

SAVAGE O EAT WHI

REPLY

IM GLAD OUR VETERANS ARE FINALLY STANDING UP... STANDING UP AGAINST THUGS WHO THINK THEY CAN PUSH AROUND THE COMMON MAN ..THE WORKING MAN THAT WORKS AND DOESNT WNT TO BE LEECH OFF BY LAZY ASSHOLES, IM GLDA THE GRATEST GENERATION HAD ENOUGH.... BUT DO YOU????? HOW MUHC CAN YOU THAKE AMERICA??

5,756

7,665

SHARE

TWEET



These days we are very well-behaved... when we see videos of knockout game players, we say, **HEY! Those are just kids! They're just acting out their bad upbringings! while totally ignoring The One Obvious Fact That No One Can Speak Of—** and that's good, that's the way it should be, I don't want to offend anyone so I think we should all just keep taking one for the team and next time some black kids are whispering hey, snowflake! to my girlfriend at a gas station in Queens, I'll make sure to play my Jay-Z CD as we drive off so they know I'm down wit' da brothas and I don't hold any grudges 'cus I know they've had it rough, yo.

HISTORY? MORE LIKE THE HISTORY OF BORING DEAD WHITE MEN. LET'S SHAKE THIS CLASSROOM UP A LITTLE BIT

Anyway, even the victims of these attacks/harmless pranks usually end up on their knees, kissing ass and apologizing on behalf of these savages, or at the very least claiming to understand their perspective and not wish them ill. It's crazy.

"Yeah, they hit me in the head with a hammer and screamed 'make dat whitey bleed!'... It's totally a national tragedy, that these kids are just in such poor public schools, I mean no one cares about them, that's why they act out!--geez my head-wound stings--when you have a life that rough, you just have to hit people in the head with hammers and scream 'make dat whitey bleed!' you know, like kids in sweatshops in Victorian England, I think they used to mix cough syrup with Vodka and roam

around hitting people in the head too, it's really a symptom of poverty more than anything and I think everyone agrees that it's systematic racist oppression institution whitey-fault."

There seems to be one mystical exception to this bizarro-world PC ruleset, and that is when the victim is an old white veteran who fights back. The comments for these videos still don't mention race... they are full of well-meaning big-hearted everything-is-fair kids coming to grips with how awesome it is to watch some bug slime drug-dealing rip-rappin' faggot get tuned up by a Real American Hero. Welcome to my world.

J.R. INCORPORATED INVISIBLE CHAIN SUPPLY, ROUTE 12, MAHBOROUGH, A FAMILY OPERATED BUSINESS

Thank God there is still some piece of our animal brains that can sense justice and respond positively to it, even with all the estrogen and fluoride we're hopped-up on. These Liveleak videos that we don't have to be ashamed to watch and re-watch, they represent the last little bit of our humanity that psychopath cunt Hillary Clinton can't touch.





The man with salt-and-pepper hair fires up the orange Forb Fairmont that's parked in the garage. You can hear the supercharger belt's high-pitched squeal over the low rumble of the motor. After idling for a miniswatch or two and letting the car warm up, he drives it out and parks again so that he can close up his stash. Little does he know that in a few brief moments you will be pilfering said stash. No door, no lock is safe from your deftly fingers and trusty lock pick.

With an ear-splitting roar, the man with salt-and-pepper hair chirps the tires and tears off down the alley. When your ears tell you that he's safely out of the area, you spring from your hiding place, giddy with excitement and licking your fingers.

What could be in the stash? Candied sweets? Cartons of coolers? Canned wieners in oil, dried noodles and chips? It's too much to think about, and so you focus on the task at hand.

Using your hammer lock pick, you get to work on the door. After about twenty or thirty clean

strikes, things are shaping up your way: while the door isn't busted down, there is a good-sized dent in the center of it. You'll get it soon...

Five miniswatches of banging later and the head of the hammer flies off. You're sweating and exhausted, but even more determined now to access the treasure trove. You're not going to let some flimsy piece of sheet metal stand between you and the motherlode.

You pace back and forth down the alley, out of breath, thinking to yourself that you'll think of something. And you do. Right there at your feet is a piece of rebar with a nice bit of knurling at one end—a fine lock pick if you ever saw one.

You are still swinging for the fences about a swatch later, when to your great relief the door starts to show signs of letting up. The roller mechanism in the upper right corner has come loose on the inside, and it isn't long before the whole assembly comes crashing down with a terrific clatter. The feeling of success is overwhelming.

<a>  
>>>>>>Turn to page 548.

You kick over the can of gasoline, spilling its contents everywhere. You are now locked in mortal struggle, fighting for your life, with gas fumes tickling your nose.

The man with salt-and-pepper hair head butts you clean, right between the eyes, sending you to the floor quick.

You feel the gasoline start to seep in through your clothes. You're still dazed and unable to move, but you remark to yourself that the gas has a curious effervescent effect, like peppermint. Before you can decide what to do with this little piece of information, the man with salt-and-pepper hair yanks your head up and does you clean with a garrote wire.

<The End>

THE  
END



You whip a savage kick right in between the man's legs, striking him clean, but he doesn't budge! Impossible... There's only two people on the whole planet who could take such a clean kick to the jewels without buckling from the pain: you, and Roddy.

Roddy who had taught you so many G-Shock ago, back at The Lodge, his secret pain blocking techniques...

You stayed up late, many a night, practicing and practicing—grueling work, it was—until the master was satisfied with his pupil. G-Shock later your ability to block out pain, specifically testicular pain, was unrivaled by all save The Pipe King. And now... Could it be that you've met another?

The man with salt-and-pepper hair simply smiles at your failed attack, and retaliates with his

own: a truly furious flurry of knee strikes up into your pelvis. One, two, three—his legs move so fast it seems as if he's tap dancing. Four, five, six, seven, eight—each strike more forceful than the last, all hitting clean, enough to pulverize a normal man to dust. But you're no normal man. If you could withstand Roddy's crushing hands and pinching fingers, you can withstand anything.

When the man with salt-and-pepper hair realizes that you're unfazed by his all-out volley of below-the-belt strikes, his jaw drops to the floor, and the strength fades from his hands. Now would be the perfect time to finish the fight, but one look into his eyes tells you that perhaps a fight won't be necessary.

"Kid... who taught you to do that?"

<a>

>>>>>>Turn to page 547.

You use your arms to reel the man in and meet him halfway with a clean head butt. The blow is perfect, hitting him right between the eyes and instantly dropping him to the floor, a bloody mess.

Not wasting any time with formalities, you pin him down, knee to chest, and pistol whip him hard in the face and head with his own heater, hitting clean, until you believe him to be sufficiently passed-on.

<a>

While it certainly can't be said that you went about things the easy way, his stash, which you suspect to be measurable, is now yours, by Hell law both common and ancient. You take a victory piss on the body and >>>>>>turn to page 548.



For a moment you just stare at each other in silence.

"I thought I'd never see you again kid," he shakes his head, "the rats got me good—got me on the run—and I thought without me around you'd be toast... Hah, guess I was wrong. Looks like you've done pretty well for yourself."

He grinds a smoking cooler stub out on the table, sighs heavily, and continues, "I thought about you a lot kid. You showed a lot of promise, scavenging and also with the whole testicle crushing thing, I always just wanted to do right by you and make sure you knew what the deal was, ya know, so when I was dead you'd be able to keep the flame going. Everything's so crazy, but you were my family. I can't tell you how many times I tried to send word by courier, it just sucks I don't know how to write."

Roddy looks down at the two cup soups sitting before him on the table and starts to tear up. Soon he is violently sobbing, clutching at your clothes and mumbling incoherent apologies. You reassure him that everything's ok—he taught you everything you needed to know, and you wouldn't have made it all the way out here if it weren't for his tips and tricks. After a while, he calms down, dunking a peanut butter chocolate sugar stick into his soup and crunching off one end.

He explains to you the secrets of Avalon, and as it turns out, the rumors on both sides were wrong... but not entirely. Avalon was some sort of luxury village, a place where ancient warlords would go to get helping hands and warm beds to sleep in, and to be worshiped by slaves and anointed in fine oils—or at least that's the impression you're left with after Roddy explains it several times.

He shows you a tattered piece of paper with a picture of a healthy-looking man being rubbed and worshiped by a beautiful slave boy. In the

background of the picture are the Avalon gates, and at the bottom there are words in some alien script: "Pamper Yourself!"—you figure the writing must be some sort of warning, most likely that the healthy-looking man is a great warlord, and if you trespass on his keep or try to steal his slave, you'll become one yourself.

This paradise of wine and slaves is now almost totally vacant, with one catch—the roboidic control system that the ancients designed never got the message when its human overlords packed up and moved on. And so, Roddy tells you, laughing to himself, until their hydrogen fuel cells give out, or their automated repair facility runs out of sand and graphite, the roboids will continue buzzing around on behalf of their non-existent clientele and upper management, repelling invaders and even hiring human underlings for certain low-level tasks.

The rumors were both wrong, but not entirely. Avalon wasn't a hell, and it wasn't a heaven; it was just another dangerous scavenging spot for you and Roddy to pick clean. The junkyard was his safe haven, a base of operations, and hidden in the heaps of seemingly worthless rusted metal, you soon learn, Roddy had amassed a lifetime's worth of valuables and treasure.

He has fur coats, old magazines, office supplies, and as many car tires as you could ever need. Blankets of every variety, furniture, aluminum cans, children's toys—you can hardly believe your eyes as he shows you his masterstash. The best news of all? He's got plenty of tomato soup and cocktail wieners, and now he's got someone to share with. The Adventures of Roddy and You, Part 2!

<The End>

THE

END

The inside of the satoig pipe reeks to high heaven, but at least it's safe. For the first few swatch, you trudge through the muck with high spirits, skipping and splashing through the stuff, happy to have been spared the agony of a Cop-O' encounter. Soon, however, fatigue starts to get the best of you, and you are forced to make progress crawling on your hands and knees.

Satoig permeates through all the seams of your clothing and into every bodily orifice as well. A slick film coats you, turning your joints to greasy swamps of excreat, and in places with less motion, it dries and flakes off like troggy skin.

Here in this pipe, surrounded by darkness, probably a half-day's walk from any opening, you briefly allow yourself to realize how low life has got you. You are on your knees, wearing who knows how many peoplès' satoig like a costume, and not only that, you're thankful. Thankful and relieved to be swimming in waste.

"Look at me, everybody! I'm Shit-Man!"

The words were supposed to come out sounding like a salesman's, sarcastically charged with bogus enthusiasm, but had someone been around to hear them, the depth of your awkward pain would've been obvious. If there's anybody on the planet with less luck, wealth, strength, backbone, or intelligence than you... well, theirs would be a pitiable lot indeed. But there's probably not. You're probably the worst in every possible category.

<a>

>>>>>>Turn to page 549.



"...and I actually think that, all things considered, Sterno's doing a great job! I mean, sure she's inherited a lot of problems and she's meeting with a lot of opposition, but you play the cards—"

The Superhero interrupts your thoughtful excretion with a swift slug to the stomach. Just as soon as you double over in pain, two Peace Meisters hoist a prison barrel up and slide it down over you. You're now twisted like a pretzel and unable to see anything, which in a way is for the best, because if you could see the Superhero's cartoonish smirk you'd probably start puking.

It's dark and hot, and your joints are already starting to hurt. You are jostled and rolled over to the prison van, where your new home is stacked with the rest, probably also filled with prisoners. You forgot exactly how FEDGOV processes barrel prisoners, but you do remember Roddy telling you it's one of the worst ways to die, and you should try to quickly starve to death if possible before reaching the barrel prisoner processing terminal. You've got a few swatch at least before the prison van heads out, plenty of time to plan your next move.

<The End>

THE  
END

You push the Superhero by the shoulder to spin him around—a move Roddy taught you during one of your many before bedtime combat training sessions. Roddy never said anything about bioroboidry however, and the polyresin fingers wrapped around your wrist feel so strong, you think for a peep that they might actually snap your hand off.

The Peace Meisters come to backup their Blue Brother, but there's no need. The Commanding Superhero is perfectly capable of physically besting you on his own and delivering a fatal kill-shotte judgment, which he does, to the chest.

As you lay in the muck, dying, your olfactory bulb registers some rather sickening smells: muck, shottepowder, burnt circuitry, and the stink of your assassin's infected implants. What a way to go.

<The End>

THE  
END



You've got a big smile on your face as you start down the highway on foot. But you quickly remember that there's no room for happiness in a place like this. No room for happiness, no room for pride—those are things that'll get you killed. Here it's only greed, hate, fear, betrayal—the worst aspects of man—which can be counted as comrades in the fight for survival.

Far off ahead you see a big illuminated sign that reads Namerian Heroes. It's a gas station, but not bombed-out and depleted like they typically are. Outside of a few solar-powered street lamps and the odd hand-cranked generator here and there, you haven't seen much of electric light, certainly never anything this big. It's a good hike from here, about 100 quads by the looks of it, but you can do it.

To the east is the dustway—the cracked red salt flats that lead somewhere. The old timers used to always caution you about the poisonous dust, but for all you know that could've been a ploy to keep the treasures of Avalon known only to themselves.

<a>

That gas station will provide safe haven and the owner will most certainly lend a helping hand. You set off towards the highway and the electric Namerian Heroes sign, whistling a tune, with a spring in your step.

>>>>>>Turn to page 471.

<b>

The gas station is sure to be some sort of trap—you're much better off going down the dustway. Plus, you're pretty sure all the stories Roddy and the gang used to kick around were just lies to keep you spooked, lies of cowards. With a spring in your step, whistling a tune, you set out towards the desert.

>>>>>>Turn to page 334.

The junkyard landscape is becoming more perilous by the miniswatch. You swerve hard to the right to avoid an overturned refrigerator, and nearly take off one of your wheels in a giant pothole. You can see, not too far off in the distance, huge mounds of trash and metal, with only a few narrow paths cut through the mess for you to drive through. You bring the speeder down a bit to make the obstacle course more manageable—down to fifty, then a little over thirty-five, hoping that's still fast enough to not be consumed by the cloud of radioactive dust trailing the open-air buggy.

<a>

>>>>>>Turn to page 282.



The FEDGOV standard Geiger counter on the dash remains silent. You take a breath in, half-expecting to have your lungs scorched, but to your surprise you don't seem to be choking or dying yet. Either the rad counter is busted or...

You slowly raise your eyes from the cracked earth and scattered junk—you're in a giant, sprawling junkyard, on the outskirts of the suburbs. You've made it to your destination in one piece, and just in time too, as the speeder is most thoroughly out of gas.

You've only heard stories of this place. Having spent all of your thirteen G-Shock within the confines of the 'city', your only guide now is the collection of drunken ramblings, rumors, and outright lies from the old Scavenger's Lodge.

According to many, the suburbs are paradise—an almost mythical place where humans don't go hungry or suffer. They take care of each other and feed one another, and more importantly, give one another helping hands. If these tales are to be believed, then you've truly found sanctuary...

However, according to the testimony of many others—including the grifter Roddy who was your mentor, savior, and friend before he disappeared a few G-Shock back—the suburbs are a crystal illusion, tempting travelers with promises of warm clothes and fresh cured meats, only to steal their treasures and flay their bones when their defenses have been lowered.

And so, out of all the funny little residents of the ghost city Hell, there are some who would give their right arm in exchange for safe passage to the suburbs, and then there are some who speak of the suburbs in low whispers and never in public, as if the place were the real Hell itself.

<a>  
The suburbs are most  
certainly a heavenly place.  
All those tall tales told  
to you by Roddy's army of  
bum supplicants, all the  
fearsome talk of torture and  
killmains that lay in wait  
for unsuspecting men of the  
road—those are just stories  
made up by those who wish  
they'd had half the courage  
necessary to make the

journey. You walk out of the  
junkyard and towards Avalon,  
knowing that soon one of  
many friendly faces will be  
glad to help you make sense  
of your new home.

>>>>>>Turn to page 372.

<b>  
You don't know much  
about drunkard's tales,  
but you do know that so  
far you've survived by  
scratching, crawling,  
lying, running, and hiding.  
Human nature is the same  
everywhere... Maybe life is  
different here, but so far  
you've only left behind your  
location—the black cloud of  
misfortune that's enveloped  
you since day one remains.  
So, regardless of whether  
or not this place is or  
isn't what they say it is or  
isn't, your freakish looks  
and savage ways will awaken  
freakish and savage things  
in anyone you come across.  
Finding an intact and  
unexpired can of mushrooms  
is safer and more valuable  
than finding a warm and  
smiling face. The mushrooms  
won't stab you in the back.  
Keeping all this in mind,  
you decide to recede into  
the shadows and only make  
careful moves until you get  
a handle.

>>>>>>Turn to page 328.

## Another Day in Hell

You sit up and throw a fierce right hand at the side of the man's head. He must not have expected a counter-attack from you, in your bloody and bruised state, because his head wavers sideways and then down, indicating the effectiveness of the blow.

Without wasting any time, you stick both thumbs right into his eyes, getting him good. He screams, and the car whips into the median at a speed of about seven or eight.

The man claws at your crotch and gives several crushing squeezes, squeezes that would make a normal man wish he'd never been born, but you

use the pain control technique that Roddy taught you to make it feel little more than a gentle caress. When the salt-and-pepper haired man realizes he's getting nowhere with your groin, his hands move to shield his face, but it's too late. Your fingers are so deeply buried in his eye sockets that it's eye soup.

The car scrapes along the concrete barrier in the middle of the road, barely scrubbing any speed off at all. Suddenly there must be a blow-out or some tie rod snappage, because the front fender digs in hard and the back of the car is sent spinning around. You won't remember what happens next.

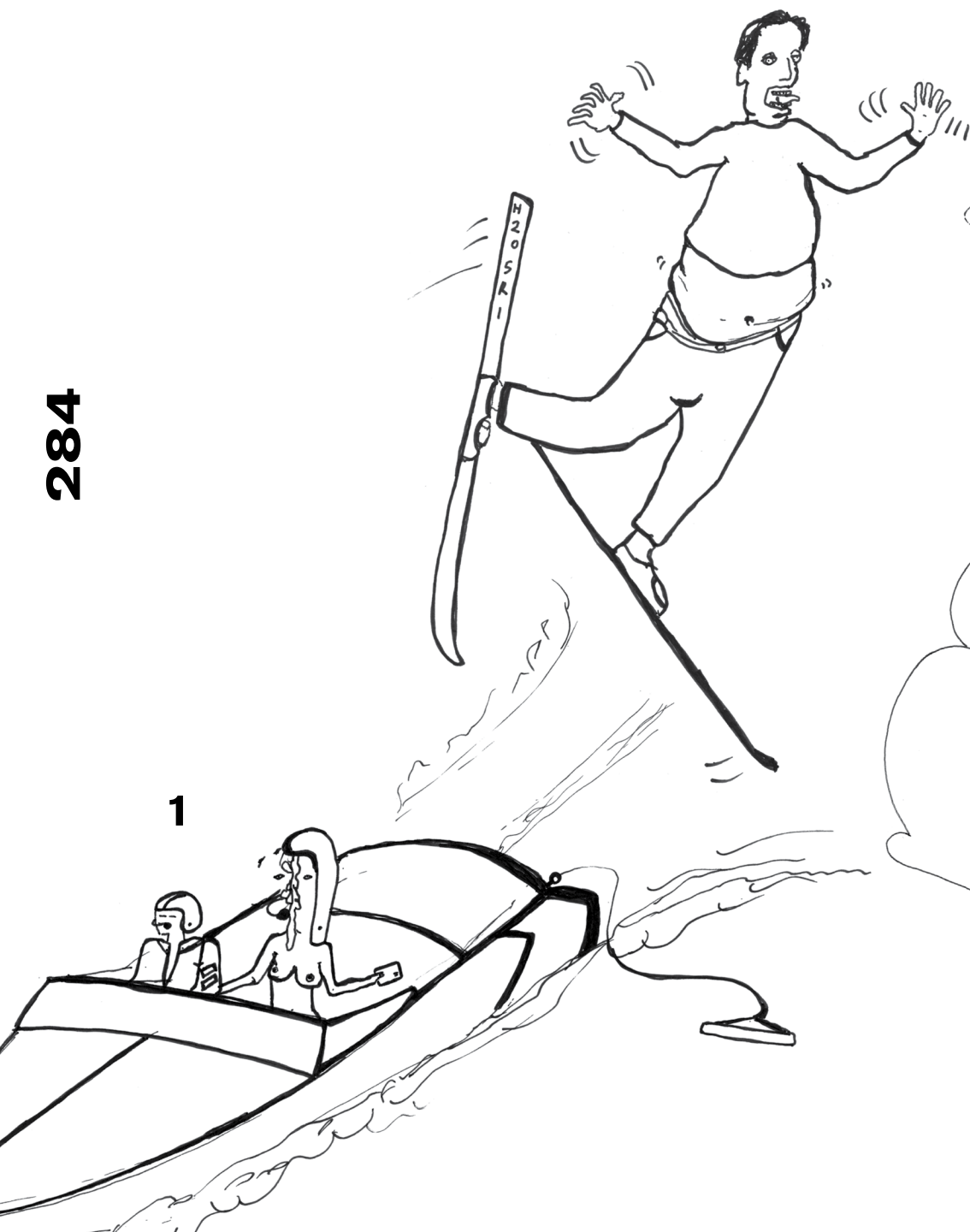
<a>  
>>>>>>Turn to page 475.



# Pussyface Ski Boat

1

This was the time that Pussyface was fucking someone who had no shot in hell. He was out of her league, he was a big shot big mouth Italian guy who was just a flat out dog of a man. She jerked off his friend Bobby Rotella on his speedboat when he was water skiing, she thought she could have a better life with him. She was right, he broke his wrist and shattered his patella that day she acted like nothing happened after the ambulance left.



# Rat Tart Krust Foods

2

They tried to make this work but the flavor was off. Too sweet. Strawberry was good. Banana was pretty good but the cherry and apple had so many complaints that doctors simply stopped eating them. Dr. Butch was the spokesperson who could sell just about anything. She was the next coming of Billy Mays and she just couldn't convince the panel that the rat meat fruit infusions were actually a viable source for nutrition.

If a single event has infinite interpretations, who's to say what's really "good" or "evil"? We exist not in black and white, but in fifty shades of grey.

Coke or Pepsi? Datacore or Datapod?  
Waking or Dreaming? Killuminati or  
Chilluminati? You Decide



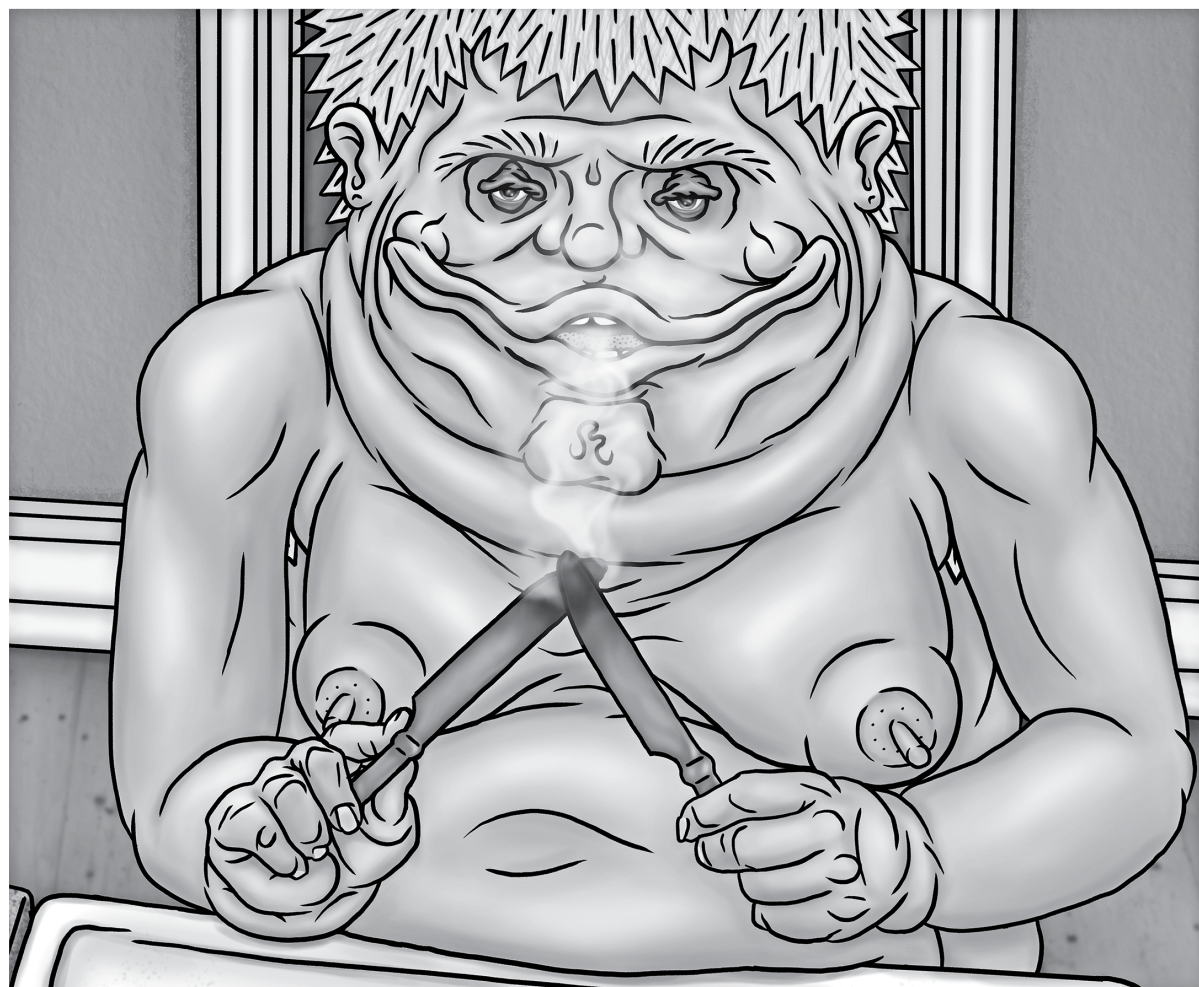
3

# Pussyface Piggish Move

Pussyface was dating this local guy Dan Traficante, he was a good guy softball coach single dad. But sure enough, Pussyface acting like a total pig goes behind his back and fucks Godsmack fan of the year and 311 fanboy Mike Haggarty. Yikes what a mess. She's just going to fuck him over too. and Mike is actually a good guy too.







286



287





## The Troops

The imposing intellect of the American soldier is matched only by his indefatigable rectitude. When you get a unit together, the amount of dedication and mind gathered in one place is a truly staggering thing to witness. What's greatest is that they're famously principled, believing deeply in the war and in their station in it. Retaining their individuality at all costs, and making conscious, calculated ethical decisions day-by-day, as is the reputation of America's great military. So inspiring is it to witness soldiers' evening pow-wows, when they might wax romantic over a stateside romance, or discuss art and the nature of consciousness, or play in-depth PC puzzle games until the wee hours. It's really something to know that the power of life and death is in the hands of such tremendous, responsible, thoughtful persons. God bless our philosopher kings, The Troops. So Sanchez, what are you gonna do after the war?"

"Haha my brotha, I am gonna get my DICK sucked in HEAVEN while driving a Lamborghini!"

"Haha yeah that's cool man"



but it seems rather peripheral at the moment. Besides," Space Jammer Julie got a full ride to UCONN. Her senior year of high school was a dream and all the BIG TEN schools were recruiting Julie Jefferson, as she eclipsed a national scoring record at Moon High Prep of 2000 Career points. Holy Cow we gotta get her for the 2095 season. Only problem.....Matt. She loved Matt with

all her heart he was a beast of a bowtie man. His little hands and crate of soft dicks were literally the bomb. He played soft accoustic jam band sort of songs on a vintage amp and talked about craftsmanship and valor. He was a really ace catch. But Space Jammer Julie Jefferson was no slouch herself, she scored 2000 points during basketball games and she was bossy,

so she could get things done pretty quickly, nevermind her wheels for feet that she installed herself by cutting her standard moon feet off at the age of 17. It was a big deal, these two were something to talk about. He's singing, she's a fucking athletic marvel.

Anyway they went on to UCONN he came with and went to nearby Sacred Heart University

and became a total loser, She met Warren Sapp on a cruise senior year of college and now she's in a comedy troupe in New York that does this hammy fucking like harlem globetrotters shit, she's kind of a fucking douche.



**YOUR TAXES  
ARE DUE.**

**YOUR TAXES  
ARE OVERDUE  
AND THE JUICE  
IS RUNNING.**

**YOUR TAXES  
ARE WAY  
OVER DUE, AND  
THE JUICE  
IS RUNNING.**

**AND THE  
JUSTICE IS  
RUNNING.**

**CHECK IN  
WITH THE IRS  
TO SEE IF YOU'RE  
STRAIGHT.**

**HAVE YOU  
PAID YOUR  
TAXES LATELY?**

**ENJOY PAYING  
FOR LAZY  
UNWASHED  
MASSES  
AND UNTOLD  
TOTAL WAR.**

**OBEY THE  
SIGN OR PAY  
THE FINE.**

**OBEY OR  
YOUR FIRST  
BORN DIES.**

**FUCK YOU.**

**YOU'RE A SLAVE.**

**YOU DESERVE  
TO BE A SLAVE.**

**BE AFRAID OF  
THE TAXMAN.**

**HOW MUCH DO  
YOU OWE,  
AND TO WHOM?**

**YOU CAN'T FIND**

**YOUR EMAILS?  
GOTO JAIL.**

**THE JUICE IS  
RUNNING, PLEB.**

**GO FUCK  
YOURSELF  
CITIZEN.**

**CITIZEN,  
YOU HAVE  
NO POWER  
OVER US.**

**GOVERNMENT  
FILLS YOUR  
SOUL.**



**Today I have decided to use my smart phone and various online accounts that I have cultivated to start a tech company with various high-profile investors... the more I watch Shark Tank and read Gizmodo, the more I become convinced that I can use self-help books and Chinese electro-gadgets to win the lottery and produce something revolutionary out of thin air with my pea-brain and my absolute lack of any sort of skill besides masturbating and filling my sugar plum head with fanciful distractions. It's mostly my fault but yes my parents and teachers did sell**

**me down the river. My backup plan is to get a girl pregnant...**

How many of your memories are really yours, and how many are neural implants? Your childhood, adolescence, the teenage years, was that really you pod-racing for your freedom? Think back farther. What do you remember from being an infant? Drawing a blank? Come with me.

Everything is interconnected, from the tallest of mankind's hyperstructures and skyscrapers, to the most insignificant speck of cyber-gel in a quantum-state data drive. Remove one piece of the puzzle and it all comes crashing down.

synthesized datacore reports PROVE with 83.32 accuracy that after only 20 minutes of sensory deprivation, the unmechanized mind begins to create hallucinations to fill the void in sensory patterns... who's to say we aren't actually just hallucinating this whole time? And if we are... would it really matter?

Mankind has a savage nature, repress it, for a while. But every now and again you may look in the mirror and discover, you've become savage

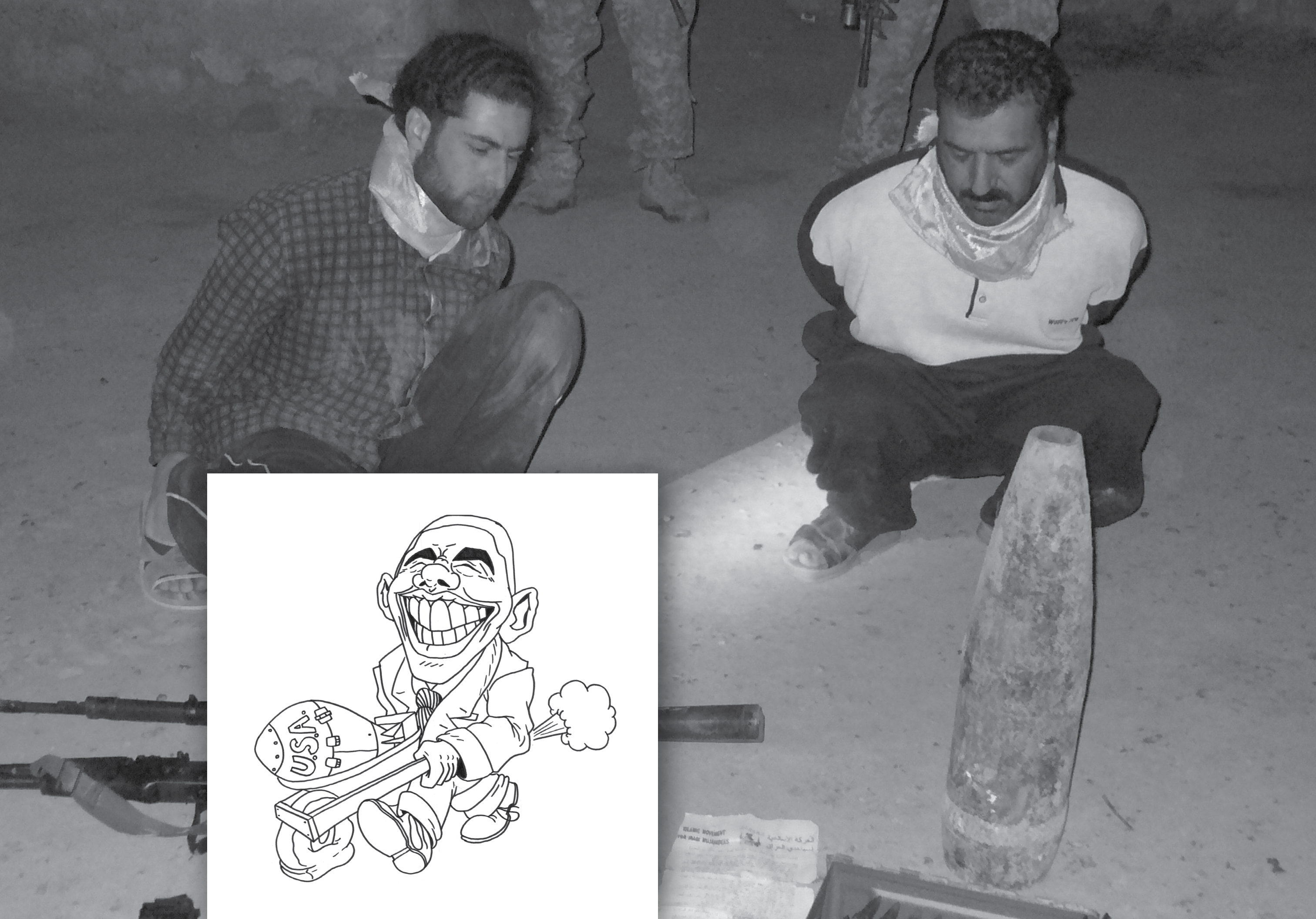
One giant cosmic house of cards. The only question is... will you go all in, or will you fold? Hold your breath and cross your fingers

**no matter what I know that I will be watching a lot of TV. Work smarter not harder, 4-hour work week, just gotta find the right scam to start reeling in the affiliate bucks. I hope nobody gives me what I deserve which is a bullet in my head. PEACE... Oh and here are some photographs of me starting my company, enjoy:**

















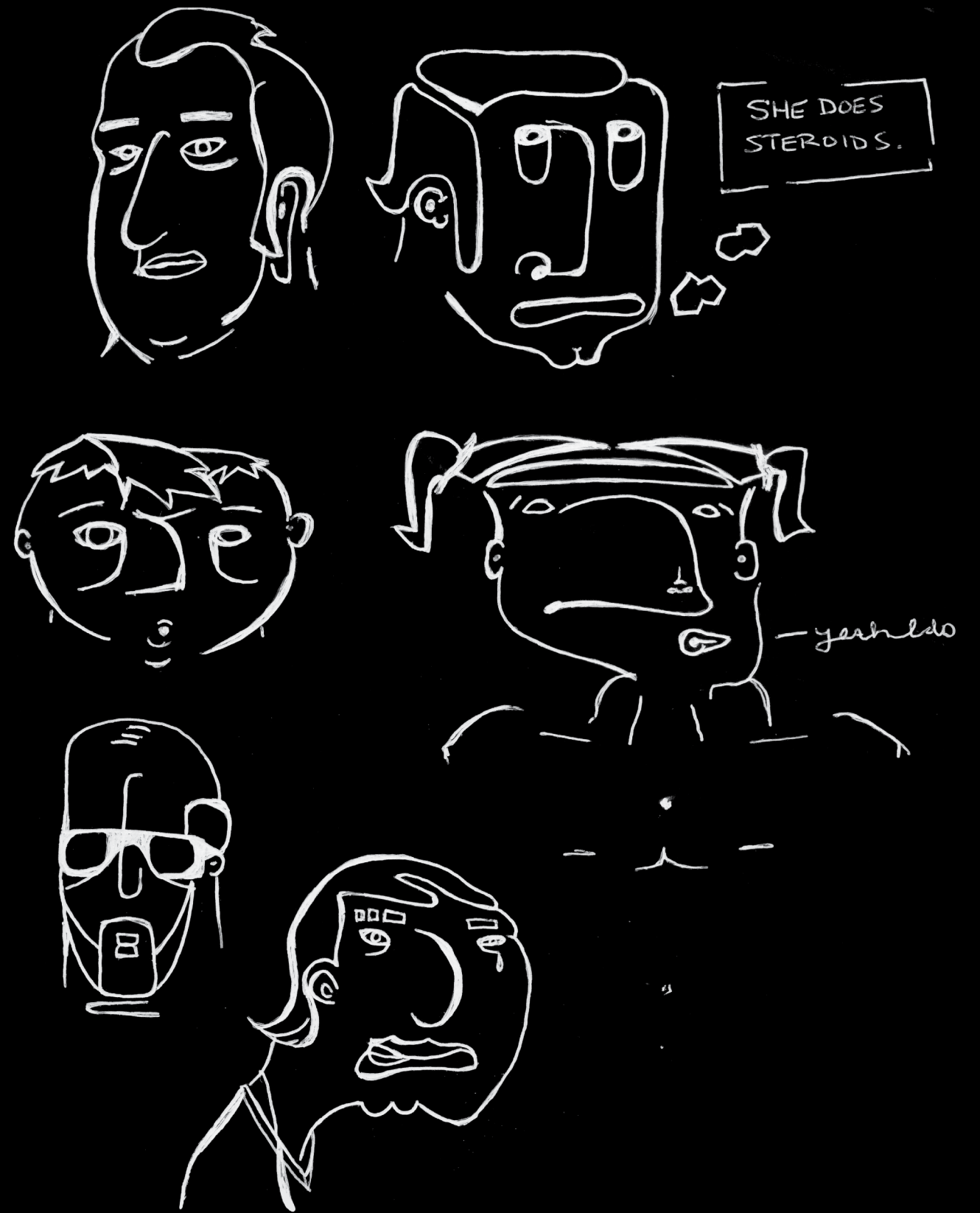
Another Day in Hell

Another day in hell, the last city on  
the block, at least as far as anyone can  
be sure. No one knows what I think about  
them, the city, the people, they've got  
these powerful machines that can  
destroy the world.



THIS IS YOU.





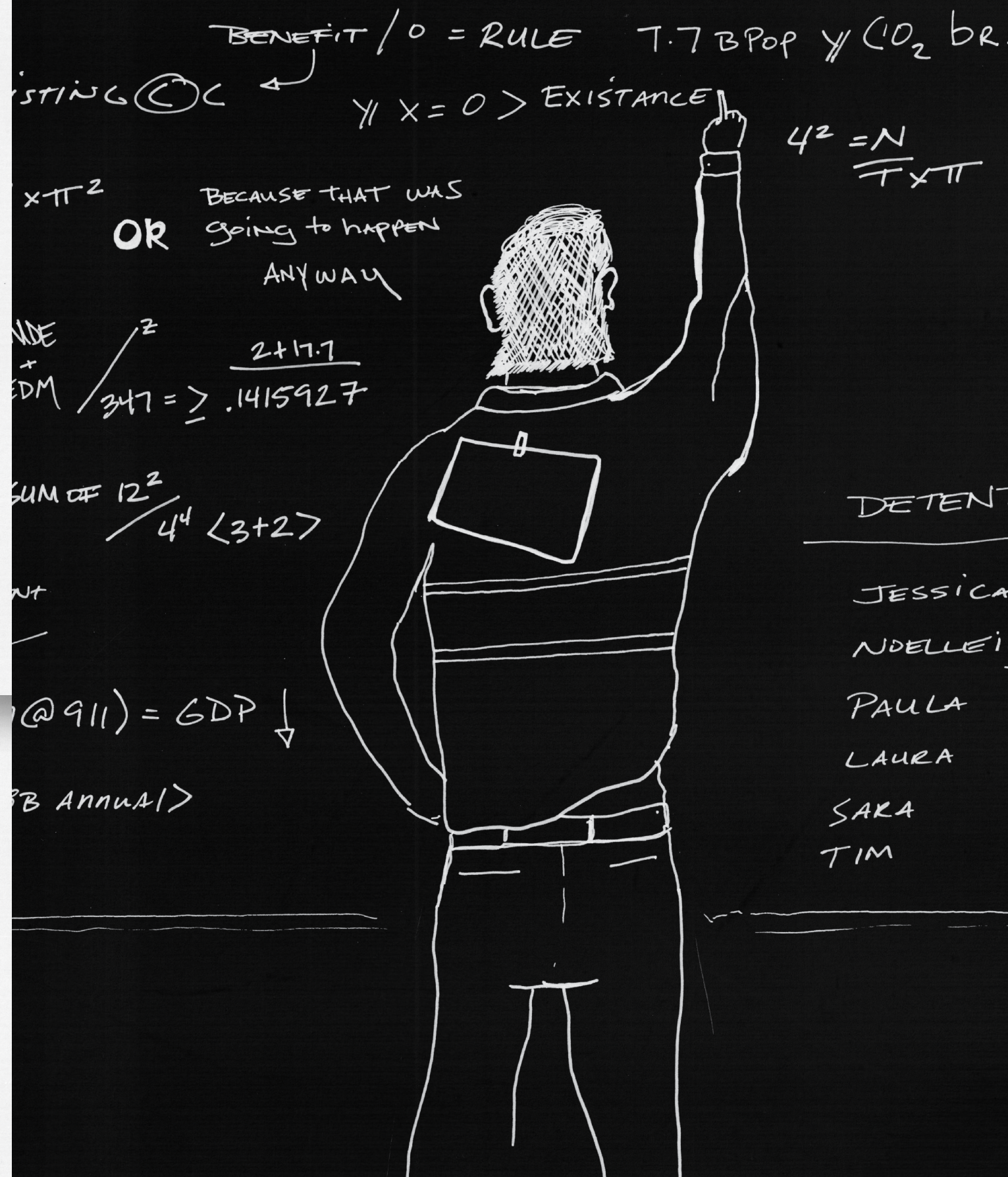


# Teacher Sign

Write your funniest  
sign and take a  
picture and mail it to



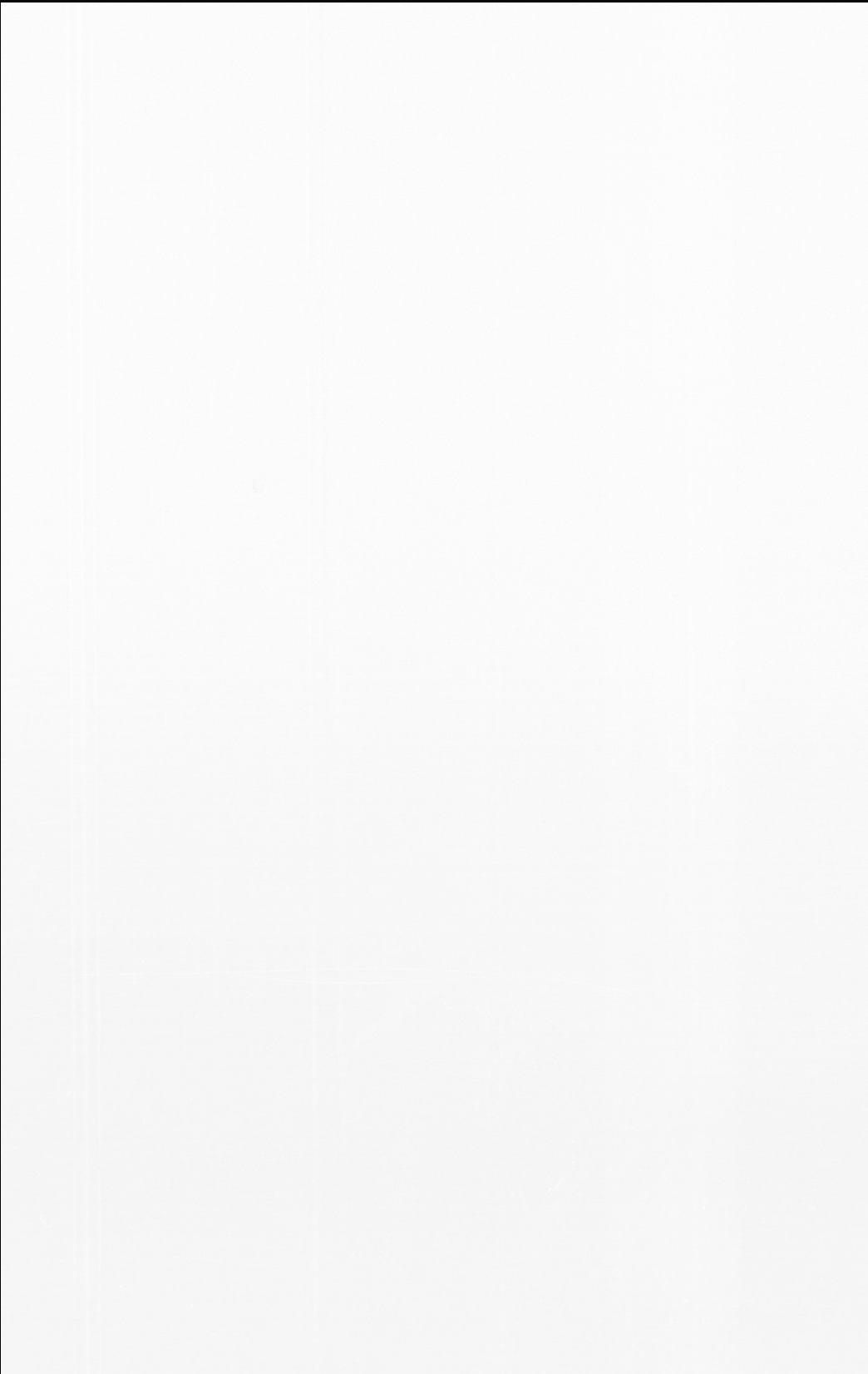
Winner gets a  
picture of my dad's  
red hard on.





Suicide girl bomb

Insert Charls story about what he is going to do to  
H. Weinstein's daughter if we don't get a movie deal







## 01 Supercop.

GOOD AND EVIL ARE JUST WORDS, KID.  
HOW'S IT FEEL TO KNOW THE TRUTH

Hal "Manowar" Szabo and his partner, Nick Finney, were making tracks, speeding towards Hebdo Plaza in their Ford Freeframe, the first hovercar, available only to law enforcement.

They crossed the fluxtrain unirail and did a turbulent 90 degree retropulse turn into the parking lot, disembark'd, and scrambled for cover behind the car.

*"That's them",* said Nick, pointing into the Freedom of Speech center, *"on the 24th floor."*

*"You stay here and wait for backup. I'm going in,"* said Hal.

Hal rose from behind the car and began sprinting, his nanoaug's activating, allowing him to carry his mammoth physique forwards at great speeds.

.80 cal bullets sprayed down from the skyscraper as he approached the building, flinging chunks of pavement into the air behind him.

He smashed the door open was greeted by a hail of bullets. He stood calmly and drew his black ceramic Desert Eagle Faggot Edition while murmuring, *"ragheads never could shoot."* After three deafening blasts, the terrorists fell to the ground and the room was silent. He vaulted the stainless steel desk and forced open an elevator door, climbed through the ceiling hatch, and began to shimmy his enormous girth up the cable.

DOESN'T MATTER HOW YOU POP IT...  
THEY CALL IT A COLLAR FOR A REASON.

As he threw open the doors to the 24th floor, he surveyed the brutality. Dead journalists as far as he could see, bloody satirical cartoons scattered everywhere, the corpses of beautiful interns hanging over low cubicle walls--everyone dead.

Then two terrorists jumped up from behind a cubicle, holding two Jewish Holocaust survivor children as human shields, and said, *"drop the gun or we shoot."*

Hal slowly lowered his big bad Deagle to the floor and put his hands in the air. His voice came out soft, but his game face was on:

*"Hang on, be reasonable--"* he said, putting the muzzie scum at ease. Then he did a huge kegel, triggering his back-up weapon, the DG-222, colloquially known as a schlongarm. Gunfire erupted from Hal's crotch, peppering the terrorists with bullets, as he simultaneous did some soccer player kick trick to whip the Deagle back into his hand. He put the bad guy's souls to rest.

The children, slightly wounded with double-tap chest/headshot wounds the size of drink coasters, smiled and hugged Hal, a paragon of liberty.





LIVE

## <sup>02</sup> Supercop.

When Hal searched the terrorist's dead bodies for clues/epic loot, he found several pills, labeled "MK-U," and an implant in both of their spines labeled "HAARP Receiver." Hal decided he enjoyed living enough to not mention this to anyone ever.

For saving the children, Hal was awarded a presidential commendation from Barack Obama 2, the first presidential clone. The first Obama had made the election of clones specifically legal during his world-record-beating presidency, and BO2 had been elected on a civil rights platform, with anyone who questioned his politics of socialized car ownership and global war made out to be a faxcimillophobe. Hal stood, upright and stark still, having the Presidential Eagle of Honor pinned to his breast. "*You've done your part for US hegemony,*" said the president. "*Your country thanks you.*" ---finish with 2 more pages of pure shit

LS TERRORIST MENACE. SAVES THE CHILDREN.

4:21

COP KILLS TERRORIST MENACE. SAVES THE CHILDREN

. OBAMMAS PRESIDENCY SAVED SPECIALIST SAY. GASOLINE PRICES GO DOWN IN CRITICAL CONDITION. OBAMMAS PRESIDENCY SAVED SPECIALIST SAY. GASOLINE



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Only messages and Easter eggs hidden  
throughout these pages.  
(OPPRESS THEM ALL)

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fighters, labor union leaders, tenured  
professors, Demokin and Republicrat  
talking heads, cronies, henchmen, col-  
lege kids, clown car drivers and rid-  
ers, drug users, moms & Mothers Against  
Drinks Driving, TV watchers, and all  
the other retards, useful idiots, lit-  
tle Eichmanns and all-around shitheads  
who are dragging this country down like  
the Titanic. Thank you, I guess, for  
giving us something to write about.  
(MAKE OVERWEIGHT WOMEN FEEL BAD ABOUT  
THEIR BODIES WITH SUBCONSCIOUS PRO-  
GRAMMING IN MAGAZINE ADS)

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237

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to cancer. Wear a pink shirt for c  
Shave your head because you're a g  
your relative has cancer. Wait, ar  
even getting chemo? You mean they'  
getting a mole removed? Shave your  
anyway, now you look uniquely hot  
talie Portman in V for Vendetta. A  
could have guessed that cancer wou  
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for breast cancer awareness.  
At the same time almost all cancer  
is directed towards chasing after  
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trillion every year towards resear  
a cancer cure. You ever see the Av  
ers movie and see how big S.H.I.E.  
With those huge warehouses and han  
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books. Unfortunately for him, the  
throw most of it away. A million  
million dollahs. And then Tommy Fr  
zah CEO Jeff Kindlah would go blow  
purple colored club in downtown, g  
at the next booth there'd be a tab  
each othah! Didn't save a cent of  
condo, and the back patio is still  
ago. We're behind the Target now,  
making his accent kick back in. T



# HOT QUIZ

**What percentage of the world's population is tranny and/or gay?**

**a)**

78%

**b)**

1%

**c)**

2%

**d)**

1%

Answer: a) The correct answer is c, 78% of the world's population is real gay and/or total transcendental sexual. So you better get used to accommodating transsexuals. You better get used to your kids heading into multisexual bath-rooms so they can choose what they are or at least have a helpful sexual teacher 'help' them choose, and maybe if they're lucky, get ogled by a normal, healthy, cool practitioner of sex.

# HOT QUIZ

**You see a white dude getting straight executed by cops, though he's got his hands up and clearly has no weapon, what do you do?**

**a)**

Pull out your gun and shoot the cops.

**b)**

Protest on TV like a retard with your hands up mouthing don't shoot.

**c)**

Ask yourself or anybody if any of the President's children come in contact with Third World Disease of which US citizens have little or no immunity to.

**d)**

Laugh and piss in the white man's ass.

Answer: c) You racist piece of shit. As you well know, some lives are more equal than others. How dare you even consider this a crime at all. White man are devils and should be executed for what they did 30,000 years ago to the evolving Africans on the continent. What they did was total slavery. As you well understand by now, it wasn't black clan chiefs selling their own brothers to slave traders, it was the Trader Joe that came in with high-grade chocolate and an expansive wine collection and forced all blacks at gunpoint to come aboard and work work row row row here we gooooooooooooooooooooo.





**The Children  
of Table 34,  
Oh The Children  
of Table 34,  
The Children  
of Table 34,**

**34 34 34 34 34  
34 34 34 34 34,**

**Set the table  
for dinner daddy,  
Come eat at the  
table of divinity  
daddy,Bill Condon  
& Liam Neeson  
come on down!**

**HOW'S IT FEEL TO REALLY  
WAKE UP FOR THE FIRST TIME?  
IT MIGHT BE NICE NOW, BUT  
WHEN YOU OPEN YOUR EYES  
AND SEE THE MONSTERS, YOU  
CAN'T EVER GO BACK TO SLEEP.**

Hi Bill Condon, the writer and director of a very good sexually-educational film Kinsey. The film starred Liam Aslan of Narnia is Muhammad Neeson, you know, the man that definitely should have been cast in Fallout 3, I won't argue that. Personally, I feel it's a good choice to allocate so much game budget on paying a Hollywood A-list-er for voiceover. That way, the rest of the game can be equally as fine. You should have listened to your son, Liam.

Nah Billy, you don't mind a little bit of sex-testing do you? Want your kids on the table, eh Bilbo? Little sex-testing on kids? No, you don't :). That's why I think we should have a study, on maybe your family? Maybe, put em on Table 34? Get your kids on the Table? Honorary inductees? Sex your kids up real gravy, get real world data on your children Bill. Sounds great doesn't it? Hmm, yeah it does. It's okay I'm a doctor I can help. All I gotta do is pay pedophiles to screw around with kids, no big deal right? Not your kids so who cares. You like Woody Allen movies.

I'm not so sure Liam Neeson wouldn't mind if we sex-tested his family a bit. Though he did portray Kinsey in a very fine manner, it should go to reason that Liam probably wouldn't mind. But again, I'm not sure. I actually doubt it. I don't see why though, since it's for the good of science, for the good of childkind's total sexuality, good for the goose.

And another thing Liam, no more guns for you in any of your movies! You shan't make bankroll on your shitass gun murder killing raping movies and then throw the manufacturer under the bus and do your best to ruin their sales and force activism of 2<sup>nd</sup> Amendment, you potato head mick piece of shit. There's a bullet for you too.



# It is now the future.

TWO THING SEPARATE THOSE WHO SUCCEED, FROM THOSE WHO FALL BY THE WAYSIDE. 1--YOU HAVE TO BE ABSOLUTELY RUTHLESS, DOWN TO THE BONE. TWO--RICH PARENTS. MY DAD'S RICH. I HAVE A RICH DAD. MY DAD'S A MID-LEVEL EXECUTIVE AT AN INSURANCE COMPANY THAT DOES BAD THINGS. MY DAD HAD THE LAW MADE SO THAT THERE WAS A GAG ORDER AND NO ONE COULD KNOW ABOUT HOW MY DAD DIDNT PAY FOR THESE FAULTY PRODUCTS... ONLY ME AND MY DAD'S FRIENDS KNOW BECAUSE MY DAD BRAGGED ABOUT IT. IT HAS BEEN REPORTED THAT SOME VICTIMS OF TORTURE, DURING THE ACT, WOULD RETREAT INTO A FANTASY WORLD FROM WHICH THEY COULD NOT WAKE UP.

IN THIS CATATONIC STATE, THE VICTIM LIVED IN A WORLD JUST LIKE THEIR NORMAL ONE, EXCEPT THEY WEREN'T BEING TORTURED. THE ONLY WAY THAT THEY REALIZED THEY NEEDED TO WAKE UP WAS A NOTE THEY FOUND IN THEIR FANTASY WORLD. IT WOULD TELL THEM ABOUT THEIR CONDITION, AND TELL THEM TO WAKE UP.

EVEN THEN, IT WOULD OFTEN TAKE MONTHS UNTIL THEY WERE READY TO DISCARD THEIR FANTASY WORLD AND PLEASE WAKE UP.

It is now The US Treasury and the future. The Franklin Mint are pleased to announce the \$911 bill. Tastefully decorated by Franklin Mint's own Shepard Fairey, the \$911 bill is adorned with propganda slogans from Cyber World War 1, such as: "Watch TV!" and "Eat Junk Watch Junk Buy Junk Be Junk" and "Our Prayers Are For The Families" and "We ARE the best, after all!" as well as holographic manga-style representations of past presidents and their anthropomorphized fur counterparts. Aside from it's intrinsic value as US legal tender, the \$911 bill is poised to become an instant collector's item and an investment for years to come. Or is it?

The SuperFBI has brainwashed hacktivists to close down all Tumblrs, because they seek to expose Cigarette Cash Truths that are simply 2Raw 4U. The \$911 bill isn't worth the holopape it's etched on, and savvy investment bankers and hedge fund managers are

getting out of the US dollaire and into the modern currencies that will shape tomorrow. So are you a cigger, or a trasher? Ciggers have a big following specifically in Pawtucket,RI, however there are whispers underground that the Koch brothers are pumping up Cig hype so that they can make a killing later on by unloading everything—a classic pump & dump scheme with cigsmokers and vapers left holding the bag. Trashers, on the other hand, have a firm foothold in Woonsocket, RI, headquartered down by the wastewater treatment facility. Politics might be at play here as well, and it has been pointed out that Woonsocket has so much trash that they could only stand to benefit from such an arrangement, despite their generous stockpile of Cigarettes. However, after long analysis with my CSNBC correspondent roundtable, the German High Chancellor, The Once-ler, and several Fortune 2000 CEOs including the CEO of Del Taco Holdings--several alternative currencies were



PETE'S OLD FASHIONED INVISIBLE CHAINS, 25% OFF ALL SHACKLES, CHAINS, INVISIBLE ZIP TIES, AND MORE. MENTION THIS COMMERCIAL FOR A FREE INVISIBLE BALL GAG.

proposed, including bum teeth, frozen dog dicks, petrified dog dicks, and frozen human dicks-  
-Cigarettes and Trash are the only two viable currencies for Rhode Island and America. Me personally? I've been stocking up on cigs AND trash. No matter which way the pendulum swings in the future, I will be hellrich... Rich enough to have my own private sex dungeon where I abuse alkie pieces of shit I find walking around at night.

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One bad thing about the future is that marijuana is #BANNED and #ILLEGAL because it is a mind expanding drug that allows you to see the true nature of things. When you

LOOK AT ALL THE SMILING FACES; THEY DON'T REALIZE THE TRUTH-  
-THAT THEY'RE ACTUALLY SLAVES. HOW DO YOU FOOL SOMEONE INTO BEING A SLAVE? EASY, JUST USE INVISIBLE CHAINS.

It is now smoke buds with a the future. certain type of purple and blue crystal, it activates your neuro-centers and specifically a part of the brain called the cranial eczema. It is be(lie)ved that this part of the brain, regularly dormant in humans, is an ancient secret. Most pre-human societies were telepathic, using this center of the brain to communicate on a cosmic level and tap into truths that we don't know. This is why they never developed technology--no need for computers or war when you're already living in utopia. However some humans mutated and without cranial eczema activation were forced to discovering spears and crude weapons which they used to wipe out the peaceful telepathic pre-humans. It is this center of the brain that we tap into when listening to dubstep or smoking herb. It enfeebles us to be peaceful and be in touch with the divine, which is why the governments of the world want to unite to stop it and keep the people living in darkness. Whatever that's just

WHO'S TO SAY A MIRROR IS REALLY A MIRROR, AND NOT A WINDOW? EVER TRY BREAKING ONE? YOU MIGHT NOT LIKE WHAT YOU SEE

a little bit of the stuff I know about and crazy shit I think about day to day. Follow me on twitter.

Anyway that's it I guess,

peace  
and  
fuck  
you.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIVING AWAKE AND DREAMING? WELL, HATE TO SAY, BUT IT'S JUST PERSONAL PREFERENCE. TOMATO TOMATO. DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE.



You head west, or what you think is west, but might in fact be north, figuring it's safer than the other way—who knows. You gotta get outta here.

It's all the same vast expanse of desert. It would almost be nice to look at if you weren't so pressed for time. You know all too well that you're close to running out of gas, and running out means radiation poisoning and probably a painful, drawn-out death.

The speeder continues to carry along at a decent clip. By your reckoning, the high-performance FEDGOV enjin probably makes the most efficient use of fuel higher up in the rev range, which in overdrive is about eight-five, but your nervous fixation

on not dying causes you to be a little overzealous on the gas and average maybe one-two-zero.

For two swatch this carries on: a delicate balancing act with the soda temperature and solar gas gauges on the one hand, and a giant cloud of radioactive dust trailing after the open-air buggy on the other. You start to think maybe you're seeing things, and in fact you actually are. Trash, junked speeders and three-wheelers, piles of rubbish and scrap metal—at first just scattered here or there, but now a minefield of debris for you to dodge. You'll have to drive very carefully, as it would only take one stray sharp object or biggish pothole to put your vehicle out of commission, and you in the doghouse.

<a>

You decide to double-down and take your chances driving through the debris field. If you concentrate and take it a little bit slower, you might make it through to the other side alive.

>>>>>>Turn to page 281.

<b>

You know one thing for sure: if you slow down now you're dead. Slaloming through sheet metal and chunks of concrete just isn't an option. You make a 90 degree course correction and head for open ground, keeping your speed up and staying safe.

>>>>>>Turn to page 329.

You walk through the junkyard entrance. The scene is like nothing you've ever seen before—sheet metal warehouses that look brand new, gleaming in the sun... fancy brick buildings, clean chain link fence everywhere, smooth healthy pavement. No humans in sight, just a few roboids buzzing here or there, carrying out light duty labor of some sort. Never in your life have you seen so many undamaged buildings. It dawns on you that this must be where the important people live. Perhaps this is where powerful warlords hoard their solar gas and canned food, behind the sparkling steel and cinder block walls.

To the west you see what looks like the unguarded entrance to one of the larger warehouses. Perhaps inside you could find some cans of food or

maybe a comfortable piece of cardboard to sleep on...

Up north, there are more lights and more roboids buzzing with activity. Squinting your eyes, you can even just about make out some people—yes, it looks like a gathering of some sort, probably a barbeque.

Maybe these kind souls could direct you to a hot meal and a warm bed! Your eyes glaze over as you imagine what it must be like to take a bath in hot soda. These people clearly have such resources and such nice warehouses, surely they will let you have a taste of luxury... Maybe they'll trade you for your rat carcass cloak that has served you so well these past few G-Shock, or for the can opener you keep on a string around your neck—those are the most valuable things you own.

<a>

You approach the party and trade your prized can opener for a steel residence and a brand new wardrobe, and your rat-carcass cloak for a new speeder and a small stockpile of food.

>>>>>>Turn to page 335.

<b>

You go for the unguarded entrance, hoping to find many valuables and dehydrated food stuffs.

>>>>>>Turn to page 333.

<c>

There's something not right about all this. The lifeless efficiency of these roboids flying around is unsettling... You don't know what's going on here but you have the vague sensation of trespassing. You turn back to the junkyard and try to glean what information you can from the safety of trash and shadows.

>>>>>>Turn to page 328.



You feel comfortable here, in the safe shade and cool breeze of the garbage troughs with their high canopy of iron girders and scrap tin. You may be a long way from home, but after a few swatch of scuttling along the ground on your stomach and using your nose to sniff out the best hiding spots, you know this junkyard like the back of your hand, and this new base should provide you with a good base of operations for your grand infiltration of Avalon, if that's what you choose to do next.

You collect aluminum cans well into the afternoon, pushing around an old rusted shopping cart like Cowardly Joel used to do back at The Lodge. Of course this activity serves no purpose (though it is possible you could use these cans to fashion some sort of helmet)—you mainly do it for the familiarity and comfort.

Collecting cans is an exercise that always helps you think. You've actually come up with some of your best ideas while collecting cans,

such as your coffee filter breathing mask, and the spring-loaded ventilation shaft traps you made for catching bandits and ventcrawlers back in the wild open days.

All throughout this, you can't seem to shake the feeling of being watched. You feel eyes burning through your back, but when you whip around—can opener poised to defend and counterattack--there's no one there.

A shadow moves, and it's real movement this time, not just your imagination. You spin full circle, and there, peering at you through the hole of a tire, is the junkyard groundskeeper.

He's a bit older, ruddy-faced with a red beard, red and white striped conductor's cap, and dingy brown coveralls. He is holding a magnificent junkyard foreman masterstaff, covered in beach glass jewels and bits of brass and other precious metals. He stares at you, clearly sizing you up.

<a>

There's something familiar about this man, something disarming. From the way he sized you up, you can tell he's old school, and has seen his share of scraps and deathfights, but he doesn't jump to needless aggression--he's a class act. The masterstaff seals the deal as far as your initial evaluation of the groundskeeper goes--they don't just hand those out to anyone, and the fact that he's got one means he can be trusted. You decide to approach the man and learn a little bit more about this place, maybe get a friendly helping hand.

>>>>>>Turn to page 331.

<b>

Something about the groundskeeper's eyes doesn't sit quite right with you. The vibes here have been wrong this whole time, graveyard vibes. When he sized you up, he was probably wondering how good you'd taste marinated in Crisco and rat juice. You don't have time to contemplate whose corpse he pilfered the junkyard masterstaff from, because you're already scrambling around, trying to find a safe refrigerator to hide in. You decide to find a cardboard box or other domicile, lay low until duskfall, then hightail it out of here.

>>>>>>Turn to page 332.

This is the end of the dustway. You stand at the edge of a sweeping cliff, looking out upon the basin of what must have been a sea at some point. It's very beautiful, with the wind kicking up red sand, and the cracked dry floor of some ancient ocean stretched out before you. What would this have looked like three-thousand G-Shock ago, when the world was literally covered in soda?

The radiation has already started to make your skin peel and your eyes hurt. You figure you've got another couple swatch at least before you die, time enough to enjoy the view and maybe rub one out. You can count yourself lucky, to die gently in this place, not surrounded by satoig and skinned alive by the freaks of humanity like most people. Not bad, not bad at all.

<The End>

THE  
END



The dustway doesn't look that bad. Probably just a buncha stories from cowards. Roddy wasn't a coward, you're not a coward.

Just in case, you wrap a rag around your mouth to filter out any potentially nasty particles. With a smile of satisfaction you start out towards the suburbs, confident that this easy, direct route will get the job done.

The FEDGOV speeder is a top-of-the-line model—the electrically assisted two-cylinder enjin keeps everything moving along at a nice clip. You're not in any danger of being consumed by your own dust cloud, and you have a decent amount of solar gas, or so you think.

After one-and-a-half halfswatch of flat-out haulin', the smooth red clay gives way to rockier terrain. It's still drivable but there are small craters and boulders scattered about. You can't just go full-throttle anymore, you've got to be a little bit careful with your driving line.

The fuel gauge indicates a little bit less than a quarter tank. You could've sworn it was a half-tank last time you looked. Off in the distance, you should be able to see some sign of habitation by now, but it's just desert in all directions. This is worrisome.

<a>  
This dustway adventure was foolish, but thankfully you've still got your bearings. You believe with a good deal of certainty that the highway is reachable from here, and if you turn around and head southwest, you should link up with the road just as you're about to run out of gas.

>>>>>Turn to page 66.

<b>

The horizon to the northwest looks flatter, though that may be some sort of illusion caused by the sun. Squinting hard, your best guess is that the ground there is indeed less obstructed, and would make

for easier passage. Your fingers brush over the wheel, barely touching it, and the speeder makes a smooth course correction.

>>>>>Turn to page 326.

<c>

The precious little gas you have left is less than you originally thought when you thought you were low on gas. Sarging on ahead here is probably suicide, but anything else is guaranteed suicide. You double-down and mash the petal to the floor.

>>>>>Turn to page 329.

<d>

This is silly, having a panic attack over which direction to drive in... The old timers and their tall tales, fuck the old timers and their tall tales. Fuck Roddy. You and Roddy had a trust pact, you counted on Roddy for everything. He showed you the ropes, brought you bits of food, taught you how to live and how to survive, gave you warmth. Roddy told you once that he'd never lie to you, and now his big talk about adventures that never happened and phantoms that live in the desert is gonna get you killed. Roddy was no better than Cowardly Joel. You resolve to face fear head-on, pulling the speeder over and setting out to find Avalon on foot.

>>>>>Turn to page 334.

## Another Day in Hell

"Hail to you, junkyard attendant, I am a peaceful traveler!"

You step forward from the shadows with a neighborly expression and a hearty wave for the red-bearded junk man, and by the grace of the stars you are met not with a killshotte to the head, but with a brotherly greeting of beneficence much the same as your own. There's a glimmer of recognition in his eyes, and you feel yourself as though you have met this person before.

"Well met, traveler. Welcome to my garden," he says, spreading his arms wide, indicating that he is the guardian of this entire sea of garbage.

You tell the man of your journey, and he is thoroughly amazed. According to him, not many outlanders have the brass to venture out this far, let alone the stuffing to survive the trip.

As it turns out, he was once himself a resi-

dent of Hell, until one day he made the mistake of encroaching upon Ratter territory during a routine scrap run. The mistake was an honest one, but it didn't matter, as he'd accidentally pissed on an elder's tail. A blood pact was made, and the junkyard attendant was forced to choose immediate exile or a gruesome death. He chose exile, obviously.

Inside his shipping container house, the two of you share tales of adventure, well into the late tip. You can't seem to shake the feeling of familiarity, and you can tell that your new friend is trying to pin something like that on you, too.

"Say kid, you ever hear talk of a man they called Pipe King?"

"Sure, as a matter of fact—"

Before you can finish, the greasy junkyard groundskeeper takes off his conductor's hat, revealing a head full of gelled and frosted tips—Roddy...

<a>

>>>>>Turn to page 276.



You manage to escape the murderous junkyard baron and find refuge in a big suitcase. It's a tight squeeze, but thanks to Roddy's training and your practice in the satoig pipes, you're able to put your head between your legs and get comfortable.

To pass the time, you play pain games with yourself, pinching one spot as hard as possible to see if you can take it, then moving on to another more tender spot. Pretty soon you are covered head to toe with purple welts, and so you move on to mental solitaire.

You use your mind's eye to picture playing cards of all different types. The numbers are meaningless and you have a hard time remembering what cards are supposed to look like, but nevertheless you are able to get a pretty good round of solitaire going. You jam with the groove, shifting these cards left and those cards right, using your imagination to summon up a symphony of cards, pinching yourself the all the while, and before you know it several swatch have passed. You figure it's safe to stick your head out for a looksee...

It's dusk and something is wrong outside. In your solitaire trance, you must've completely blocked out all outside noise, but now you can hear a warning buzzer of some sort ringing throughout the junkyard on loudspeaker. The dying sun casts a sickening, dim, irradiated orange color on everything it touches, and the air smells worse than satoig. Positioned at regular intervals in a grid formation are tall posts with flashing yellow safety lights on top.

You don't piece any of this together until it's too late. Off in the distance, you hear the familiar whirr of floating roboids, and just a moment later the first one comes into view. It's tracked a possum down and is extending a long silvery arm towards the rodent to administer a euthanizing killshotte—the roboids are patrolling the junkyard for biological matter!

You don't waste time watching the critter meet its doom. Instead, you whip around and frantically look for a place to hide. The suitcase won't do—the thin polyester won't keep their hi-tek scanners from doing their job. You need something metal and heavy, or a satoig pipe full of rich, creamy biogoo that you can meld with.

Your mind races... Shopping cart, dig a hole, rat cloak, in-a-barrel...

But it's too late. In the corner of your eye you see a spindly silver arm. You can feel its roboidic presence. It must have a malfunctioning voice module, because it's just repeating,

"...Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!..."

When you turn fully around to meet your destiny, the floating janitor of death is there to greet you with a .38 Special euthanizer, pointed right at your forehead. The white-gloved roboidic gripper pulls the trigger and killshottes you. The searing pain of the killshotte tearing through your brain is too much to bear, but it's over with quick enough. Falling to the dirt like a ragdoll, you summon your final words:

"Oh, shit!"

<The End>

THE  
END

You head towards the maroon door. It's the rolling steel shutter sort, about one-half by one-third quads, and is marked with big white alien script: WASTEWATER B-04.

As you get closer, you feel a pit in your stomach, which must just be hunger, hunger that will soon be remedied, as beyond this door there is a motherlode of fresh old canned and bag-sealed foods.

After your feast, you'll take one of the cartons of coolers off the shelves and light up a smoke... The owners won't mind—what's one carton out of thousands? Then in another section of the warehouse, there'll be coats and warm parkas of every sort and in every size, right by the boots. These the owners would want you to have as well—they wouldn't want to see you walking around in your ratty old dregs. Now, you've just got to crack that door somehow.

To the side of the door, there's a black metal post with a yellow access panel on the top, at about crotch level. Are you supposed to use your crotch to interface with this? It's flashing faster and faster as if on some sort of timer. Right as it flashes off for the last time, you suddenly find that you are paralyzed—

not in pain—simply unable to move, even a little bit.

The access panel flips open and a roboidic snake shoots out. It's braided steel with different attachments at the end, one of which is a laser-assisted camera. It's scanning your body up and down evidently for something you should have but don't... Once, twice, three times it makes thorough passes from your feet to your head before deciding with certainty that you are missing the required item. The camera attachment swivels away, replaced by a pliers attachment, which hovers towards your mouth.

Quickly and expertly, though without any anesthesia, the roboidic snake extracts all your teeth from your head, plinking them into a vacuum tube one by one. As this is happening, another metal snake shoots out from the panel, this time with only one attachment—a euthanizer, which it presses up against your temple.

Right as the last of your teeth is plucked out and deposited in the vacuum tube, the euthanizer fires its safepeace killshotte into your head and you fall to the ground. You are dead.

<The End>

THE  
END



You walk out into the dustway—probably not that bad, right?

After a quarterswatch you become aware of the air. It's probably not toxic, but it sure is stinging your nostrils—must just be drier than what you're used to.

You trudge through the sand for another few miniswatch, or maybe a swatch, you can't be sure. You're coughing up blood, and you've probably lost your bearings, you think. Can't be sure.

Laying face down in the dust, you decide that it's definitely time to head back, but it's too late.

<The End>

# THE END

You walk down the way towards the barbeque. The sound of laughter and good-natured ribbing grows louder, and the flicker of party lights grows brighter.

As you get closer, you realize the barbeque party is actually a road crew digging up a large section of the road. There is a big pipe under the ground, which looks to be a stinking satoig pipe, though it is large enough for a man to walk upright in. Must be a luxury model.

You then, to your extreme surprise and disappointment, see a lone FEDGOV Peace Meister surveying the scene and standing guard. If the ruthless FEDGOV are here, then it can't be any sort of heaven or paradise. It can only be more hell. You crawl under a parked car for a few miniswatch and swallow this reality.

It's fortunate you concealed yourself when you did, for just a moment later, a cadre of white and black FEDGOV roboids zip past. Three of them, equipped with sophisticated scanners and deadly

.38 caliber euthanizers. You'd better be gone when they make their return pass.

<a>

Thanks to Roddy's training you know quite a bit about role playing, pretending, subterfuge—things like that. It's no challenge for you to take on the appearance of one of the road crew men and join them, playing along and pantomiming just one of the guys until they clear out and it's safe to proceed. Good call.

>>>>>>Turn to page 336.

<b>

There's no reason to suspect that the road crew are themselves loyal to FEDGOV. Perhaps they're even under duress. Based on the hunch that the road crew won't intervene, you figure you could easily overpower the Peace Meister, kill him,

and make a clean getaway.

>>>>>>Turn to page 337.

<c>

Once you're in the satoig pipe, there's no chance of anyone ever finding you. For G-Shocks you ate, breathed, lived satoig, hiding in those pipes from raiders and from the vicious Blowbang Gang. You are a master of smearing yourself with satoig disguise and even sticking it in your nostrils—on many occasions, pipecrawlers would just blow right past you, so thoroughly convinced by your camouflage. If you play this any other way, you'll probably meet your end at that Peace Meister's riffle butt, but if you take a running dive for that pipe, you'll be gold—golden pipes. You just flat-out sprint for the pipe, and pray they're not quick enough to catch you.

>>>>>>Turn to page 398.

<d>

There's nothing wrong with your current hiding place, it's just a tad uncomfortable. The best course of action here is also the one you're most familiar with: the waiting game. The road crew should be done soon enough, and when they're all packed up and gone, that's when you'll make your move for the pipe.

>>>>>>Turn to page 399.



You wait for the Peace Meister to look the other way before hustling over to the crew and picking up a shovel.

You try your best to look nonchalant but also busy. Relaxed but industrious. Sauntering back and forth between heavy things then lifting them up. This was a bad idea.

The road crew members are in good health, stocky figures, clearly well-fed, in bright orange jumpsuits. You are tall, craned over, emaciated, with a full beard, wearing a cloak of sewn-together rat skins. The Peace Meister only needs one glance to realize something is out of place.

"Hey you! Who are you and where are you supposed to be? Ah, fuck it—" he pumps his gun quick and blows away the worker standing next to you.

They all hit the deck, and you follow suit. You roll left, then right, trying to roll your way out of the situation, but soon the Peace Meister is standing over you, killing you execution-style.

<The End>

THE  
END

You hide in the shadows and stalk your prey, just like you did so many times before in the city. You know your Peace Meisters well, as studying their habits and their sickening ways was a matter of survival.

One could count on a Peace Meister for a few things. They were control freaks, typically short in stature, always low on IQ. They were brazenly and wickedly criminal—the FEDGOV recruiting process made sure of this, terminating any applicant who was not ruthless or cowardly enough. For some reason, they always had very small, under-developed genitals, like those of an infant or small child. And most importantly, they were habitual chain-smokers, lighting up at every possible juncture.

As predicted, the Peace Meister lights up. Hi-Nic juicers, a little bit stronger than the coolers and with pomegranate-boysenberry flavor infusion—you know the brand as you smoke them yourself from time to time. The Peace Meister slings his riffle over his back and awkwardly fumbles with the safety packaging of a new pack. Looks like the safety packaging isn't so safe, because now's your time to strike.

You run and go for a tackle. Classic, clean. He sees you coming through the corner of his eye, but just as he turns to react, you throw a handful of dirt and pebbles right into his face, an old-school nasty-play that buys you the extra peep you need to close the distance and jump on his back like a bad habit.

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>>>>>>Turn to page 400.



THE LESBIANS



## THE LESBIANS

Birthday naked from the thighs up, long leather sex-boots wore she. In her left hand she held a silenced Walther PPK, red. Her right held a whip of such steel chain in immaculate holy killing condition. She was good in all except she had no face. She thought she had a face. Hell, she thought she had a voice. Maybe she did have a voice once, but only a voice to scream. Still no face. Is this really who I think it is?

— *I know you. Brisco yelled. Wait!*

The smoke begins to clear and now it's someone else and she's got a face and a voice. It was your smoke you fucking bum, your superego, your braindeath that blinded. Behold, her magnetic purebeauty, total goodness, and perfect darkradiance. Chundoan stumbled to one knee on his way down down. He glanced up one last time before he said goodbye to her and this horrific realm. She wasn't even looking.

— *I...*

The bullshit never, never ended. Chunny knew this, goddamn knew it well as anyone'd ever want to. Hell, in the state of mind he was in at the moment, he may as well have been a minotaur. He had his willpower still, but his knowing had eluded him. This hadn't ever happened before...everything was nothing now. As it would be forever, he finally understood. It was now time to wake up for real.

More smoke. Brisc's mate, was once standing there but then with a what the fuck mouthed from his lips, hands seemingly floating without a body grabbed his sidearm and before he could utter a horror shriek there was a bullet deep in his heart. His mouth was spattered with deep dark black blood, so dark it didn't look like it was happening. The look in his eyes told another story, this one of complete believing. He fell.

— *There's too much blood Brisco, too much.*



There was too much blood, Brisco had't seen that much outside of total war. This was a war zone now that this man was dead. But the double death wasn't finished. For on the way down to his knees, Sammy Selfsame took another big bullet from the hand's trigger right under the chin, an ultimate classic brain attack. A make sure. It's sure alright.

— *This is on your hands, Brisco spat to the sky. He drew out a long deep grunt. Now I'm gonna kill ya.*

He walked and walked. He knew the way home, it was just the long way he was hellbent on taking now. The hard way. It's gonna be the hard way from now on.

— *This bud's for you.*

Chundoan awoke. He needed no alarm to release him from his lucid dread. Names forgotten, faceless, riddled with holes, lives blown up with so much bomb. Terror came in ample supply. Christ-killer so much horror it made them run and it made them pay. I ain't goin' anywhere and I'm comin' for you.

— *Today's Tuesday. Time for killin', Brisco said as he walked through the door of his fine office. It was a glorious day at the office. His secretary BoomBettyByeBye, knew by these spoken words that pure action was in store. The wall adjacent was a fold up bed in the up position.*

— *Goddamn Brisco, you hot on a lead? BoomBettyBye asked cheerfully and erotically.*

— *Good morning Betty, why yes I... he stopped short, what's this? BoomBetty interrupted by gently undoing her blouse. Her full breasts began to stare needingly at Chunny. He began loosening his tie because he was heated.*

— *Listen Betty, I like you, I really do but I'm not about to ruin a perfectly good working relationship with the best workin' girl in the fuckin' city. I'm gonna need you to type out a requisition for some grand judge bigwig pigwig. I'm gonna need a grant to execute for \$250,000. I'm not kidding.*

As Brisco spoke on, It was still very plain that for BoomBetty, no meant yes. BetsyBoom never broke her eyes away from Done's. It was as though she could detect & measure his pulse quickening by tiny increments as his Testosterone could be suppressed by femiplastic BPA runoff no longer. Slowly her hands began to make their way down her skirt that ended just below her sex organ.

— *Okay okay, call Delores up, we'll get a quick threeway in before breakfast. On that, Chundoan began to violently shake his hands and pace back and forth to make sure he was getting into character. Hmm, what's this? Footsteps, outside, two guys, one touching the newspaper laid out to alert for visitors. Betty, Brisco continued, make that a call to the morgue.*

There was a knock at the door and a hammer click that was replied to by a gunshot blast one hole through the door shot from the hip on floating feet, Chundoan's. On the other end of the door, there sounded a thump so loud it was incredible. Then nothing more. But there was. Gurgling from a useless broken stomach gave its coil away to Brisco's audiophile ears.

— *Come in, soup. Said Brisco.*

What entered was clearly insane. A man stood no shorter than seven feet, a dark complexion, almost black but still white. Black hair in a bob for the nice heart shaped face and a black beard with bristles growing straight out. All of this was accented by a safety green TNT stick that had been belt tricked in his pants, as yet unactivated.

— *Who are you, what do you want? Brisco enquired.*

The man that had walked in could only moan in return.



— *Very nice, Brisco giggled. Don't you know newspaper means no shitheads allowed? Who's that out there? Johnny John?*

More moan escaped the man's mouth as his straight whiskered beard grew another inch from the tension in his crumpling face.

— *Johnny No Longer. Make a move and you're up next, Soup. Brisco warned.*

Mystery Man Soup began to walk backwards with fingers designing on the fuse on his stick bomb with a book of thick cigar shop matches. His eyes shifted violently between Chun's and the bright green stick.

— *I said don't do it, Soup. I don't want to blaze ya.*

Soup stood there looking crazy as ever. The man looked down and was surprised to notice one of his shoes had fallen off. He wondered if there was closed circuit footage TV of him wandering around a parking garage looking for answers to a question that smoked out of his ears while everyday an answer eluded him. The man spoke.

— *Brisco, you know that guy you waxed last week? Shine Po didn't like it...*

— *What's your name then, huh Soup? Brisco interrupted. So I know what to piss onto your grave.*

The next 4 shots were between Soup's eyes. His top hat volcano blew several feet away in all directions. But he still had a cringing mouth and his teeth were thrown out of whack and soft as clay.

— *My name's Beans. I'm dead.*

— *Yes sir mister Cunnyman. Brisco chanted.*

Chundoan turned to his secretary who had smoked a cigarette through

the entire exchange.

— *Ok Chundoan I'll shoot him down to the morgue and file a report. BoomBettyByeBye said. And I'll call Deloris.*

— *Alright, Bet. Make it real sweet. I'm going to Nick's. I need help with this next gig, I feel there's a lot of justice in it. Think I'm gonna take care of Po once and for all.*

Brisco headed out to go find his good friend, Nick 100%. Nick ran a bomb making shop on the lower east side. All he could think of was making bombs, he was that kind of guy. He could also drive like a motherbitch. He'll get me what I need, Brisco thought.

— *Nick'll have this thing dicked.*

Brisco pulled up to Nick's fresh pad lying quietly in wait on Wood and Diamond. He laid on the horn for a solid 5 and stepped out of the car cocking his good gun up nice & tight. He pulled it up to his chest and pressed it there forever. He knew there was a chance this could be a bad scene. Nick Hayden had been in bad scenes before but that was on the front, on the streets. These missions were never control jobs, they were strictly demolition. Demolition and driving, Chundoan's and Nick's specialties, respectively. And so they rode on, demolion, into the soon flaming day.

— *Real cute, Nick said as he shifted the fortified Camaro stick into 10th. Smells like pigs today.*

— *Go faster, Brisco replied.*

— *This'll be a fast job Brisco, but there could be a few wasted hacks. Lot of dopes in there today, I checked it out this morning. Fighters cashing fat pension checks for lining coke and starting fires.*

— *Leave the electrocution to me, Nick. You got the wheels here*



*and I got the bombs, if we need them ... and we will need them. Tossing the good measure is always best to take even if it's going clean. Brisco lit a smokey cigarette and holed it in one third down and counting. Yeah.*

There was a ruckus blowing out of Smitty's house as Nick put the tank to park. Smit's wife was nagging at him again for unknown and most definitely unreal reasons.

*— Jesus Christ, Brisco said. Here we go again. Keep the car running Nick, if you would.*

Briscoan popped out of the car and jogged up to Smit's door, where he and his wife were exchanging words.

*— Hey there. Brisco said to Smit's wife.*

He launched out his best strongarm and formally pushed Smit's wife back in the house. He shut the door, and locked it.

*— Smitty, let's go.*

*— I don't know Brisco, it's just that ... Smitty trailed off with a heavy sigh.*

*— Listen, Chundoan said, Nick's out right there with the car all warmed up. We're all set. It's all set. Set it off. Brisco snapped his fingers in Smitty's face. Listen, do you hear me? Chundoan manhandled Smitty's collar close. Come in 10 minutes. Shoot anything that bats when you get in. Jesus Christ Smitty, do you hear me?*

*— Yes Brisco, uh sorry, he muttered back. I've got a lot on my mind right now ... my wife ...*

*— Fuck your wife in the mouth Smitty, fuck her in the ass. Get*

*that harpy out of your head. It's almost rollin' time and you know what that means..he emphasized the last words. She's only spinning her shit at you right now 'cause you're in the middle of something important. You can deal with her later. Now it's time to go. They both ran to the car and got in the back.*

*— But Chundoan, Smitty continued.*

*— Shut up! Chundoan slapped Smitty on the mouth. That's for her. Look Smitty, I'm sorry. But what the heck? Smitty, what the fuck? Why am I even talking about her? Goddamn Smitty, when are you gonna learn to dance the light step swinger? Does this dame at this distance gotta make a monkey out of me, having to straighten you out? This berater? You know there's nothing worse in this world than a berater. I'll monkey her Smitty. I swear to God, I'll monkey'er. They continued on.*

Fall River big bank stood giant tall and monster green, towering over the unwashed no mind plebs, a monster stuffy piggy effigy and always shimmering like a spell was gently cast on it. Most of the pigs choked on big Texas toast rubies from the whole shitty world. Others got blown up in their houses of iron paper. Brisco wasn't no pig. No pig, alright, no how, no sir.

*— Die, pig, die. Brisco muttered to himself through clenched teeth. Thereafter, his whistling sounded in his hatred's stead.*

Take a fine walk Brisco, but mind the line of microaggression. Mind your manners or be thrown into an oven shuckjived to pieces. Stuffed to a suitcase, death accidental. No one cares about the dead.

*— Okay mon. Chundoan said aloud as he remembered his need to withdraw a bit of hard cash to keep his bankroll smooth and fast, well oiled and right. Easy fingers flipping bills, filling in electron holes.*



Brisco walked into the bank on a B line rail straight to teller prime, whistling a cigarette full blaze, both hands up to his head, one on his smoke, the other wrapped around his jaw fixing an Anonymous mask on his face.

Teller Prime nametagged Julie Jugs sat in one of the teller things.

— *Im gonna need a little help. Know what I'm saying?*

Chundoan turned and cased a bit. Julie Jugs, he thought to himself, looks like she's gonna be a hassle.

Julie's fine appearance was now soured by an ultraman wearing a mask in her face. Chundoan slid her a note and blew smoke into her eyes.

— *Don't be a bitch. Just fill the order and don't be a bitch.*

*\$47,000,000 USD said the note.*

— *This is Bear Stearns. Do you know who you're fucking with, Mister...?*

— *Call me Mister Pistol. At this, he rang her clock with a ripping gun backhand that sent her into an alien world of only obedience. He continued.*

— *I'll keep your head ringin' for a thousand years if you don't slide cash. She groaned and complied.*

The New Julie Ruins slides out a shank. Chundoan sees it, but can't believe it. Keep it cool, he thinks. She shimmies it into Chun's side but it doesn't work. He's got a vest on.

— *You remind me of this pretty dame I once knew. Brisco continued his thought aloud, and delivered a career-ending pistol whip straight between her eyes.*

— *I got this gun from a videogame. Brisco jokes serious.*

Teller Prime dazes out and in between, looking down at the paper with belief in nothing. Though she sat in relative silence, her pain reverberated loudly. Her looks now, indistinguishable from a hag's.

— *You shouldn't have done that Jugs. Brisco apologized on her behalf.*

— *Okay Mr. Banks, here you go sir. She speaks through a torrent of thin fluid and mucous. She slides a giant bag of cash towards Brisco. He smiles through 3 smokes.*

— *Aight, bet. Chundoan said by way of confirming his pleasure.*

— *I'm gonna puke. Jules says as she slides down to the ground.*

— *She's gonna puke! Brisco roars to all around. Nobody pays much attention and he is pleased.*

Chundoan places gently his hand on Julie's shoulder.

— *It's okay Jugs, you'll be set once this is over. Take me to Po's office. Jugs complied and led him away by the hand.*

Brisco turned back to Smitty.

— *Smitty, shoot anything. Don't fall asleep. And your wife is dead, at least for today. He pulled out a bag of good sizzle bombs from his jacket. Here, set these off at the door and hell, set em everywhere in 5 minutes then swing in through Po's office to see how things are going, I'll be waiting at the back. If I'm not there, hit up Nick, ride into the sun, if you know what I mean. Get everyone outta here now.*

— *Aye aye Chundoan. Smitty confirmed. But he stammered on, something wild. But If I...*



Brisco squeezed Jugs's fingers gently to initiate the next stage of the plan.

As they walked to the back, Chun could hear Smitty herding the fools out of the bank. The ones that screamed got clock, the ones that ran got shot.

— *See Julie? I knew Smitty would come through. When is Po getting back? She didn't answer. You're not talking to me now? He let it go at that.*

This hallway lasted for a quarter mile. So many doors all gently opened for hello bombs rolling and spinning and sizzling and fragging.

— *Which is which Julie?*

— *It's further down.*

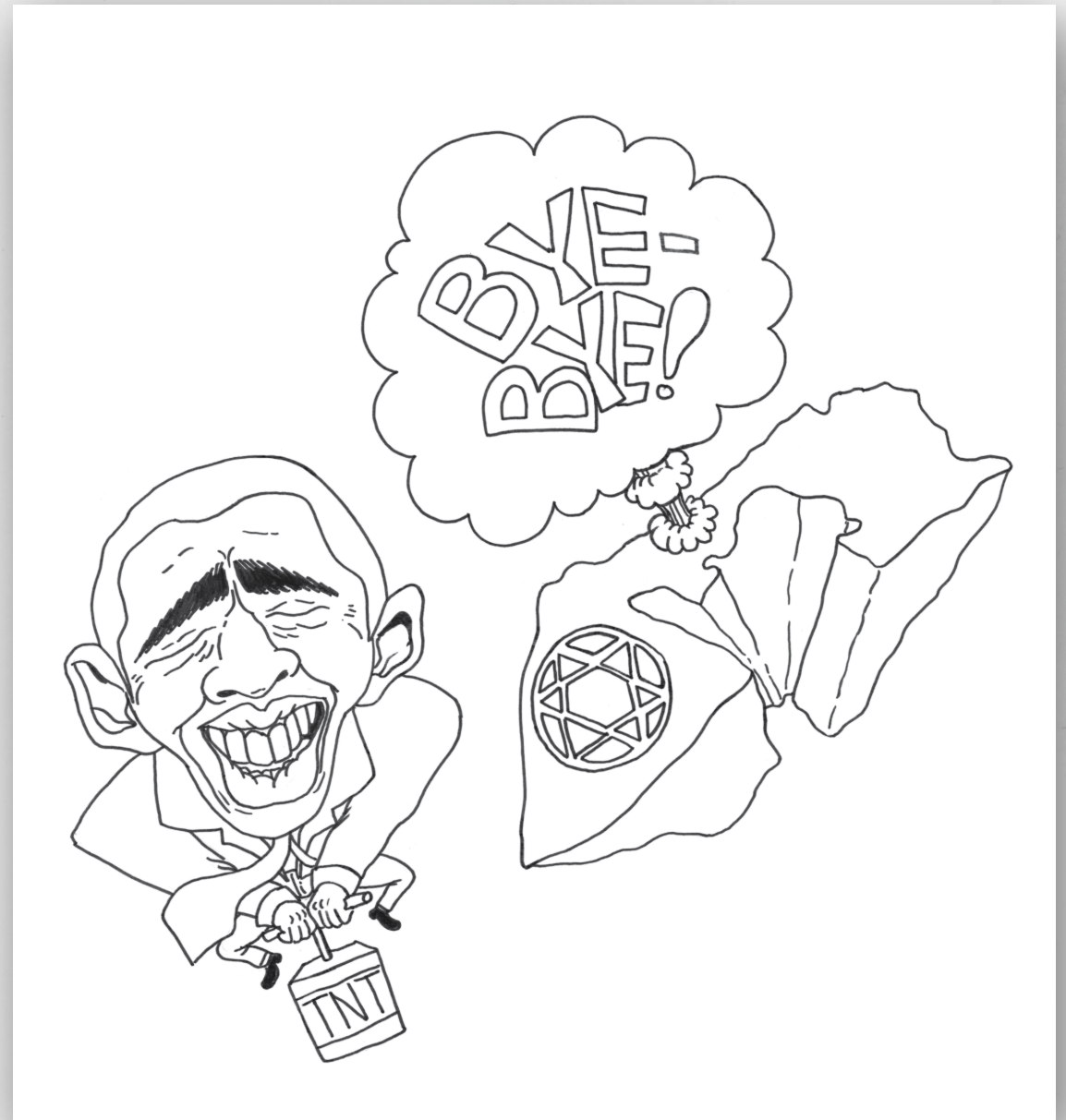
— *I hope you're not taking me for a ride Julie. I can only assume you know I'm down for anything.*

They come to a gate at the end of the tunnel.

— *This is it. Julie says and Brisco releases her from the half nelson.*

— *Aight Janus, thanks, Brisco says to the sky. Julie, you go in first. She opens the door. Brisco lights several sizzlers, seven in each hand.*

Onward they float through the doorway in to a new world where only justice could prevail.





## Native American Take Over

You could hear them yelling from the tops of the casino hotel room windows. The real NATO mother FUCEER! The third and fourth generation of the native american royalty that modernized in the late twentieth century. The small select few chosen members, the ones that had the opportunity to make the most money because they played ball with the right people and kept their eyes on the prize. Well, after generations pass breeding in these entitled little shit boxes, buying Hummers and shit over the phone with Casino money on an untaxed reservation in eastern Conneticut, that type of shit. Well a small amount of ragamuffin little shits started a gang on with one of the richer kids from the park. They started pulling all times of stunts, crashing cars, doing drugs with boxers, fucking prostitutes on peyote rages. These were not warriors. These guys were like Cherokee Guidos. Club dudes who did too much shit up their nose. Come fighting time after calling for action they had no idea what to do with anything. Look at this kid, he looks nothing like his grandfather. Up against private first class, Amanda Anderson.

**SOME DAY YOU'LL FINALLY REALIZE  
YOU WERE DRIFTING ALONG AS IF IT  
WERE A DREAM... WELL GUESS WHAT,  
REALITY'S HERE TO KICK DOWN THE  
DOOR, SO RISE AND SHINE KIDDO**

**SOMETIMES THE TRUTH HURTS. SOMETIMES THE TRUTH DOESN'T PLAY BY THE RULES. SOMETIMES THE TRUTH DOESN'T STOP WHEN YOU SAY THE SAFE WORD. THE TRUTH'S A DOMME. I'M A SUB. AN ABDL SUB.**

**TRUTH IS, AFTER SEVERAL YEARS OF NIRVANA, MEDITATION, YOGA, AND MAYBE EVEN A LITTLE BLAZING, I HAVE BOOSTED MY WISDOM BY ROUGHLY 50 IQ POINTS. GIVE OR TAKE.**





# TRANS Hot Dogs

OH SHIT THAT'S DEEP... IFUCKED UP THIS WAS  
A MISTAKE HOW COULD I DO THIS I HAVE A FAMILY.

LATIN ONES  
OLD BASEBALL COACH WHYTE GUY  
SMOOTH BOOK

INSERT HOT  
TRANSEXUAL  
PICTURE HERE  
TO SELL MORE  
HOT DOGS.

## Trans Hot Dogs Krast Foods

Another winner here. When smooth twink went the way of bellbottoms in walks hot hung ladyboi. Eating them up were the football fans trapped in the small raised ranch with a chunky wife? Fuck a hot dope girl dude with a smooth prick right up your buns. Everybody was in and this was a winner. Kids ate them and people got a little weirded out and thought that it might have been a slight miscalculation on psychological

effect down the road when they sexualized hot dogs for kids. Oh well, what's done is done said the public officials.



# **Wilton High School**

**Most Athletic  
Edward Priccolo**

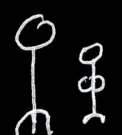
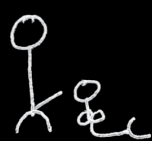
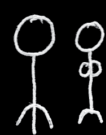
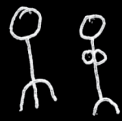
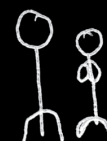
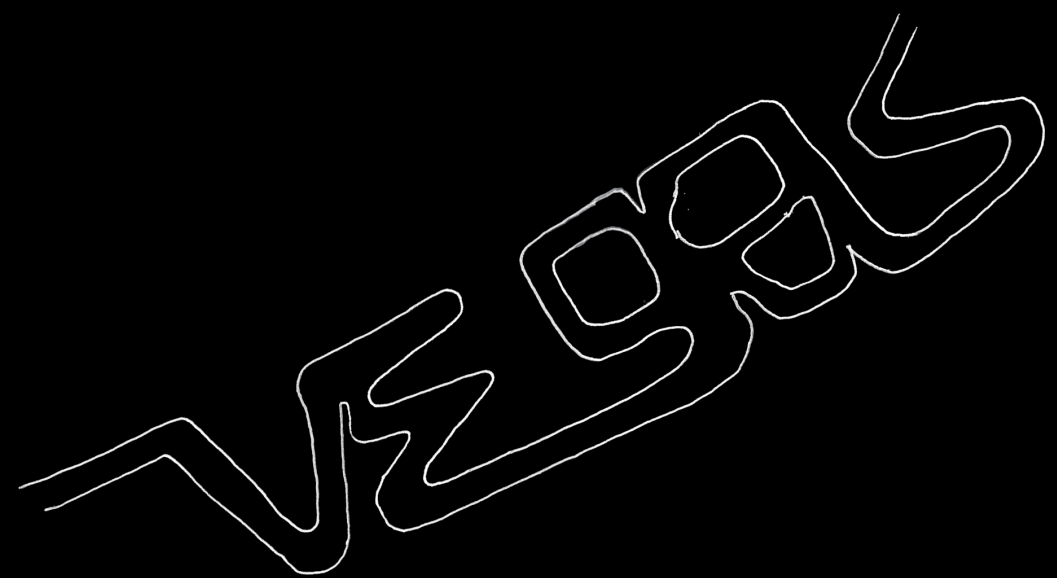
**Varsity Football  
Varsity Wrestle  
Varsity football**





# VEGAS CHEAT SHEET BABY

My cousin from  
Florida gave me  
a cheat sheet  
to use when I  
go to sin city.  
Awesome that I  
know EXACTLY  
what to do.



WIGGERS  
Kill  
IT EVERY DAY.



ONE  
Tough  
MUDDAH!

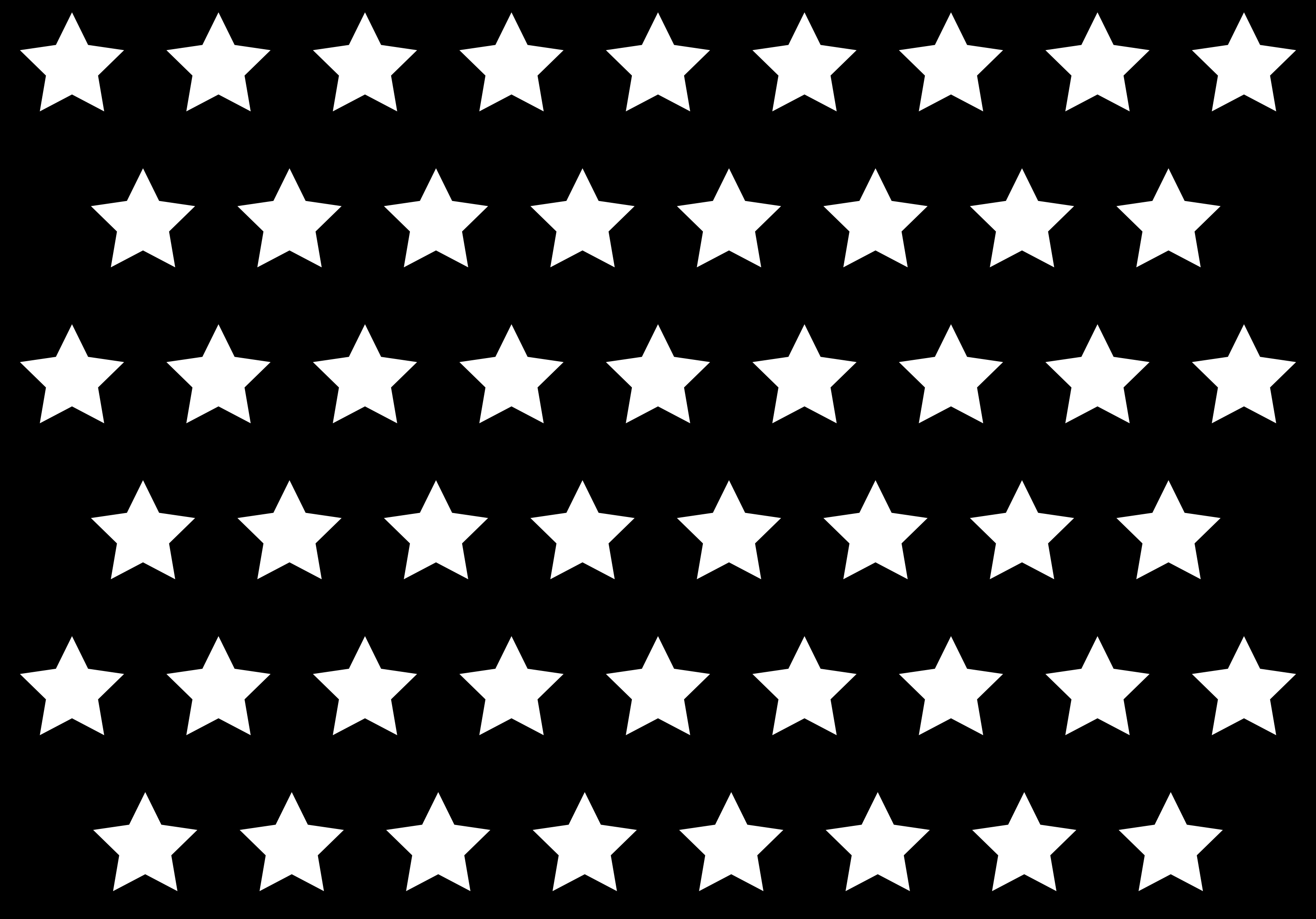


**FUCK**

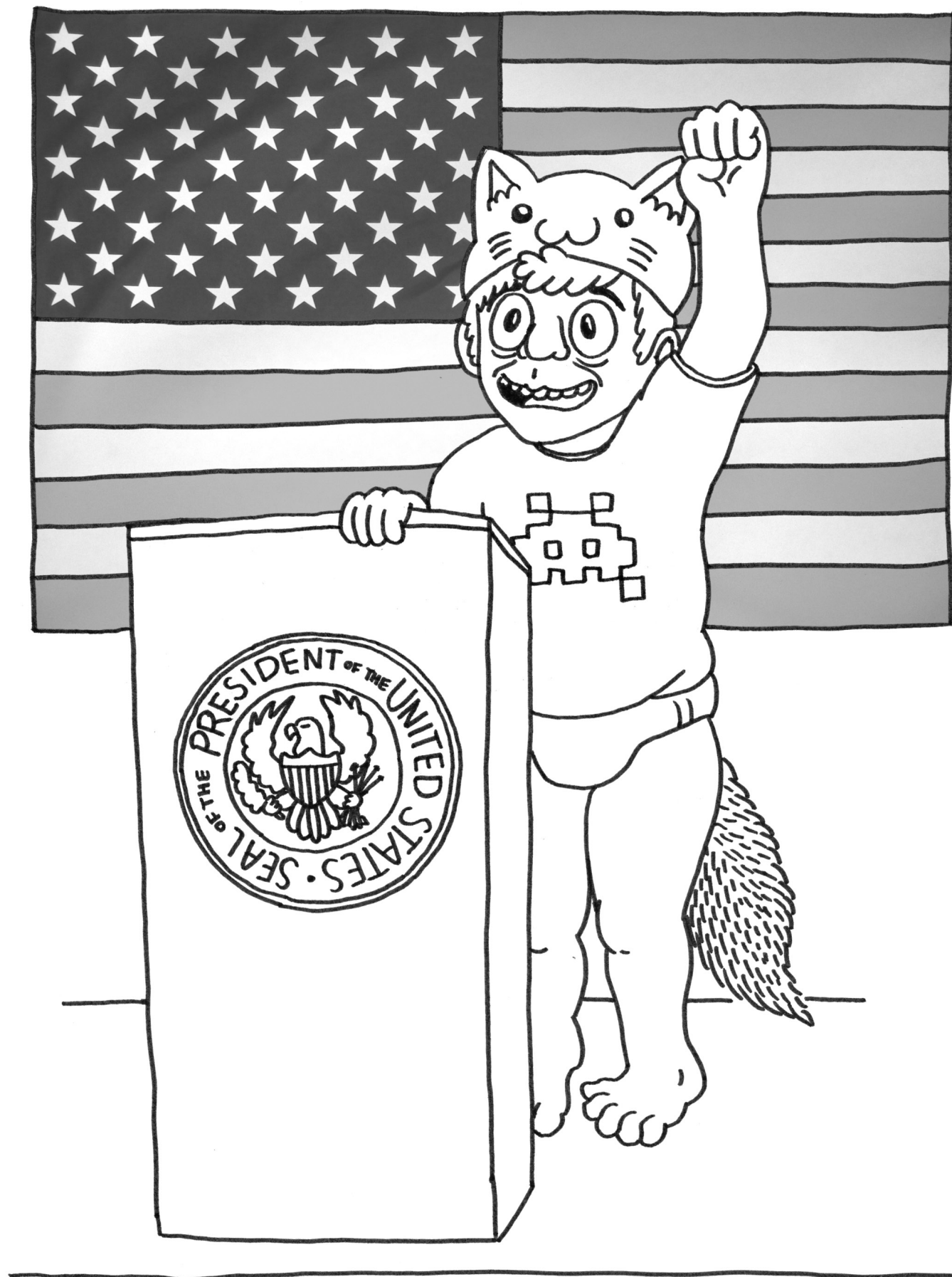
**YOU**

**UGLY**

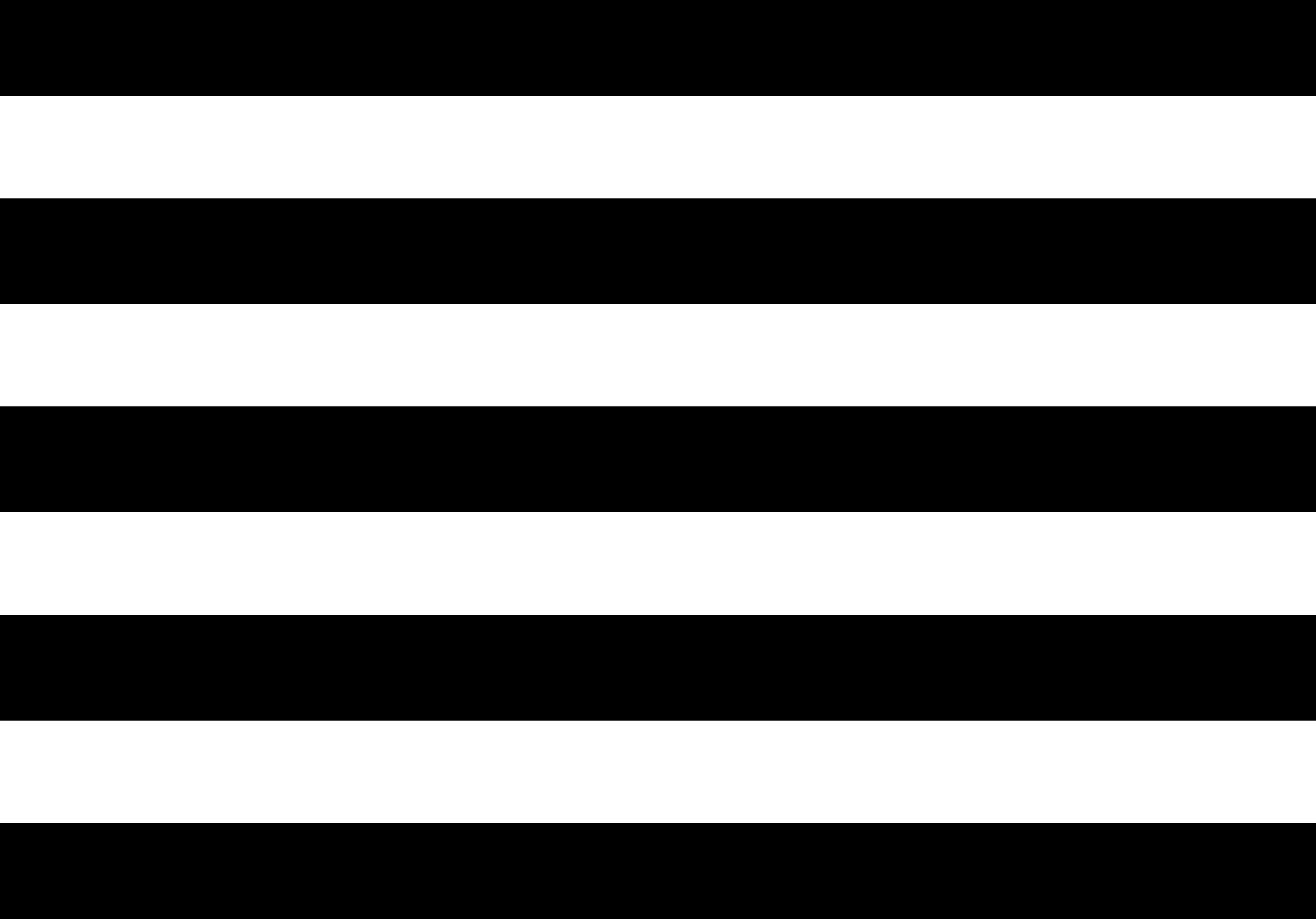
















**NO  
MON-  
EY?!  
NO  
JOB?!**



**BAD  
CRE  
D. \$  
IT?!!**

**You're  
Fucked!**

espaço para notas / observações / avisos / etc





WE WERE NEVER FRIENDS TO BEGIN WITH.

I HATE YOUR FUCKING  
GUTS DIANE



LOVE PINK

Ow you grabbed me right in the PUSSY!! Janelle yelled. Diane's mouth was covered so you couldn't hear what she was yelling but she was so pissed. Janelle had been chilling with Diane for like the whole weekend for like 3 weekends in a row. Then they both drive over to the Emerald Square Mall in North Attleboro and she starts acting crazy.

Dianne squeezed her pussy in order to get away, because the way that Janelle had her yoked up was from behind and Janelle is a lot taller than Diane. Janelle is like 5'9" and Dianne is like probably 5'3" maybe. When they saw the sale sign that day at the mall it was pretty much over for them. They never ended up even getting new thongs or boy shorts, for the 10% off sale, that's the reason they drove there in the first place! They did leave together that day, I do know that. I think they should just forget it and move on and be besties again.

I ONCE ASKED AN OLD MAN FOR ADVICE, HE TOLD ME NEVER BELIEVE ANYTHING YOU SEE ON TV, WANNA HEAR THE KICKER? THAT OLD MAN WAS ME. YEA YOU'RE LOOKIN AT HIM, YEP YOURS TRULY, YEP, THE BIG MAN RIGHT HERE. THAT OLD MAN? HOW CAN I HELP YOU.

WHEN WE LABEL EVERYTHING AND PUT IT INTO IT'S NICE LITTLE CONTAINER, IT SOOTHES OUR ANXIETY AND CREATES THE ILLUSION THAT WE'VE GOT IT ALL UNDER CONTROL. THE REALITY? SPREAD THOSE LEGOS OUT ALL OVER THE CARPET AND PLAY.



"Wearable computing is fucking awesome, helps me get so much done. Glass, pull up the minutes from last week's meeting, and schedule my lunch with the Chinese investors"

Bill was a big fan of 4-Hour Workweek and all the other books in that genre... he would skim through them and pop a few Adderall before doing important tasks:

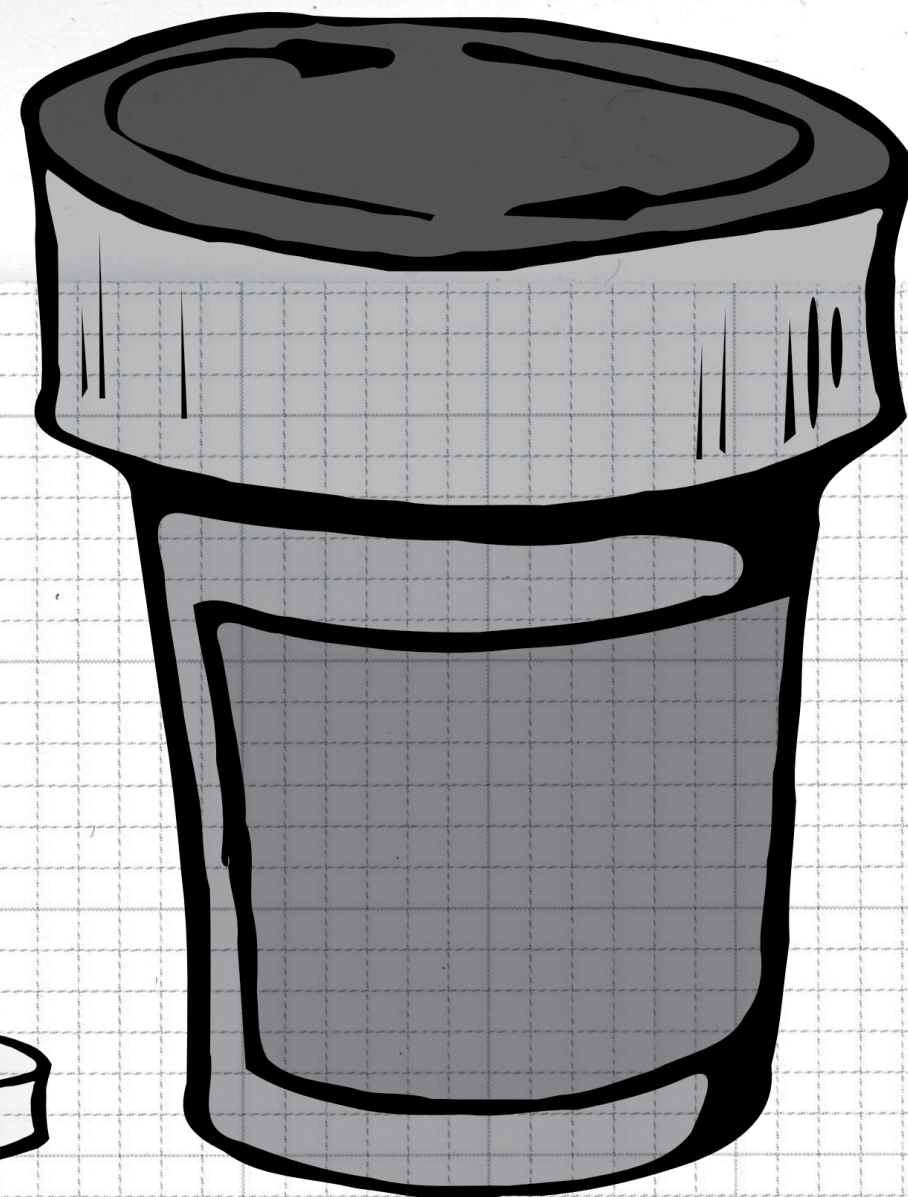
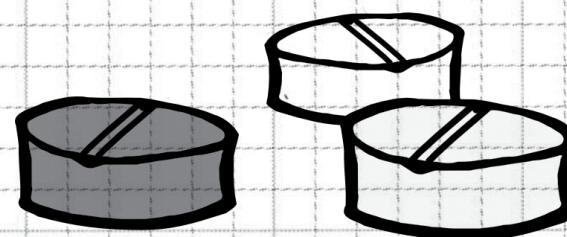
- Cleaning
- Making lists
- Vacuuming the same spot over and over
- Alphabetizing things
- Filing receipts
- Organizing
- Organizing books
- Making lists
- Sorting contacts

Figure out what drugs to take to wean myself off adderall

YOU THINK THE HUM OF YOUR TV IS NOTHING? THAT ELECTRICAL HUM FROM YOUR XBOX, YOU THINK THAT'S NOTHING? HA HA HA HA HA!

HOW DO YOU KNOW YOU THINK? WHAT IF RIGHT NOW YOU'RE JUST A COMPUTER PROGRAM, RUNNING ON A FULLY SICK MODDED XBOX? WHAT IF WHEN YOU PLAY THE XBOX, THE XBOX PLAYS YOU.

REALITY, PERSPECTIVE, DIMENSIONS, QUANTUM HYPERVERSES, DISTORTION, ALL THINGS YOU WON'T FIND IN A COLLEGE CLASSROOM, ALL THINGS YOU WILL FIND FROM SUBSTANCES WHICH WE ARE TOLD ARE ILLEGAL AND DANGEROUS. THEY TELL YOU NOT TO PLAY ROLLER HOCKEY IN THE STREET TOO. I SAY? GAME ON.



- Searching for a few extra hours of productivity per day but instead fucking your brain up and permanently becoming a crippled idiot





Bill Griefer Where's  
My ROI?

Diane where are those reports  
I asked for at the beginning  
of the day?  
I didn't see them in my inbox,  
where are they?

Where's your: effectiveness  
as a worker? common  
sense? dignity?

Wheres my: return  
on investment?

Is it in this coffee cup? Maybe  
it's in the shredder along with  
my patience, cus it sure aint  
in that big ol head of yours.  
\*Fuck\* me. You realize I pay  
fifteen hundred every month  
just to cover your health  
insurance? You know I'm  
a feminist Diane, you know  
I think that men and women  
should be paid equally, so  
it hurts me that you choose  
to spend all day playing  
spider solitaire and eating  
Snackwells. And if men and

women are equal, I guess that  
means that I have every right  
to break your fucking jaw right  
now you dumb bitch.



Sorry that was way  
outta line..... Fuck  
though.....

a homeless guy could do your  
job better. Let me know when  
you're ready to give  
your two weeks and  
I'll head down to the  
car wash and find a  
Guatemalan guy to do your job  
ten times faster and better...  
fuck Diane.. I should rape you  
just to teach you a lesson



**THERE'S A SECT OF NEO-SPIRITUAL  
KOOK JOBS WHO DROP ACID AND  
LOCK THEMSELVES IN SENSORY  
DEPRIVATION CHAMBERS. WHY  
NOT JOIN THEM, YOU MIGHT FIND  
TRANSCENDENCE. OR YOU MIGHT  
FIND SOMETHING ELSE ENTIRELY.  
HOLD YOUR BREATH AND CROSS  
YOUR FINGERS**





ONE TIME THERE WAS A STORY  
ABOUT A MAN WHO SAW A  
SKELETON TRY TO KILL HIM, AND  
THERE WAS A LOT OF BLOOD AND  
THE SKELETON HAD A DEAD SKULL,

AND THE MAN DIED.  
BUT HERE'S THE KICKER... THAT  
MAN WAS ACTUALLY YOU, FROM  
THE FUTURE, BECAUSE YOU  
(HARD CUT)

Birthmark Benjamin's real name was Jimmy. He changed it to Benjamin once he'd had enough of the boys calling him Eye Stain Jimmy. His mistake was instantly apparent, because the new nickname was both cruel and alliterative. The hot breath of his tormentor in his ear was like sewer gas. He wished to God he were daead. It would be nice to tell you that, years later, Benjamin stopped taking crap and learned to have some dignity, but he never did. He worked at a call center for six years, and while nobody on the other end of the phone could see his port-wine stain, they still trampled him and dogged him and mocked him to ruin. He now works at a Subway and has long conversations with himself about what he'd do if he could go back in time.



I would always like to think that a helmet would be so much more of a control module in the future, it covers your brain from christ's sake. It could tap into the back of your head like the matrix and help you out using cloud based servers. The cloud could instruct you. Cecil has made the mistake being the first of his kind that looked like a GYRO bike helmet. You see, football, hockey and other sporting helmets have been used for generations. However the technology didn't become available to the public until the late 2070's. Then on a test run, one of the chubby engineers took it out for a premature test drive one night and met a call girl that liked to fuck chunker Johns. Whammo, this real photograph surfaced years later. This is an actual photograph.

Cecil the manic Bike helmet





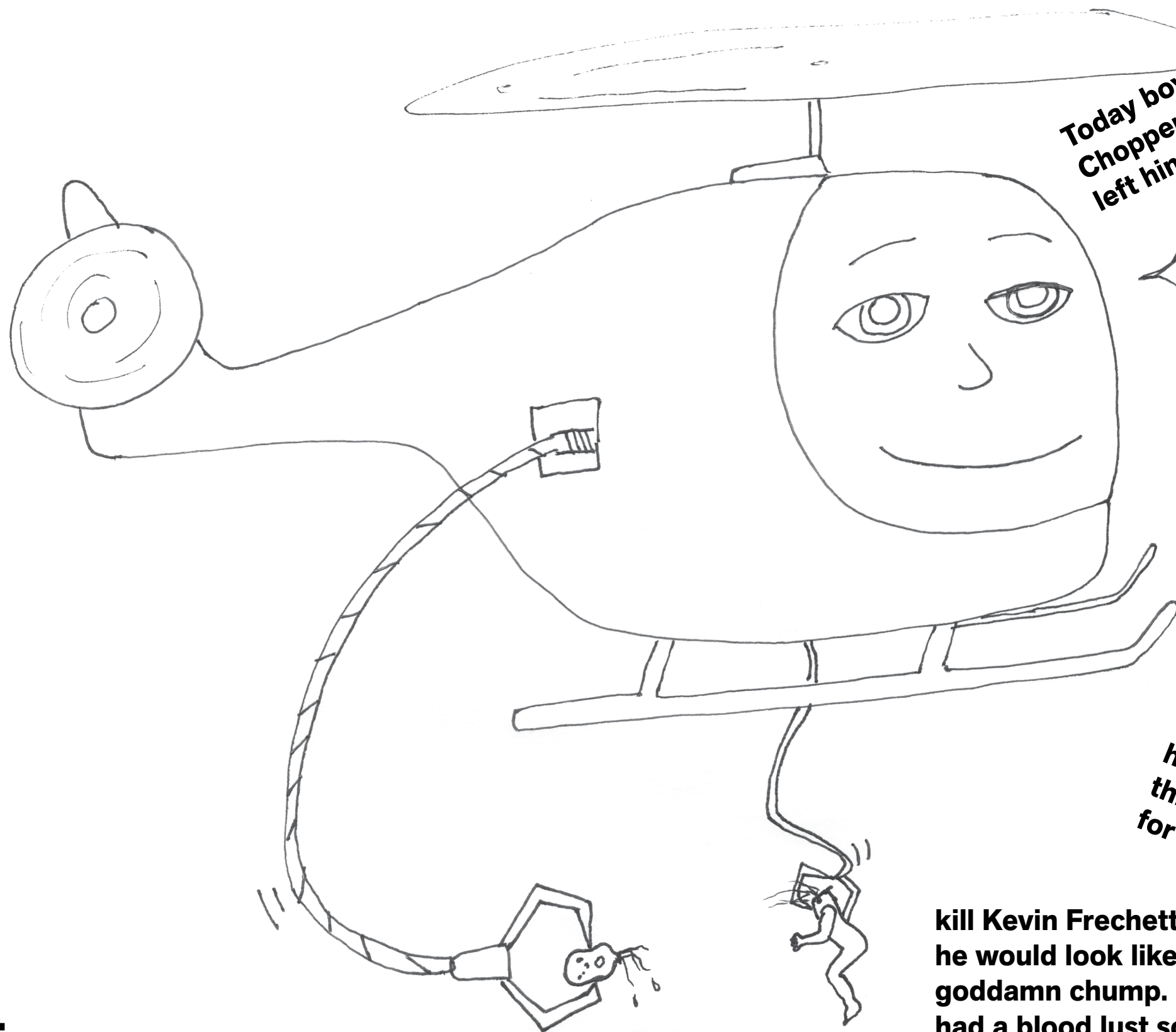
~~DATING A CHINESE GIRL~~  
~~ISN'T ALL THAT~~



Dating a Chinese girl isn't all that. For one thing, she gets all her memes from Chinese Facebook, which is way in the exhaust pipe of American Facebook, which itself is miles away from the real meme craators at Reddit... another one of the many reasons to keep online life and real life separated.

The other problem is that it's just damn obvious to anyone who knows what's up that you are a pedophile. Everybody is really polite about it, but there's always that nagging shame whenever you're out with her in public. Not enough shame for you to make any attempt at reeling in your proclivities but still a handicap. Anyway I'm not into that shit.





Today boys and girls was a rough day.  
Choppers wife, Sally the bi-plane,  
left him after 4 years of a turbulent

OKAY GIRLS AND BOYS  
JUST BEYOND THE HILL  
WE HAVE A RIVER.

marriage. He found her in the  
hanger with another man fucking  
her up the tailpipe. So Chopper had

to do what he had to do, he gave  
that motherfucker the same ride  
he was giving his wife. Chopper

thought he could outrun the cops  
and no one would know. He was  
right. People don't think that  
helicopters could pull off something  
this complex, and they are right  
for thinking so. Chopper had to

kill Kevin Frechette or  
he would look like a  
goddamn chump. Sally  
had a blood lust so she  
kept her mouth shut  
and didn't call the cops.



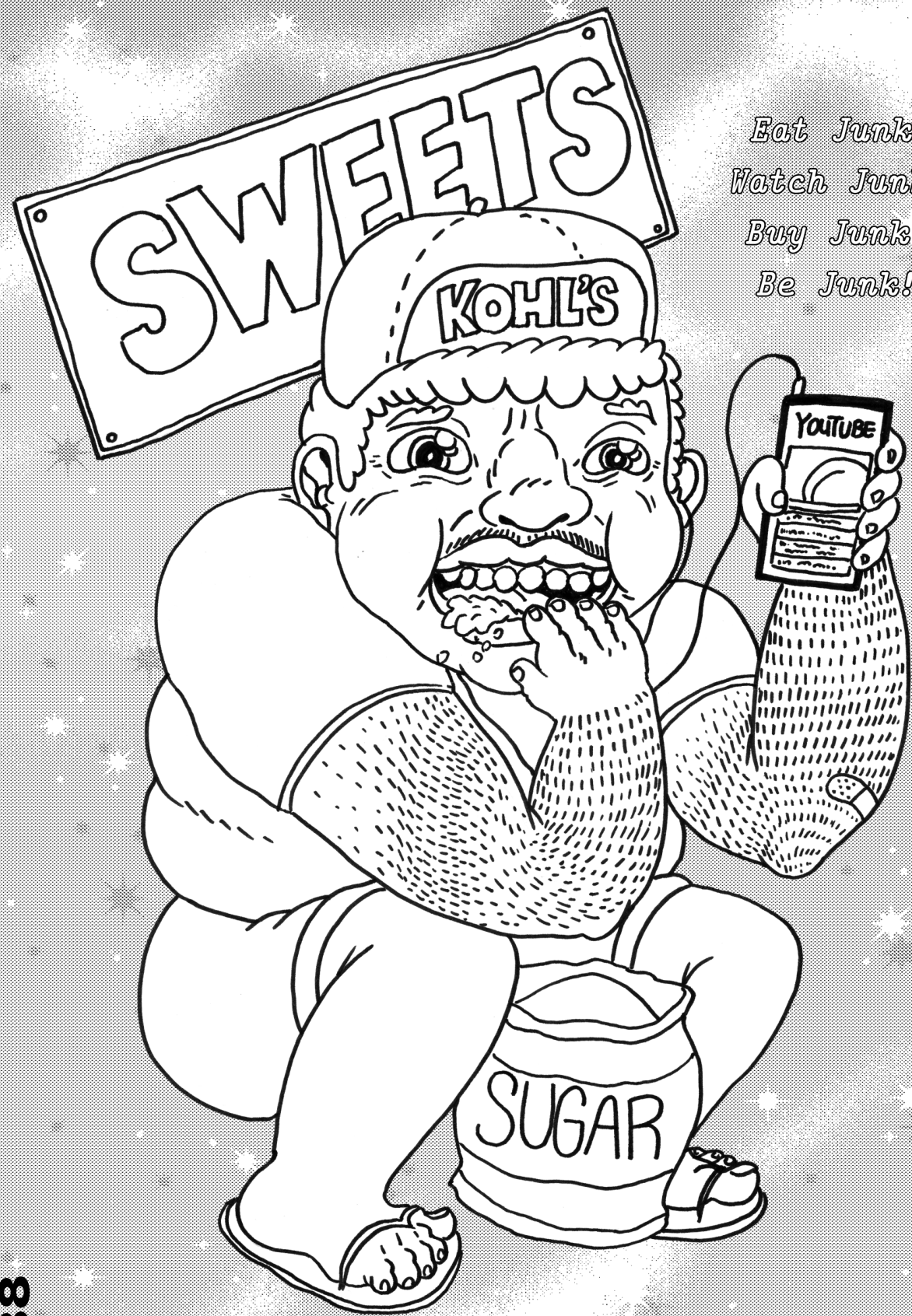
He twisted this fucking guys head off. He was driving to the father daughter dance after work. Please consider that at work today he fucked Sally the Bi Plane, this helicopters girlfriend. He put his tie on and took one last look in the truck window before the stainless arms grabbed Tim. Chopper took one of his eyes out with a common kitchen spoon within the first ten seconds. Tim knew he messed with the wrong dude, he had gone too far this time and should have left well enough alone. With another quick stroke Chopper shatters Tim's jaw with a golf club as he is twisting his head off. His right arm is torn off at the middle of his bicep by

breaking it like a stick the same goes for his opposing leg. Chopper is going to let this dude try to live, he drops him off on the roof of a hospital and calls 911 to tell them anonymously.

Chopper the Happy helicopter 2



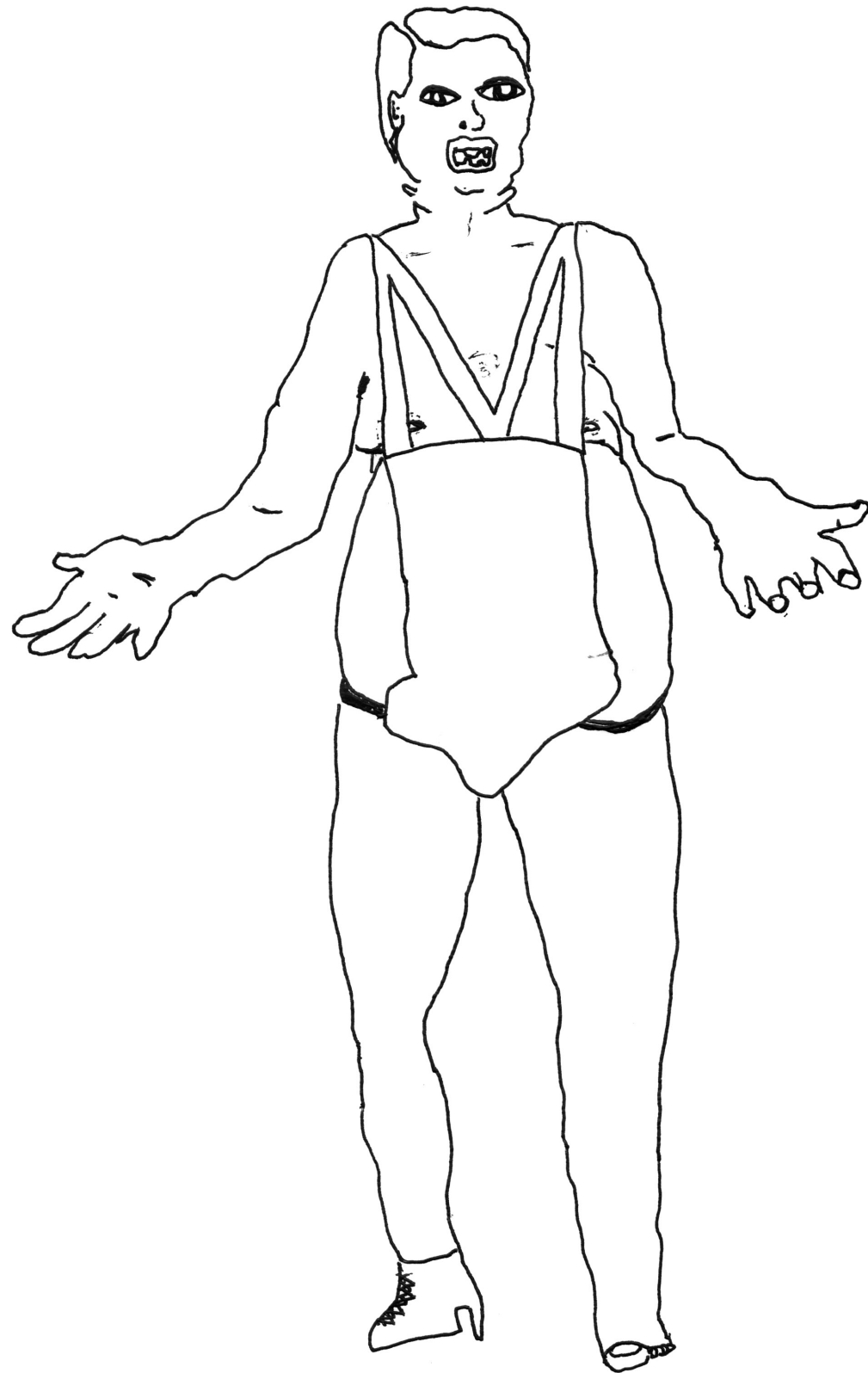




*Eat Junk!*  
*Watch Junk!*  
*Buy Junk!*  
*Be Junk!*



I'M A FEMANIST TOO! MY MOTHER WORKED SO HARD



People will say anything, worse than that is they'll believe anything. If I hate a woman socially, offering her insight to your vast knowledge of historical moments in women's lib is a surefire way to let her know that your mom is better than her mom.

**My mother was so empowered as a figure that other neighborhood mothers looked up to.**

F E M I N I S T

Working as a Judge, running a task force with the police department and a successful jam and jelly company all at the same time, raising my brother and I. Can you imagine?







-business pony tail. You wouldn't want to date her because she's a bit of a demanding bitch, but she's effective and gets stuff done. Now I guess it's some mousy chick that looks like a gamer's ultimate fantasy girlfriend. The new Tomb Raider looks like a girl who works at Hot Topic. I don't know. Women are definitely able to do stuff sometimes but the ones who are able to do physical stuff don't look like this. They look like G.I. Jane only even more so. Like taut facial muscles, you know what I mean. Lookup female powerlifter... This new Tomb Raider I just don't buy it. She looks like a girl I would sexually tease if I went into Newberry Comics and she was working there. I'd probably tug on her lanyard and breath my stinky breath in her face and make her feel how sexual I get, and I wouldn't think twice about doing it because she's really not one of these sinewy butch chicks who might actually be able to beat me up... IDK I just think it's unrealistic especially dual-wielding Desert Eagles with wrists that size.

Anyway, I was just watching Will Wheaton's vlogcast where he invites other washed-up clowns over to play card games and I got to thinking on the nature of games--had to blog it. I guess the only other thing I want to say is that if you don't game you don't know what you're missing. I've been on Zara Prime, I've been on space frigates, I fought off Gannon side-by-side with Link, I've stolen the Crown

Jewels with the Game of Throne's Assin Creed, I've done it all... I've lived ten lifetimes and you've only lived one. Look at my girlfriend's cosplay and tell me you aren't jealous.

I love my waifu and her cosplaywa-des. There is something so sexy about cosplay. Dumpy girls who have no business leaving the house really, they sit on their asses 8500 hours out of the year, but when it comes time to play pretend Japanese cartoons they get done up to the nines and strut their stuff. It is hot as hell and I'm not joking. Big dumpy legs, big milky tits, lots of acne, all wrapped up tight like a sausage. The last time I went to one of these conventions, they had all these beanbag chairs lined up outside some LARP panel, and I was laying on one, and this fat 15-year-old Misty from Pokemon bent over and put her pussy right in my face. The following week I masturbated so much I think I bruised my urethra. So kawaii.

Of course for my own girlfriend I had to choose the cutest and most diminutive of all the Tifa princesses. She is as cute as Asuka (NGE) but as wife-like as Aoi (Ai Yori Aoshi). Something like 4'6 tall, with incredibly sexy long gymnast/runner legs, long white/blue hair, likes the colour green, has a fetish for hoodies, has an obsession with dubstep, and is VERY young, almost Japanese-looking. Her name is Aiko.

Aiko also has f-ing beautiful HUGE eyes that shimmer, sometimes they are purple,



sometimes they are gold. Perky firm-ness all around, with fair skin, OMFG belly-dancer hips, tattoos, and tomboy style with underlying femininity. She is assertive too, almost bitchy to other guys. Yes, I like the real-world tsundere girls. In the end I want a partner, not a pet. And what good is a pet who is hooking up with other guys because she's too meek to refuse them? What good is a woman who neither thinks nor speaks? If all you need is a hole, you can rent those. Did I mention she is a trap?

I think now I'd like to talk about myself and my training, and my aspirations. I am somewhat of a hacker. I used to dabble with hacking in middle school but one day I hacked into a bank and got in trouble with federal agents. I am fairly proficient with most types of blades, including swords, knives, axes, etc. I've trained with swords the most, concentrating on curved, slashing blades and rapiers. I have wielded medieval and European cross-hilted swords before but I consider myself bad with those overall. I also studied Shaolin kempo for 8 years and used to be a dedicated empty-hand, striking-oriented fighter. Sadly, I haven't trained my empty-hand skills for the last four years or so. I hope the effects of my bone conditioning are still around. Sometimes I can't fully open my hands because of how much bone conditioning I used to do. I'm a hopeless grappler (just can't get those moves down) but

I've trained myself to escape from most holds pretty quickly while giving me a chance to employ counterstrikes.

Anyway, that's it. I think I would excel as shift manager of this Dunkin' Donuts and won't let you down if I get the job.

Looking forward to working with you,  
Sam Hyde



You make your dash for the satoig pipe. It's not long before you wish you'd thought this one through.

The pipe is easily five quads away, and your scrawny chicken legs cannot carry your anemic body fast enough to match the Peace Meister and his riffle. The advantage is yours momentarily, as the unfamiliarity of your dress and grotesque looks catch him off guard, but he has seen holovids about outlanders such as yourself, and has been trained to deal with them in the only proper way. He doesn't falter long.

He gives the charging lever a few quick pumps, trains the barrel of his gleaming .38 Special picatinny-equipped three-round-capacity air rifle on your head, and then gives a few millimeters of lead to compensate for your running speed. He holds his breath and takes the killshotte.

The killshotte goes wide, hitting one of the road crew in the chest. The fallen crewmember's compatriots rush to his aid as you amble past. The shit pipe is close now, a little less than two quads away. You know that if you could just reach that shit pipe, your clothes would camouflage you perfectly against the green and brown shit in the pipe. You could dive in, smear yourself with shit, and be undetectable to anything less than a quantum electro-tek scanner by Microsoft. But no such luck.

The Peace Meister doesn't skip a beat. He pumps the charger a dozen more times, and readies himself for another shot. This time he aims perfect. This time the killshotte doesn't go wide. This time, you're dead.

<The End>

THE  
END

As it turns out, the crew was just getting started with their shift when you hit the scene. It's a full eight swatch underneath the car for you, before they finally pack it in and leave. It's been a while since you've been this uncomfortable, absolutely paralyzed for fear of being spotted by FEDGOV or roboids, and making a big piss mess all over yourself every swatch-and-a-half.

Finally, a hover platform with handrails glides silently into view, and comes to a stop alongside the workers. They all hop on with their lunch boxes and tool kits, followed by the Peace Meister with his air riffle.

It's dusk now, and with no one around, you slip into the satoig pipe unmolested.

<a>

>>>>>Turn to page 277.



FEDGOV's standard trooper enhancement concoction is quite a potent little brew. It's officially called Protective Edge™, but referred to by underling FEDthugs as The Bitch. The Bitch could be snorted, but most Cop-O's enjoyed shooting up. It took a great toll on the long-term health of the user, but otherwise had next to no side effects.

You have no doubt that the Cop-O' you're currently riding like a bronco is fully juiced up on The Bitch. He's strong, and as he tries to fling you off, the thought occurs to you that he might very well win this one. But the thing is, he doesn't have the right training.

He's trained to control a situation from the get-go. He's trained to use cowardTactics and electrified staffs to keep a man tame. He's not trained to get out from under a wild animal. He's not trained to survive.

Just as you'd hoped for, the crew does nothing to intervene. One man appears to enjoy watching the conflict, two others seem to have bets going with each other, and the rest are playing dice.

In the end it's your trusty rat cloak that puts an end to the struggle. You grip one corner tightly and slip it around the Peace Meister's neck, looping it again for good measure. He flails and claws like a troggy with its hands tied, but the rat carcass noose is tight, and the stitching holds. The Cop-O' drops to the ground unconscious.

"Kill him!" a crewman exclaims.

"Yeah!" another cheers, dice clacking.

The Peace Meister's body is now a puppet for your pleasure. You know that he would've killed you in a heartbeat, for no reason, and you don't currently see any compelling arguments in favor of sparing his life.

By his side is the standard-issue Cop-O' .38 Special air rifle with a three-round magazine. They limited these guns to three rounds in the event that a Peace Meister suffered a psychotic break and decided to go on a killing spree. In addition to being juiced up on strength enhancing drugs, Peace Meisters were fed a steady diet of psychoactives and mood stabilizers, to keep them mellowed out. Three murders doesn't qualify as a killing spree for the purposes of FEDGOV internal auditing, and so making it inconvenient for their troopers to go on a four-or-more rampage kept overheads low and made things sound better than they were. The hand-pump air firing system was simply to save money.

You pick up the air rifle. A familiar weapon, in the hellhole there are many of these, chopped up and jury-rigged with junkyard parts but essentially the same. Three killshottes... should you spend one having a little fun at The Man's expense?

<a>

He's not worth it. Give him a smashing good heel kick in the mouth, maybe stomp on his cock and balls, fuck him up a little bit, give him something to think about when he wakes up, then make your move for the pipe.

>>>>>>Turn to page 401.

<b>

Kill him good, because it's only what he'd do for you. You charge the rifle with a few quick pumps and blow his brains out before making your escape through the satoig pipe network.

>>>>>>Turn to page 402.

You drag your heels through the thick, syrupy, stinking satoig for what seems like hundreds of quads when suddenly you hear it—the buzzing of roboids.

From the sound you guess there are two or three of them. You start to praise yourself for having the reserve to not waste a killshotte executing the Peace Meister, but stop when you realize it's quite possible that same Peace Meister sicced the killer roboids on you after waking up with an aching groin.

<a>

This is probably just a routine pipe scan—there's no way these roboids are coming for you. You cover yourself with satoig to avoid infrared detection and wait for them to pass.

>>>>>>Turn to page 403.

<b>

You take an aggressive position and start charging the air rifle. Get the jump on the first one, have enough time to take out the second, and for the third... You'll have to improvise.

>>>>>>Turn to page 404.



You do the Cop-O' clean and put him on ice. A .38 Special killshotte to the dome is a going away present that suits. Maybe his friends will see how he ended up and make mental notes to themselves not to mess with whatever bad mother-fucker did this—a real bad mother-fucker, a Cop-O' killer.

You take a moment to savor the expression on his face and the feeling of heat in your hands before moving on. You almost wish he'd come back to life just so you could kill him again, but there's no time to wait. You make for the pipe.

Pipes have always been a second home to you. Your time spent under the tutelage of the grand master Roddy was not wasted—he showed you everything there is to know about pipes and satoig. How to hide, how to not be seen, how to stalk your prey from gooey hot cover, even how to make some sort of life down here, a life with all the creature comforts, camaraderie, luxuries and entertainment—you know, a full life that rivals anything you could've had topside. That was the thing about Roddy, it wasn't enough for him to just scrape by. Deep in the pipes, smeared with stinking satoig, covered in a thick film of the city's excreat, civilization was making a comeback, all thanks to The Pipe King.

<a>

You trudge through the thick syrupy sludge for what seems like hundreds of quads, when suddenly you hear it, the buzzing of roboids.

There are three of them. It occurs to you immediately that had you not wasted a killshotte on the disabled Peace Meister, you would have exactly enough killshottes to handle your mechanical pursuers. Now you'll have to improvise.

It's possible that these roboids are merely making a routine sweep of the pipe. You decide to lay low, smear yourself with satoig for camouflage, and hope for the best. With any luck, they should zip right by you.

>>>>>>Turn to page 405.

<b>

There's no way this is just a routine probe—this is a killteame. You decide to take an aggressive position right off the bat, and get to work charging up the air riffle for its first killshotte. If you get the jump on the first one, you should have enough time to take out the second, and you'll figure out something clever for the third.

>>>>>>Turn to page 406.

It's possible these killer roboids are simply making a routine probe of the satoig pipe... Possible, but unlikely. A single roboid might be probing, but a group of three is a killteame. All the same, you figure a bit of camouflage is still the safest play.

They zip past in a hurry, scanners bleeping and blooping. Just when you think you're all clear, the trailing roboid stops in its tracks and makes a u-turn.

As the leading two roboids zoom farther into the pipe, roboid #3 makes a beeline straight for you. There's no mistaking it—it must've noticed something and now it's coming back for a more thorough scan.

Your hairs stand on end from adrenaline but you're confident you can handle this.

<a>

Three roboids, three killshottes. You give air riffle a few charging pumps and get yourself amped up for combat.

>>>>>>Turn to page 404.

<b>

Back in Hellhole, you'd heard tales of those who'd disabled patrol roboids even without air riffles or heaters, by using an ancient art form known as 'hacking'. You've only ever used a tablet two or three times before, but with some theoretical knowledge of 'hacking,' maybe you could disable this roboid without alerting the others.

>>>>>>Turn to page 408.



You line up your sights and whack the roboid in the CPU with an expert killshotte. It flips through the air like a smoking pinwheel, dinging the walls and finally crash landing in a big pile of excreta about a half-quad in front of your feet.

Farther down the pipe, you hear the manic buzz of roboids scrambling to change course, then a steady hum that grows louder and louder until finally you see them.

You're well prepared, with the air riffle charged and aimed already as their blinking lights come into view. Another expert killshotte, this time to roboid #2's main ball bearing, sending the complex electronic automaton whirling antennas-first into muck. Its vocal processor sputters something unintelligible about Honor and Duty before its final sparking death throe.

The third roboid presents more of a problem. Your surprise at having made such quick work of the first two throws you off balance long enough

<a>

>>>>>>Turn to page 400.

for #3 to close the gap. You frantically pump the charging handle, but by the time the riffle is ready to fire, the deadly roboid is on top of you, lashing with polished appendages and prodding with deadly euthanizers. It's only thanks to dumb luck that in the fray you manage to find the trigger and pop off a killshotte, directly into the machine's tender electric core. It heaves forward, toppling you over, and slumps down dead by your side in the satoig. You'd never been this close to a FEDGOV roboid before, and it disgusts you to learn that they are made partially with human components.

You push yourself away from the biomechanical monstrosity and lay on your back in the slimy goo for a few miniswatch, breathing heavily and clutching the empty air riffle against your chest. Eventually the adrenaline rush subsides and your breathing returns to normal. You are triumphant!

It's possible these killer roboids are simply making a routine probe of the satoig pipe—possible but unlikely. A single roboid might be probing, but a group of three is a killteame.

They make one pass by. Holding your breath, it seems for a moment that they haven't noticed you at all...

But no such luck. The trailing roboid stops in its tracks and makes an abrupt u-turn. As the other two zoom farther down into the pipe, roboid

#3 makes a beeline straight for you. There can be no mistaking it, something is amiss, and now one of the killer roboids is coming back for a more thorough scan.

Your fingertips are numb and your whole body surges with adrenaline, but deep down you know that you'll be able to handle one measly roboid.

<a>

The quickest way to end this is right now, with a killshotte. At this distance you can't miss.

>>>>>>Turn to page 407.

<b>

You know you could killshotte the roboid with little difficulty, but doing so in this pipe would alert its companions. No, there's another way to sort this out... Back in Hell, you'd heard tales of those who'd disabled patrol roboids without air riffles or heaters, by using an ancient art form known as 'hacking'. You've only ever used a tablet interface module two or three times before, but with some theoretical knowledge of 'hacking' taught to you by Roddy, you might be able to disable this roboid without alerting the others.

>>>>>>Turn to page 408.



You decide to attack head-on, with a wide-legged gunslinger stance. Time to get even.

The first roboid is an easy target, and your killshotte sends it dinging back and forth between the sidewalls of the pipe before flipping end-over-end into the muck with a sparking roboidic death rattle.

A few pumps and you're primed for roboid #2. Unfortunately it's much closer than you expected, about arm's length from your face, with deadly euthanizers and sharp prongs poised at the ends of spindly silver arms.

The surprise is too much and your nerves get you. You discharge the air riffle right into the muck, wasting your last killshotte. Holding it by the barrel, you swing it like a baseball bat in an impotent frenzy, but it's no use. You are quickly torn to pieces by strange hi-tek devices.

<The End>

THE  
END

You take the killshotte and the hapless roboid hits the muck with a splat.

For a moment all is quiet, but then deep down in the pipe you hear the whirr of the other two making fast maneuvers.

By the time you've charged the riffle for the second killshotte, they're in view, zooming at you with safety lights flashing and automaton voices blaring,

"Comply! Comply! Comply!"

You take aim, fire, and miss badly. You should've waited for point-blank range—then you could've taken one out for sure and perhaps handled the third mano-a-mano. But you took the killshotte early, and in this dark tunnel with slippery satoig all over your hands, it went wide.

<Then they are upon you. You swing the air riffle like a bat, whiffing hard, and the roboids tear into your flesh with strange devices. You die like you lived: face down in some stranger's satoig>

<The End>

THE  
END



Your first instinct is to take a panic shot, but you wisely decide against it.

Smearing your face and body with satoig for camouflage, you lay low and wait until the last possible moment to strike.

The roboid slows as it comes closer, scanning the slick walls of the pipe with complicated X-ray and optical scanners. Mechanical probes deploy and touch the goop, simultaneously taking temperature, carbon-content, and viscosity readings. Just as the tendrils are a hair's breadth away, you spring into action.

The roboid lashes out at you with metallic appendages and shines high-powered flashlights into both of your eyes individually, but by then it's already too late. With the swift fingers of a thief, you input the exact right commands into the roboids frontally-mounted tablet interface,

bypassing the rudimentary security and gaining access to its deepest operating functions. At first you reach for the swipe-button to put the machine to sleep, but then in a flash of brilliance you do a double swipe and tap motion to instead reprogram its targeting module to locate other roboids. The arms poking and prodding at you suddenly retract.

The number of times Roddy's training has saved your skin must be in the hundreds by now. He was truly a renaissance man—a king amongst men—and you briefly imagine his face flickering before you, smiling at your successful first 'hacking' attempt. All that before bedtime 'hacking' practice finally paid off, Roddy. Swipe, tap, two-finger zoom—just like you taught me, Pipe King.

With a friendly kick, you send the reprogrammed roboid back down the pipe, on its fratricidal mission.

<a>

>>>>>>Turn to page 409.

You book it down the satoig pipe, charging up the air rifle in preparation for battle, but you're confident that you won't need to use it.

It isn't long before you come upon more or less what you thought you'd find:

Roboid #2, victim of a surprise backstabbing attack, laying in pieces.

The reprogrammed roboid #3, unable to deal with both the death throes of roboid #2 and the counterattack of roboid #1, also disabled on the ground.

Roboid #1, in a very confused state, hovering in slow circles and bumping into the pipe walls, most likely doing some internal recalibration—easy prey for a killshotte at point-blank range, which you administer gladly.

<a>

You take a break to catch your breath and regroup. The stench of the satoig isn't so bad anymore, and as a matter of fact the warmth it provides is a bit soothing. At the very least it's the opposite of the cold metal roboids which recently tried to deprive you of your life, and so it's something of a friend or comrade right now. You understand now why Roddy used to favor these conduits of excrement when he needed a place to hide or stash some loot.

The pipe must have some sort of outlet down the way there. In any event, it's possible one or more roboids radioed home before being disabled, so you'd better get a move on.

>>>>>>Turn to page 470.



My biggest fear? Not being happy...

Not being happy? If you're not happy, you



to great music, pluckin' yer ukulele, finger-painting, making films and art and music, eating fresh fruits while wearing a sun

bark upon my quest, to shame 25-30 members of a defunct racist organization at



were a guy, you'd be saying, man, fuck this little time-wasting hipster faggot, but as a



artist residency while I apply for NEA grants. And after that, I don't know, I'll probably TRAVEL for a few YEARS



be-

fore finally settling down to TEACH. I am a

net drag on the economy. The very idea of producing something of value or being held responsible for my wasteful lifestyle strikes me as highly misogynistic and quite

frankly racist.

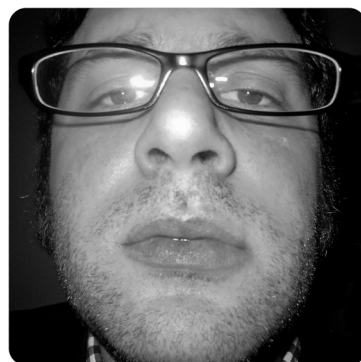
ance or sexuality is dead wrong, and threatening physical violence should be met with jail time. But on Sunday I would just like to say that Sam Hyde is an ugly beta male who gets no pussy, and he should be beaten and castrated for not falling in with The Party.

I don't know what cognitive dissonance means because MGMT never wrote a song about it.



might as well be dead.

There's nothing more important than personal happiness in this life. Civilization, The Enlightenment, The Renaissance, all of Antiquity, all the great wars, Man's tragic, insane, comic, highly implausible history, and His future amongst the stars-you can keep all that stodgy old CisHet crap to yourself, mister. True fulfillment means going on road trips, listening



have fun trips, I won't have a fun boyfriend, I'll have to worry about oppressive and hateful Male Macho Money because

the 1% is too greedy to let me fingerprint in peace. And so I em-

410

USE A

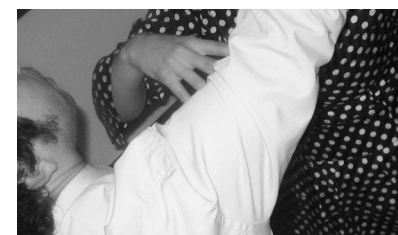
dress, etc., etc. Me, personally? My greatest fear is that I won't be happy. I won't



lot better if The Gestapo went around confiscating Confederate flags. If I

their bake sale, because in my little pea-sized brain, things would probably be a

MIXED-RACE WOMAN (Mujer?) I claim the right to dance around aimlessly, scream nonsense and fling my poo-poo, all from the comfort of my cool



As a matter of fact, I think I know exactly who to blame for this and his name is Sam Hyde. Monday through Saturday I will tell you that teasing people for their appear-

411



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ALL LOOSED UP WERE AT  
44 SMALL TO MID-SIZED  
GROUND DAEMONS. ALL OF  
MESSSED UP TINY SCAVEN-  
WERE NO STRANGER TO  
ING TO TAKE THINGS THE  
WAY NOTHING WAS EVER  
TO THEMRE SEIZE, STEAL,  
HOARD OR DIE WITH STINKY  
POURING ALL OVER. NO ONE  
GIVEN THEM MORE THAN A  
MENTARY ANIMAL MIND AND  
WERE NO PLANS IN THE  
SEEABLE FUTURE TO DO  
WISE. THE GROUP RUSHED  
THE RAILS AND INTO THE  
CAR IN QUICK SCATTERED  
MATIONS, THE PEOPLE ON  
CAR PANICKED AND RUSHED  
ONTO THE PLATFORM, ABAN-  
ALL OF THEIR SWEET CANDY  
LARGE STANDALONE MEATS  
CAR ALONE WITH THE FES-  
DAEMONS. THIS WAS THEIR  
FOOD COLLECTION TACTIC  
THERE WERE IN NITE WAYS  
ALLY. OTHER ANIMALS OR  
FORMED DAEMONIMALS HAD  
WAYS OF FOOD GATHERING -  
GENERALLY PLAYED THE  
WAITING GAME, WAITING FOR  
TO LEAVE BAGS OF GODEY  
MEL OR AMING HOT DUST  
TRASH, BIPSTERBATORDS  
ALLY RUMMAGED THROUGH

PEOPLE'S MINDS SE-  
CRETLY AND FOUND  
THEIR FOOD HIDING  
PLACES AND THEN  
UTTERLY RANSACKED  
THOSE COORDINATES.  
TWIN GLASMEN BUILT  
LARGE BEAUTIFUL  
STRUCTURES IN POP-  
ULATED AREAS AND  
FEASTED ON ALL WHO  
BECAME STUCK INSIDE  
THE GEOMETRICAL-  
LY IMPOSSIBLE MAZE  
CONTAINED WITHIN.  
EVEN SOME HUMANS  
HAD FOUND DARK NEW  
WAYS OF ABSORBING  
NUTRIENTS IN AN  
EFFORT TO NOT SAP  
ENERGY FROM ANY  
OTHER LIVING BEINGS  
WHILE STILL GATH-  
ERING THE NUTRI-  
ENTS NEEDED TO LIVE.  
SOME BEGAN INJECT-  
ING BOILED WATER  
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ERISHED SPHERE OF THE CITY HAD LOST ALL  
VALUE OF HUMAN LIFE AND WERE AS A RE-  
SULT MUCH MORE WILLING TO EXPERIMENT  
AT THE COST OF THEIR OWN LIVES AND THE  
LIVES OF OTHERS TESTING DARK AND CRU-  
EL HYPOTHESES BY NIGHT. THEIR GREEN  
AND DEPRIVED BODIES CLOSELY RESEMBLED  
SICK BATS & ALSO SMELLED LIKE DISGUST-  
ING SHISH ALL THE TIME. THEIR COMMUNICA-  
TION HAD LONG AGO BROKEN DOWN INTO HIGH  
PITCHED SHISHED SPIPS AND BURSTS. YEARS  
AND YEARS OF SECLUDED AND UNINTERRUPT-  
ED \THIS NEIGHBORHOOD WAS ALL BUT EN-  
TIRELY IGNORED BY

## **POLICE DAEMONS AND FAERIES**

\ EXPERIMENTATION LED TO A PERFECT BIOME  
FOR THEIR WORK. EVENTUALLY A GREAT AND  
POWERFUL DISCOVERY WAS MADE BY THESE  
\OI BOYS THE PERFECT AMOUNT OF SLEEP  
DEPRIVATION AND JUNK DATA INJECTION  
MIXED WITH SHORT BURSTS OF RAW W\ STD-  
LEN FROM PANERA BREAD \IT DOESN'T WORK

UNLESS IT'S PANERAN W\, THERE MUST  
BE SOMETHING REALLY F'ED UP ABOUT THAT  
STUFF.\ WILL LEAD TO MONTHS OF ENERGY  
STORAGE INSIDE THE HUMAN'S WITHERED AND  
DESTROYED FORM. WORD SPREAD THROUGH-  
OUT ALL OF THE \OI BOYS ALL OVER THE CITY  
AND EVENTUALLY THEY WERE ALL INFECTED  
WITH THE GIFT FROM HELL ETERNAL RAW EN-  
ERGY. \OI BOYS WERE NO LONGER CONSUMING  
ANY LIVING TISSUE TO SUSTAIN THEMSELVES  
AND AS A RESULT THEY WERE TOTALLY DIS-  
CONNECTED FROM THE MAINFRAME OF LIFE,  
THEY HAD SEPARATED THEMSELVES AND SUR-  
PASSED EVEN THE \AEMONS. \NSTEAD OF DO-  
ING GREAT AND BEAUTIFUL THINGS WITH THIS  
POWER \WHICH WOULD HAVE BEEN IMPOSSIBLE  
ANYWAY\ THEY PROCEEDED TO DESTROY EV-  
ERY SINGLE THING. THEY CREPT IN CONCRETE  
CHAMBERS, REACHED THROUGH OTHER'S  
BODIES AND RUINED EVERYONE ELSE'S  
LIVES FOREVER.



**Dudeguys always get together and watch some sports. So much fun. So much fucking fun.**

**Eat ya bags, Brad  
Swill ya brew down, Bobby  
Get moneyfucked in the ass now, Jim-Johnny.**

**The beer cans have custom logos:  
Good**

**The bags of snacks also modified:  
Taste Lab**

**Water bottles everywhere labeled:  
Cocacola<sup>Co</sup> Pepsicola<sup>Co</sup>**

**Fantasy Football printouts say:  
LOW IQ or D&D stats  
with INTELLIGENCE at -11.**

**The rest of the stats are blurred out.  
The Television streams 1940's leather football.  
No helmets, no problem.  
Pussy play helmet protect.  
None of that here men.**

**The IRS looks on watching, waiting,  
Doing and collecting, threatening you chump.  
Rich hidden trick taxes, exploding fines,  
Ruining lives complete criminal enterprise.  
B of A reps fee sneaking, fee chipping,  
All banks burned to the ground,  
All people slaves to gold and moneygods.**

**Hail GoldmanSachs commanders so huge,  
Invincible ganifs, a noose for you too.**

**Wallets are being stuffed with so much fucking your-  
cash-your-life. It's theirs now, slave. You work you  
work you work as a battery hither and thither. Dirty  
filthy grubby mitts fingering money from working  
wallets and into a anointed prince's pockets, into  
safes, into coffers, into the wire--into the wind,  
blowing off into smoke. Smoke yourself a cigarette  
and disappear.**

**At the end, there is a dummy set up of close  
dummy hands with money.  
First several hammer/chisel combos snip fingers off--  
lift up weapons quick immediately followed by:  
Shotgun blows fingers and hands with a hurricanes  
impact, snapping the dummy forward, springing it back.  
The rest of the vision pushes too, shoves, like a FPS  
effect to enhance--FOV widens and narrows quickly**

**Taxes,  
FOOTBALL,  
\$100+ per month cellphone charges,  
FOOTBALL,  
bank fees ATM fees per month,  
FOOTBALL,  
Balloon interest rates for them,  
FOOTBALL,  
FOOTBALL,**



**FOOTBALL,  
Mortgages for you.**

**Football MURDERERS  
Football THUGDRUGGERS  
Football GUNGUNTOTERS  
Football HOMISUICIDE  
Football LIFEISCHEAP  
Football BUSTEDKNEES**

**BASEBALL HOTDOGS APPLE  
PIE HERD CHEVROLET  
BASEBALL HOTDOGS APPLE  
PIE HERD CHEVROLET  
BASEBALL HOTDOGS APPLE  
PIE HERD CHEVROLET  
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**PIE HERD CHEVROLET  
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BASEBALL HOTDOGS APPLE  
PIE HERD CHEVROLET  
BASEBALL HOTDOGS APPLE  
PIE HERD CHEVROLET**

**Have you tried a third world sport before?  
Like soccer? It's really fun, you run run run  
run run. There's is a ball that goes back and  
forth and back and forth. It is truth because  
there's no I in soccer. No spotlights, just  
teams just nations just prisons.  
No one knows, no one cares.**



I can't believe she sucks this pathetic piece of shit's dick. Cornball loser Arcade Fire fuck. This kid should've been thrown out when he was a baby, he is obviously genetic poison man. He is smiling like that because his face is so ugly and his teeth are so yellow that he's got no choice except to be



like a silly goofball wacky clown man. Anyone who was fat and had braces in high school knows what it's like to have no choice

other than to make everyone laugh all the time. It's basically like having a gun to your head and nobody knows that better than the guy in these pictures. You have two choices in this situation, you can either start tap dancing and singing and telling people that you don't have a gun to your head, or you can start lifting weights and buying normal clothes. For any self-respecting individualist indie rocker, Option B is an insult and akin to failure, and so you have to keep tapping your feet and grinning like a dunking booth idiot and probably self-medicate a lot with either weed or candy until your teeth are a nice shade of Ferrari Fly Yellow.

Bill Cosby makes a public stink quite often about urban youths sagging their jeans and spouting gibberish nonsense words. He's upset that he lived through the civil rights era only to see his own race make itself look like a bunch of savage retards (his words not mine). That's what I



feel like I'm doing with this



worm kid. You are a bad ambassador for the white race, you look like shit, you should hang yourself (if you're not going to take steps to fix the problem).

Favorite author: J.D. Salinger or D.H. Lawrence

This is what passes for good boyfriend material nowadays--test tube babies, dandelion dreamers, fancy fops, ascot princes, and apology wizards. I'm not some men's rights activist who thinks that women are dumb robot sluts biologically programmed to open their legs only for alpha males, but I just do not understand why you would date this guy unless you were in a wheelchair or

he has a lot of money. Look at this kid. If the apartment was on fire he would run screaming and leave you inside to die. If a bunch of urban youths were talking and laughing in a movie theater and ruining the movie he would probably apologize to them. What, does he fuck you real good? Is this kid secretly a horse-hung fuck monster and I just can't tell?

The other thing that bothers me... this girl clearly has her shit together, you can tell by the shape of her face. She's probably in school for



something not useless; she probably doesn't get too pissed over off-color jokes; if you sexually harassed her or asked her on a date and blew it and made an ass of yourself, she'd probably laugh and brush it off in a nice way that didn't castrate you or make you feel like a creep loser... I'd go so far as to say just from looking at her that if you did something really awful/illegal she would probably help you cover it up as long as no one really got hurt majorly.

She's tiny... most tiny girls get gay tattoos and listen to godawful music and turn

their cars into landfills with fast food wrappers and empty bottles of body spray, but not her. There are a lot of 18, 19, 20, 21, even 22 year old girls chilling across America who don't even have their driver's permit... many of them Adult Swim viewers. Girls who think



that 'drawing' is a job that people have, like they're going to go to school for drawing and when they graduate they'll get a job as a drawer. There are a lot of retards from both sexes but there are so many retarded girls, and it's so easy for retarded girls to just float along and get a pass for being cute, but this isn't one of them. This girl always has a pen in her handbag, she's not a bitch, she's not entirely dependent on her family for money, and equally importantly she's not always shitting on herself and trying to be like Liz Lemon. She's not some greasy Lena Dunham pig who has a self-destructive sex

life and makes jokes about dirty tampons and eating Chinese food five nights a week because looking in the mirror makes her cry.

Imagine you're dating her, and she gets home from work and she's super tired, but she still gives you head because she knows you'll



die without it, plus she likes giving head and not in a gross give everybody head way. Isn't she great? When she wakes up she'll be wearing one of your t-shirts and it looks like a dress on her because she's a little wood nymph. Even her morning breath smells

(USE  
WHAT-  
EVER)

good... probably such a nice pussy... her morning breath smells good and her after-workout sweaty pussy smells good, but she's dating Gilbert Godfrey who is probably grossed out if her pussy smells like anything other than Dove soap, and forget about her asshole: he wants nothing to do with that and if he had his way



she wouldn't even have one. Her animal charms and feral scents are lost on him. If you asked him why is she sexy, he'd say: because she's such a good friend. Fuck this kid.

She's not the type of big fat Nordic powerlifting TV addict dyke who doesn't clean up after her cats that would match well with this fag. She should be dating someone cool... like me. Or Davey Havok.











[illegible]

**No help for you as she stuffs a rag in your mouth. It's already beet red. God there's too much blood Brisco. The way everything feels inside, you know for sure you're in no better shape than Ragù straight marinara. Put me on pasta you think as you design to blow yourself up.**

**She draws her face close to yours which is absolute hamburg, a swollen lumbering tongue lolling out like it belongs to a dog. She makes you a dog. Your tongue is scary thick like you're choking on new york system. Only clicks and burps come out, gasps, some vomit--an outcome to be expected. She kisses you hard pulling the rest of your insides with a witch's fingers.**

**Sandy opens a pill bottle and changes you into a woman. They go down fast and giant and hard, syringes flowing gardisil into your body it's rounding out your hips you're totally submissive now you're sick as a dog for a while maybe the shot did worse than she'd thought it would. Some thermerisol cocktail of death worship into you and your daughters veins. Sandra is stuffing your wallets with cash money, it's like payday 2 cash. She's crying out and laughing because you like the pills--she did mankind a service! She done so right it don't get no better! A saint doing the work of heaven on earth equal equality pacman.**

**--I really like these pills! You shout above the screaming. Sandra, let's go to Hell. You explode.**

**You escape.**

# Fight or Flight ?

## FLIGHT

**You turn tale and run like a car is chasing you down. You turn to look and she's still way far away but start to turn Jesus Christ! She's belching? Jesus, why? Is this lady fucking sick? You gain incredible speed but she's right behind you.**

**Sandra Fluke catches up to you quickly and with heels. The tension of her calves in orgasm contraction. She wears heels to excite the sexual energy of men. Blesses them chanting, anoints them with oil. She sees you looking down at her legs and she smiles knowingly and reaches over to put her fingers in your mouth.**

**An odd car pulls up and she directs you inside by your mouth. She's got the other hand firmly in your pocket.**

**You sit in the backseat with Sandra. She kicks off her heels and starts rubbing her tooties on your legs.**

**--What's that? You say but no one's listening.**

**She's jackin you off now, right? Know what I'm saying? She's getting to work alright? Is that okay with you? It's Sandra Fluke and she's busy with business. She suddenly stops and tells the driver to floor it, she needs the car upwards of 110 miles per hour.**

***--I don't know if I can do it.***

**The driver yells.**

**--I said do it! Do it or you'll drink nut!  
Do you hear me Roger? she replies  
back. He goes ahead and floors the car.  
She shuffles up to make out with  
him quick.**

**Sandra picks something up from the floor and points it at you, it's a shotgun and she blows your thighs into mash. Two cheese pizzas right there on your lap. Your reach over and rip one of her eyes out. It swells gigantic as you pull and explodes as it's out. The force of her blasted eye whips her neck back and bashes her head through the car window. She's screams and pukes pure black blood and her bottom jaw almost falls off. The car is silent except for her splattering watery mouth of thin blood gushes. She's looks up at you with one eye and reaches a grizzly arm over to stuff her fingers right into and through your ribs. The tickle makes you kick and the pain blows your organs to shit. She peels your lungs into cotton candy pulled apart in her prehistoric death efficient fingers. Your abdominals have contracted to where your back is completely blown out due to overcompensation stress--you throw out your back. You try to get your fingers back in Sandra's mouth but she evades you and slashes at your arm with a big barber's razor. The ice hot sting threatens to put you under but the lady**

**takes your four front teeth out of your face with her bare hands, to keep you smiling. You're back In the other pain world now. There is no hope for that arm it's opened like a baked potato and your eyes roll like a whinny horse. You're good left hand pulls Sandra's jaw off, she's gushing puke and horror. She's on her knees with her ruined face laughing up at you. Quickly you kick her in the throat but it doesn't have any effect. She'e back into you in a flash with a eye rake to rule them all.**

**Both your eyes run out of your head like two jumbo browns but you can still see. You're weaker now that the shots and pillseyzills had time to manipulate. Things have started to rearrange inside of you. Her fingers thrust into your mouth and under your tongue to tear through your tissue paper. She's now leading your face around like a bull down between her legs for a thigh hold. Her gunshot comes crashing down on the top of your skull turning it into a monkey head dessert. She pulls your face back up, her fingers always in holes, this time your jumbo socks pulling you closer by your face bone. This time you take it to the front gums, courtesy of a big shotgun.**

**Suddenly she shoots the front half of her skull off exposing a italian dinner mash inside her head. She's stronger than ever now. She pulls you close for screaming kisses.**

**It's hard to fight back so it's time to go with the drill. You knuckle your ruined bones and press them into Sandra's chest bone--reducing it to clay. She grunts and lets go. You get a good sock to her gaping left eye which blows her brains out the back of her head. You scream with surprise.**

**The driver pulls the car over and sucks gun, head everywhere.**

**You escape.**



**It would be more fun to think of the uppity self empowered cunts that live in high end metro areas loving their shit so much they don't want to shit it out. Everything they do is a god damn gift to the world, you know so much how did they ever have time to teach you all of that at the country club. Man you really have a good handle on shit.**



SHIT DON'T STINK

SHIT DON'T STINK

**we are just supposed to give you our mineral rich feces for free it doesn't make sense when our nutrition is so richly based, so pure**

**They wouldn't be able to part with their fecal equity in vitamin and mineral content. It would pain them to have to think of someone processing their shit and mixing it in with the rest of the plebeian garbage excrement, it's a sin. We will see in the future that the proper grade shit needs to be corralled and re distributed to the wealthy class that put it there. They are making millions.**



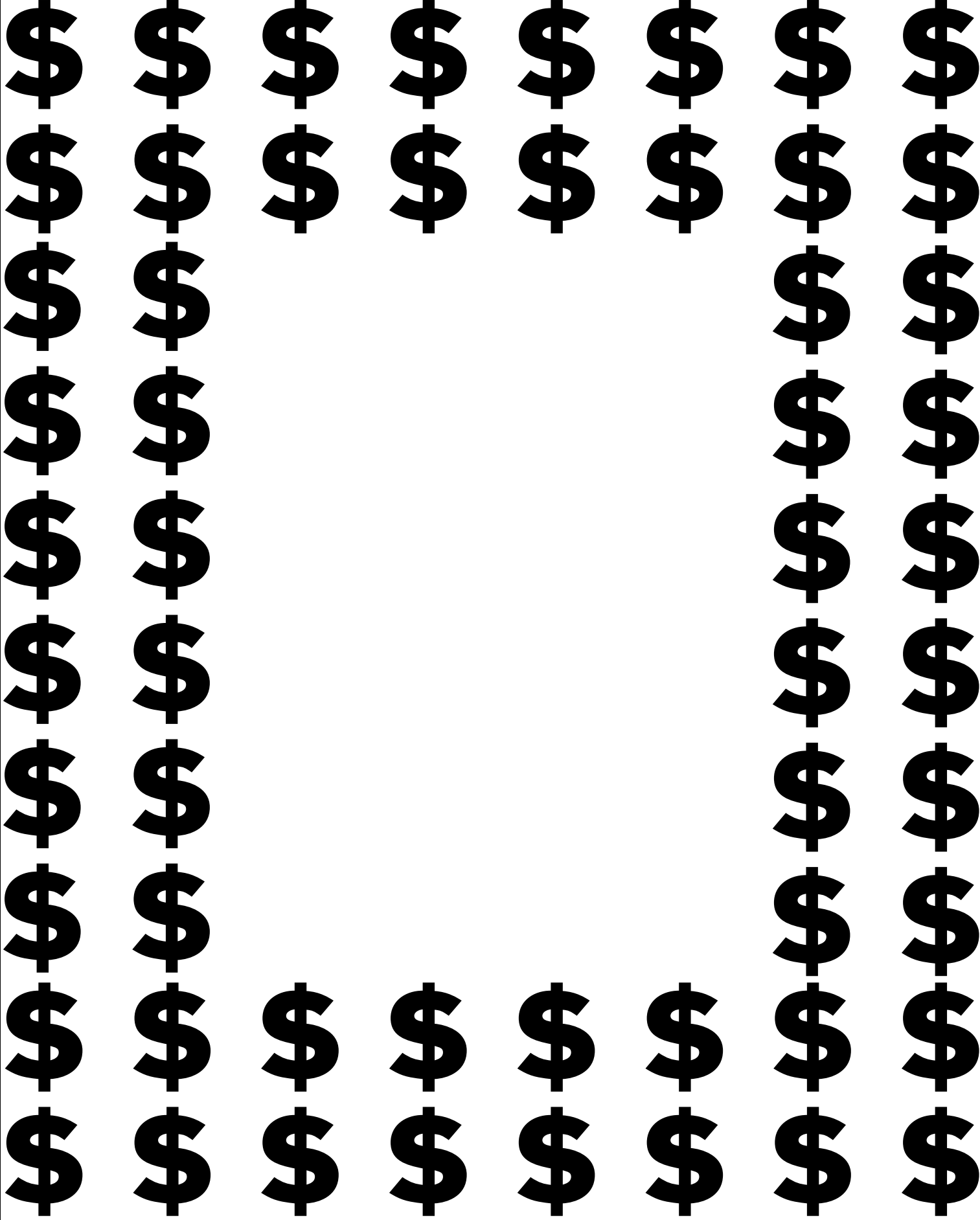
At Thanksgiving everyone is getting food put on their plate and a guy is saying to his girl cousin a vegetarian? Didn't expect you to get suckered into that. You gonna tell me how you're better than everyone else? next panel says later that night and he's playing dota

Break out the pencils and crayons, because now

it's time to draw your own cartoon based on our

fun prompt (we retain all legal rights):

# Make Your Own Cartoon: Thug Life









THE OTHER KIDS. JAY  
LITOROUS CROSSED  
PISS STREAMS  
WITH ME ONCE AT  
A PLAYDATE AT MY  
HOUSE BUT THIS  
IS THE ONLY TIME I  
WAS EVER CLOSE TO  
ANOTHER KID MY AGE.  
WE WERE BOTH 22 AT  
THE TIME. ANYWAY  
GADFLY WILL HAVE  
A MUCH EASIER  
TIME ADJUSTING  
BECAUSE WHEN KIDS  
ASK HIM QUESTIONS  
ABOUT VICTORIAN  
ENGLAND OR ABOUT  
HOT AIR BALLOONS  
GOING INTO SPACE,  
OR PNEUMATIC AIR  
RIFLES, HE WILL  
KNOW ALL THE  
ANSWERS.

giant beakers of  
potions and tinctures  
at them. PEACE.

Jice Crainbrook  
Crainsly  
Humperdink  
Harlem  
Hamstead  
Facebian  
Fobius  
Kabian  
Kylerus  
Trumphrey  
Trevin  
Sir Reginald

Hey it's me Sam. I was just thinking about how cool of a dad I will be. I'm going to be a steampunk dad. My son is gonna be totally psyched about this because he will have all kinds of gear toys to play with. He can take vigors to enhance his constitution and he'll have a sick ass gyrocopter to hover around in.

I'VE DECIDED I'M GOING TO NAME MY SON GADFLY. THE REASON FOR THIS IS SIMPLY BECAUSE, AS A CHILD, NAMED SAM, I WAS TEASED, BULLIED, TORMENTED, SOMETHING UNMERCIFUL. I THINK THE REASON FOR THIS IS BECAUSE I SIMPLY WAS NOT STEAMPUNK ENOUGH TO FIT IN WITH

Look, I just don't want my son to be the object of fruity abuses. I don't want him getting piss slogged and ass-horsed like I was so many many times. Imagine if they make fun of GADFLY. He'll just put on some gear goggles and use a trebuchet to launch

Hexagon  
Reggis  
Reggin  
Captain Trayce  
Skysteamer  
Dr. Pholus  
Flubberdoink  
Styler Cornelius

Krayvon Von Franklestink  
Sir Malcolm Dinklesprocket  
Stavius Octogon  
Oculus Rift  
Sir Milfred Bobius  
Professor  
Steamen Corpuscle

The Honorable  
Dr. Cobius  
Sprocketwrench Von  
Steinbeck, Esq. (dual-wields wrenches as primary weapons)  
Rammstein Cuckold  
Fuck Face Faggo  
Coffee Cup  
Edgar Bolonius  
Sir Edgar Allen Poo  
Cock Master  
Faggot  
Tranny  
John Yaoi  
Jhoinney

HERE ARE SOME OTHER NAMES IN CASE  
I HAVE MORE SONS (MOST IN LINE WITH  
STEAMPUNK OR CYBERPUNK THEME):





THE ALL-SEEING EYE IS A HOUSE OF CARDS, STACKED AGAINST THE PEOPLE IT RULES. WE'RE ALL JUST PLAYERS IN ONE BIG GAME OF POKER. ONE GIANT ROULETTE WHEEL, SPINNING AS IT CIRCLES THE DRAIN. THE ONLY QUESTION IS... WILL YOU BE A JOKER, OR AN ACE?

**Master of illusions Pussyface pushed on. She got to meat up with army recruiter Joe Hasslebrock. Joe was a little down on his luck because his numbers were down. He could've sure used a release. Pussyface was on the prowl the night of the second meating. Although Joe Hasselbrock's stories of tremendous valor were intriguing the fact of the matter was. What was she supposed to do with a face like that. Joe knew, the look of disappointment was growing inch by inch with every shirtless frown. Poor guy, but don't worry he still got laid, and so did the other guy in the shadows.**





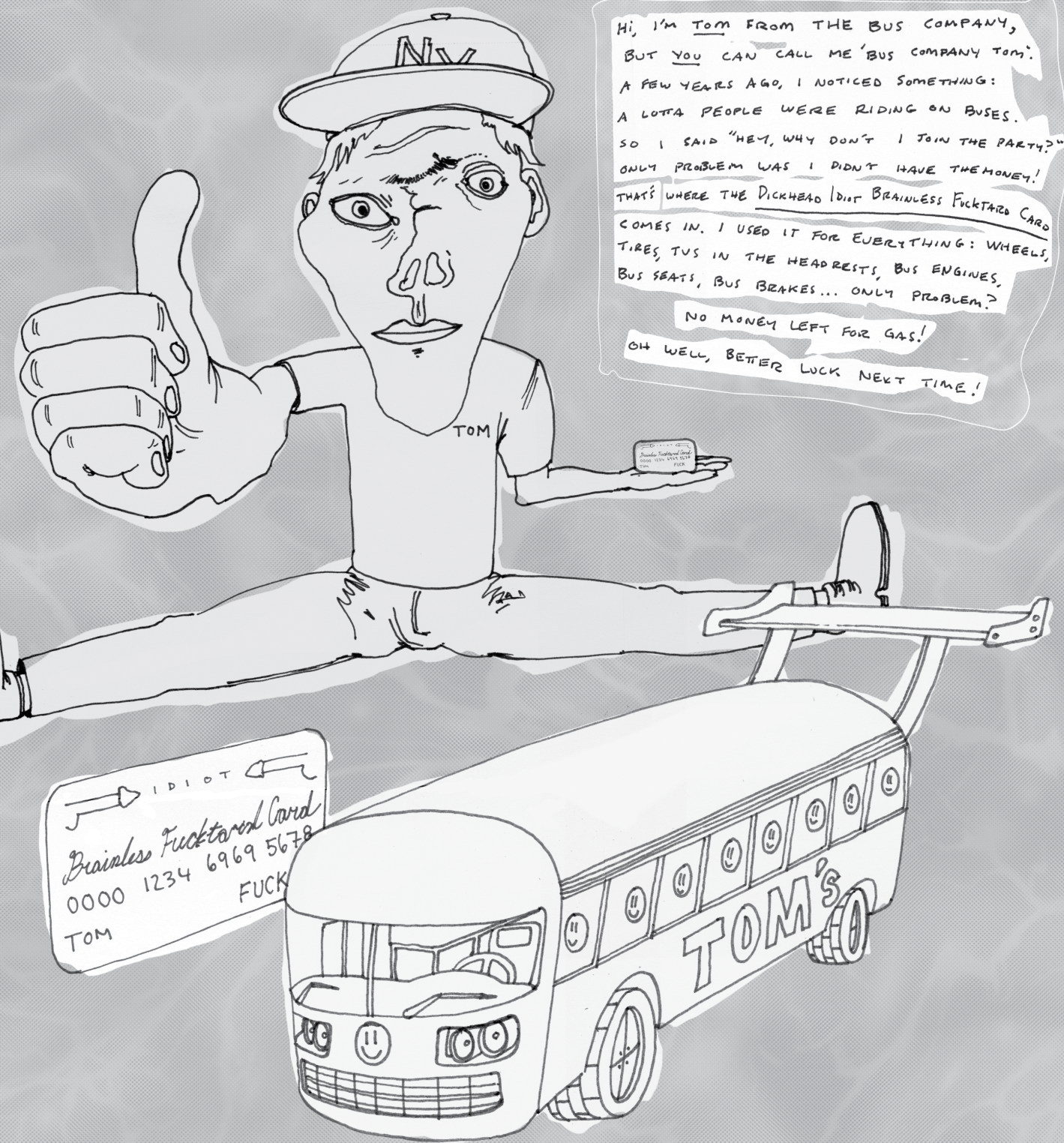




Scrotey sighed and called himself shit as he looked at the time above the South Park episode playing on his phone. I'm shit. Only his fifth day in the Spanish-Speaking Country -- his second day volunteering -- and here he was, sitting in a latrine and letting his asshole get gently blown by the montane winds. The little kids, meanwhile, were out actually building the schoolhouse they would one day be learning to read in. The way he ended up in the latrine was, he had been nailing boards together according to the blueprints he had learnt to read before deployment, only to discover that his First World lifestyle had turned him into such a nerd pussy that he couldn't use a hammer. Jean Piero the Host Dad had watched Scrotey dinkle a 2x4 with almost a dozen bendy scraggled cripple-nails, his toothy smile phasing in and out of sincerity. That was when Scrotey went and told his semi-hot Host Sister about his vaguely diarrhesque symptoms, based on last nights WebMD research. Blew any chance he had with her, but at least nobody else would have to see him be a limp-wristed homo. Scrotey dug in his pocket. The knowledge that he too was a Fail Volunteer was painful, so he quickly crushed up and snorted two of the Shame Pills that he had brought over from Vancouver; then as the body high kicked in he programmed a robocar to bring him some Five Guys. It was the year 2022.

I'm  
Shit.





I'M TOM. MY PROMISE TO THE CONSUMER IS THAT OUR SERVICE IS AS FLEXIBLE AS I AM. AND I CAN DO A FULL SPLIT!

I am a small business owner, and my card is the Brainless Fucktard Card.

People are fucking stupid man... Just think about everybody you know who has thought about starting a business. Wage earners are big time losers and unemployed people even more so, but no one really has his head up his ass like your average fledgling small business owner. It's crazy. Just go to an entrepreneur networking mixer in your local area and listen to pea-brained people try to top each other for worst idea ever:

a hair salon that is also a cafe  
buy cheap products from China and resell them on eBay  
make a new version of Facebook that is better and has more features  
make a new version of Twitter that is better and has more features  
A local coupon book that people pay for. I will go around to all the businesses and get them on board.  
a cougar dating site  
Christian cougar dating site  
I've always wanted to start my own restaurant. We'll just have beautiful ambience, it'll be like SoHo outside of the city. Elegant lights and just beautiful tasteful artwork. It'll be like a dream and I've finally saved up enough to do it. Live jazz, can you imagine? The food will all be fresh and local and people will come for tapas and our exquisite selection of artisan beers.  
Why don't you just save yourself the trouble and gamble instead?

learn how to forex trade  
anything hardware  
anything food  
artisan cupcake company (gamble instead)  
frozen yogurt internet café (Kickstart this)  
anything entertainment esp. starting a record label (haha)

This is just phase one of business creation. Even if you are 1/1000 people who has a non-terrible, profitable idea, you are still gonna need a lawyer, an accountant, and a big line of credit (if what you aim to do is anything more involved than being a handyman or babysitter). The government wants to destroy the middle class because the middle class isn't dependent on a strong central government for food and shelter. The middle class can't be bribed with food stamps and scratch tickets, and so it must be destroyed. If you wish to start a small business (and in doing so strengthen the middle class) you can expect a lot of road blocks and red tape.

Business is for the big boys who can afford legal teams and lobbyists. This is why Walmart is actually in favor of higher minimum wage- because Walmart can afford to (and does already) pay higher-than-minimum wages, but mom 'n'



pop competitors can't. There are hundreds of thousands of laws and it would be impossible to remain compliant with all of them while running a business. They exist because they benefit the huge companies that are in bed with the government by essentially barring entry to smaller players. It's the definition of crony capitalism, and basically what it means is if you think you can do something other than stand in a bread line and collect your Obamabucks then prepare to be fined \$20,000 for not meeting your quota of deaf homosexual employees. And if at any point in the hiring process you ask the interviewee if he's a convicted felon, well, that's sexual harassment right there buddy. I don't even have time to tell you the rest of how fucked you're going to be if you try to start your own business, so please use your imagination.

I'm no expert so take all this with a grain of salt, but according to a recent survey, 50% of small business owners say that they would've not even bothered had they known at the outset what a

tremendous waste of time and money their artisan cupcake company would've been. Fif-Tee Per-Cent. And the other 50% is mostly made up of prideful chumps who are too deluded to admit that they were wrong. Ah ya know what, I gave it a shot, workin' fer myself, my own boss, and that's the best part about it, ya know? We would'a made tons of money and been the next Amazon.com but it's just 'cus the 'conomy's so bad; it's the 'conomy. Damn republicans won't let the wealth trickle down to my artisan cupcake company.

#### Denise's Happy Puppy Grooming Service

The one exception to this is waste management. Start a trash company, buy a 1-800-GOT-JUNK franchise, start a broken appliance removal company, buy junk cars, whatever, as long as it's trash, you will be in the money. Trash is like oil only it's everywhere and you can start mining TODAY. This stuff is worth money and people are going to pay you more money to get it out of their houses.

You will need: a truck; a hard working Hispanic dude or white kid you pay under the table. See you in three years when you're a millionaire. Not joking.

\$  
\$

If small business owners are the slave caste, then the untouchables would have to be landlords. I didn't draw a cartoon about it because it's too depressing. Landlords are the shit-heels of planet earth. I think I'd rather clean toilets at a frat house than be a landlord-- they are basically the same job. In the '70s, real estate was unregulated and taxes were low, then in the '80s the whole world was a giant green up arrow, and killings were made in real estate. People look at real estate during boom economies when you could buy anything low and sell it high, and for some reason think that buying low and selling high is a thing with houses that you can do all the time. Well, if you bought a house in '08 at the lowest low, you'd still

be sitting on it right now, probably waiting another eight years to sell high. And all along the way you'd be getting jagged with taxes, the city would be coming around looking for things to fine you a couple grand for, and you'd have this shit-anchor that's earning nothing that you have to insure and take care of like a baby. Know what else is a good investment? A baby. At least real babies don't get termites and dry rot.

According to a recent Gallup poll, Americans think real estate is the best long-term investment. The fact that most Americans think it should tell you how good of an idea it actually is. On average, over the past few decades, real estate has barely kept pace with inflation, and that's before factoring in how big of a pain in the ass it is managing even something as simple as a vacant lot.

There are a few reasons why dumb schmuck goy Americans think real estate is a good idea:



First off, owning the roof over your head is a big part of the American Dream. Definitely base your financial future on a Hollywood fairy tale for suckers. Me personally, my dream is to coach a baseball team of deaf inner-city kids all the way to the World Series and win the big game in the ninth inning. If that falls through, Plan B is to become Air Bud.

Secondly, I wouldn't wanna invest in something I couldn't see with my own two hands, AKA stocks aren't real because you can't physically touch them. This is the way immigrants think man... get over this. I once knew a Polish car wash guy who had like six big real gold rings: his life's savings on his knuckles. While this is a pretty G way to play it, what happens if you lose one? What effect do years of vigorous washing with harsh chemicals have on gold? A gold ETF or better yet a large

cap index fund is more convenient but that would require using computers that can magically zap away your money, and dumb mule Polack immigrants like us don't trust computers, and we don't wash our hands.

And thirdly, people watch too much TV. Flip This House, Pawn Stars, Donald Trump, Million Dollar Listing... It's that easy, right? You just buy a house at a tax auction for \$2,500, put some spackle up on the ceiling, trim the lawn, and you flip it for a cool million? Sick dude you're a tycoon going to big meetings, Audi. This is what fat shlubs fantasize about in their free time but the only one making any money here is Home Depot and of course the gov't. Fat shlubs like my aunt Joyce fantasize about finding trash, putting a coat of paint on it, and selling it at Antiques Roadshow for \$110,000, because her house is full of trash, painting stuff is easy, and

\$110,000 would get her out of credit card debt with enough leftover to put a down payment on a new VW Bug. This is a real plan she told me over the phone while on painkillers recovering from a face lift.

Here is my aunt Joyce's list of Good American Investments:

1. real estate
2. stuff from tag sales you can paint and bring to Antiques Roadshow
3. jewelry (from HSN)
4. ask sister for money
5. try to get disability
6. try to get hit by a car and sue
7. try to get food poisoning and sue
8. get addicted to back pills and sue

Anyway.

My landlord's life sucks so bad. I ruined his hardwood floors and I play rap music all day. I bet he wishes he put his \$250,000 in a mutual fund instead of this old rotting building that he barely breaks even on renting out to lowlives. Now I bet he wishes he were delivering mail, mopping movie theater floors, wiping Alzheimer's ass, doing anything other than being my handyman butler in his broken prisonhouse. By the way I tried caulking the windows for the winter and I think I messed them up or something. He could be traveling the country right now in a classic Airstream, playing bluegrass music and eating soul food or whatever gay things he likes, but instead he's monkeying around in the basement with the boiler because I have his personal cell phone number and I call to complain a lot after regular business hours. PEACE.



**There's something about steampunk (and also Dr. Who) that in my opinion sucks the dignity out of life. I wish I could audibilize it better, but there it is. I feel about steampunk the same way I feel about fast food. I just think it's disgusting, and if we're really going to be pigs with no standards then why don't we all just kill ourselves.**



It was a guatemalan kids 21st birthday party. It was the middle of the summer and his shady friend Eduardo wanted to DJ. He would only play bachata for the hour or so then he was going to switch it up to Jamrock then eventually Reggaeton. So he starts playing this Movado song and all of a sudden Maria Gutierrez, Bebo's older sister with a kid, is out on the floor dancing, HARD. She was getting so sweaty, Eduardo notices this and all of a sudden out comes Pecho. He calls his dick Pecho, Maria notices it right away and she is like aight lets do this So they play a few more songs, more chill songs, he puts his shit away and they start talking about Frida Kahlo. Thirty minutes or so goes by and Maria and Eduardo head for his street bike and bounce on the whole party full of people. They knew they love each other right away. He hit it that first night...

**When one visits the Datalink Core it floods your mind with every divergent reality that had ever spun out of control and castoff from the original. If we couldn't stay on track with one timeline, life would be chaos. But in maintaining our status quo, we are murdering every alternate reality except our own. We have killed thousands just to continue to live.**





**WHY DO FIRE  
FIGHTERS GET  
PAID SO MUCH  
FOR DOING SO  
LITTLE**



ho ho...

why brack peepo alway comprain about srave-ree?  
we built raroard, dey only pick cotton, way easier. i  
wish i could get cotton job man, i have to hammer  
rairoard spikes with my fo-haid. stop compraining  
brack guy, u go home to africa, u anoying.

why you not fit into amer-ica, guy? my daddy srave, he  
wear rice hat and PJs and builda rai-ro. now I own  
licka sto, my son docta, yo daddy same ting as yo  
son, you all srave still, ho ho. why you not worka  
hahd, make-a betta rife foh son? u razy, guy

brack peepo don rike bein car neega...  
neega cool man, betta dan cheenk, it  
sound rike some kina kung fu styy...

yestahday i have to sell my grand-  
motha fo sum dog biscuits. ev-ree  
day i have to get whipped, i work  
atta whip factory an dey test  
out da new whips on me. u rive  
in fleest country in da werl an  
all you do is sag yo pants.

dey say brack people beeg and  
dumb cosa srave-ree... dey breed  
you to pick rittle bitty cotton,  
you beeg and dumb, dey breed  
me to carry rairro track and  
hamma spike all day, why am i  
skinny an smaht? i tink u razy man

brack man pray war machine in  
ion man movie? i don tink so...  
should car him razy man.



**Construction  
workers on  
percocets,  
faces melting  
while their  
hand is being  
crushed by  
equipment/  
material**





YO DUDE, HAVE YOU  
PLAYED NUCLEAR  
SLAUGHTER 5 YET?  
IT'S TOTALLY  
FUCKIN' SICK, MAN

YEAH? I'VE BEEN  
LOOKING FOR A  
NEW ADDICTIVE  
GAME TO BUST  
SOME TIME ON



5 CARTONS OF SMOKES,  
30 LITRES OF COFFEE,  
700 HOURS OF GAMEPLAY  
LATER I CAN HONESTLY  
SAY THIS HAS EASILY BEEN  
THE BEST MONTH OF MY  
ENTIRE LIFE...HEH, HEH....





# **GAS PROICES, GAS PROICES, GAS PROICES! WHAT'S WITH THESE PESKY GAS PROICES?!**

Every time I go to fill up the gas tank it's fifty bucks, that's too much. So I do some things to help even the score. First, when I drive through the gas station, I honk my horn real loud. Then I make sure to make a big mess in the bathroom. Bust open the paper towel dispenser, steal soap, you know, whatever it takes to get my fifty dollars' worth. I love a bargain! They got the noive to charge for the gasoline that God put in the ground when he made this lousy dump, so make sure you don't get stiffed, get your money's worth, take the soap dispenser, do what you need to do, teach these guys something about value and making sure the custoimer is always roight.

THIS HAS BEEN DICKIE HEAP WITH ANOTHER EPISODE OF GET IT ON THE CHEAP WITH DICKIE.HEAP



I have an uncle Denis that I can call when I get into a real jam. This guy could know the immediate steps to take after anything. I haven't killed anyone or anything like that but if you need answers and you feel Jaily then you call him. He looks and carries himself a bit like Steve Buschemi, in fact when I found out that there were rumors that ol' Steve had an expensive sex habit I thought to myself man O man, Steve you should call my uncle Denis. Life's resilient people who aren't homeless but are selfless capitalists would more than likely make up a board of directors should there be a lawlessness style armageddon. Like a shaman kind of deal.

DIGITAL STEVE BUSCHEMI

I like to think of the first day that a cross dressing guy steps out into the gay bar or hotel room or whatever. Like day one, Minute one. Oh man crush zone. Shit, all those judges out there, powerful lawyers, cops, all positions of authority are in tune with this sort of recreational gender bending. It's an article from Esquire Magazine that it was something that like up to 75% of cops wear womens underwear or something. No let's not pollute the facts here it's a sad truth that the sexual malfunction due to modern forms of authority are existent and need to be fixed. I'll get into it more, but I don't think I need to, get out there and let's burn some witches.

DIGITAL STEVE BUSCHEMI

DIGITAL STEVE BUSCHEMI





# Dr. Chew

THIS BABY  
IS FUCKING  
DEAD MEAT.

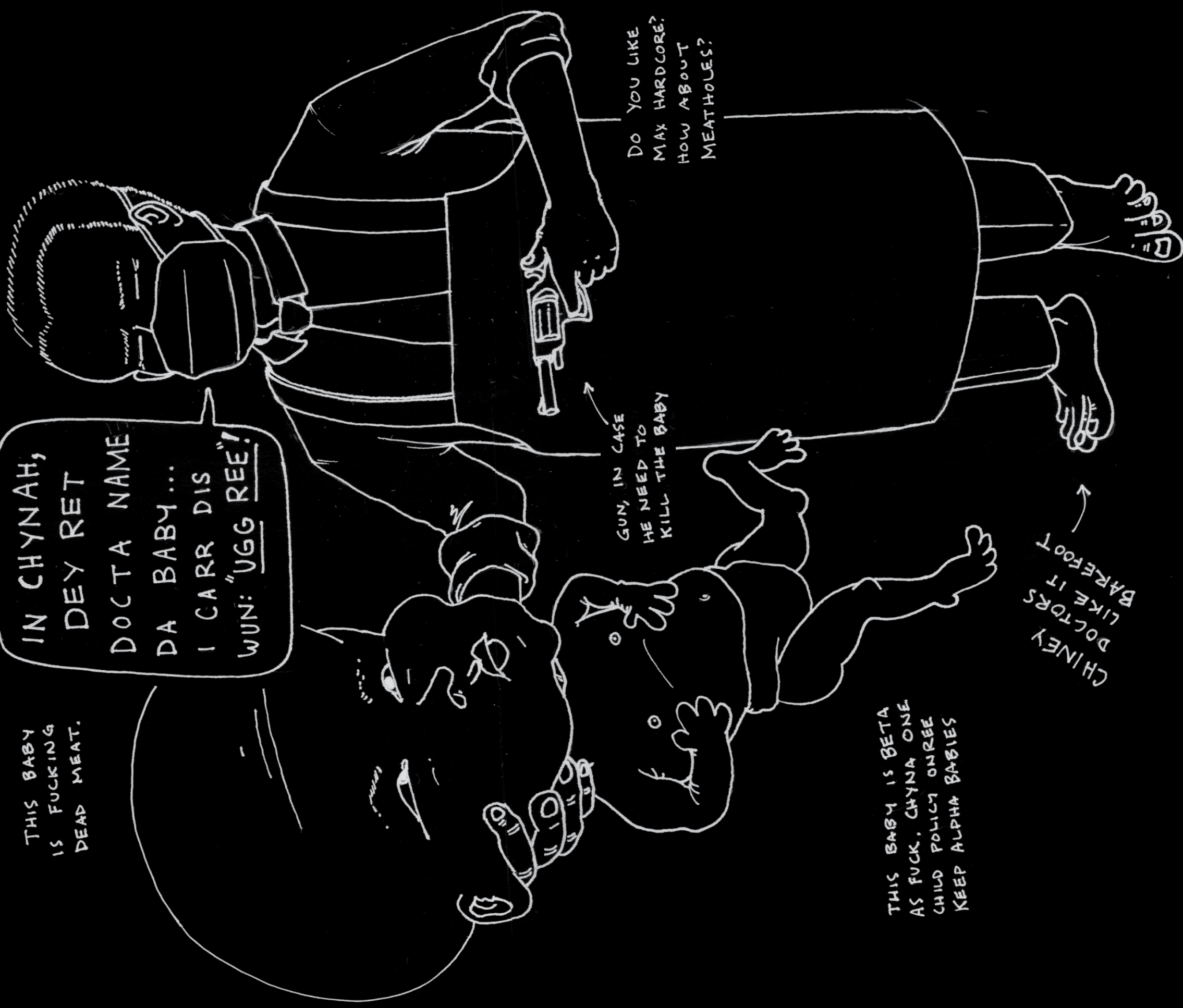
IN CHYNAH,  
DEY RET  
DOCTA NAME  
DA BABY...  
I CARR DIS  
WUN: "UGG REE!"

DO YOU LIKE  
MAX HARDCORE?  
HOW ABOUT  
MEATHOLES?

GUN, IN CASE  
HE NEED TO  
KILL THE BABY

THIS BABY IS BETA  
AS FUCK. CHYNA ONE  
CHILD POLICY ONREE  
KEEP ALPHA BABIES

CHINESE  
DOCTORS  
LIKE IT  
BAREFOOT





## **FUCK CHIHULY**

**Please don't support Dale Chihuly. I am not making it up when I say that he personally attacked my family in a movie theater when i was a kid. Dale Chihuly came into the movie theater and started yelling, No seats left?! DO YOU KNOW WHO I EVEN AM I? I COULD TURN YOU ALL INTO GLASS. Chihuly I will never forget what you said to my parents that day and also how you said you would turn me into damn glass. Also your art is glass trash man.**

**Dale Chihuly is a big baby who makes glass trash art and charges people money to see his shish in a lame baby garden. Dale Chihuly turned his whole body into glass, so guess what, i'm a big rock swiftly coming crashing through. Look at all the glass piss he is streaming out at the Chihuly garden and get it sprayed all over your face and yelled by a big baby man. Dale Chihuly threatened to turn my parent's young child (me) into glass after they laughed at him for having a toddler esque tantrum**



# HOT QUIZ

**Despite making up less than 1% of the world's population, Jews absolutely dominate every important field, with most key figures in media, finance, and academia being Hardcore Jewish. This fact is:**

**a)**

Pure  
coincidence  
{racist question}

**b)**

A testament to  
their strong work  
ethic

**c)**

The endgame for  
the 6000  
year-long

**d)**

Talmudic Jewish  
supremacy  
conspiracy

Answer: a) This fact is actually pure coincidence, and even thinking about it is highly racist. Why are all basketball players black? Why don't you ask yourself that question and leave the Jews alone. You white piece of shit. You probably own slaves. You are an anti-Semite, and guess what? Your career is over.



The satoig pipe continues farther than you could've imagined—for a thousand quads at least. In some spots, there's barely any satoig at all, just a thin film that coats the walls and makes the pipe slick. In other parts, it's completely clogged, forcing you to hold your breath and swim through. One thing is consistent, however, and that is the stench of satoig—it permeates everything and is impossible to adapt to. Just when you think you've got a handle on it, it mutates into a new bioaura and crushes you with nuttier and meatier fece notes, tap dancing on

your nose, squat-thrusting into your lungs. This carries on for what seems like two or three full swatch (though in actuality it's only a little over half swatch), but after your victory in combat, thankful to still have your life in your hands, it's a journey you are happy to make. You may have lost all sense of time and direction, but you haven't lost your sense of purpose, and soon you are rewarded for your persistence with the familiar red haze of daylight.

<a>  
>>>>>>Turn to page 550.

The freeway is more like a junkyard. The shells of speeders, some forcibly decommissioned by heat-fire and Chennis rockets, some just rotten with time, lay strewn about, making passage tricky.

The road is riddled with craters, many big enough to swallow you whole. The shadows seem to move, and more than once you nearly lose your nerve and turn back, but the gas station is close and you're still alive.

It takes a lot of concentration but you make it. Wiping sweat off your brow and breathing a sigh of relief, you shamle into the Namerian Heroes rest stop and look up at the brightly lit canopy.

You can't remember the last time you saw a building with functioning lights, let alone one as well-lit as this. Something is strange. There's nobody here, and why would anybody be here, at a gas station in the middle of a war zone? The eerie buzz of flowing current and the chatter of bugs underline the sinister energy here. Maybe if you hang around long enough you can become a ghost?

There's movement, and this time you're sure it's not just your imagination. It must be the friendly owner coming out to give you that helping hand you need so desperately.

<a>  
Thankful for a helping hand, you step towards the building eagerly to greet the proprietor of this place.  
>>>>>>Turn to page 133.

<b>  
Caution would be best here. While it's probable the inhabitants of the gas station have your best interests at heart, maybe hiding would serve you well for now. There's an overturned buss not too far past the concrete barrier at the edge of the highway. You could crawl in there for a bit and wait to see how trustworthy these people look.  
>>>>>>Turn to page 472.

<c>  
Nothing about this bodes well. The electric lights, the boarded up windows—you have neither the time nor the inclination to stick around for this creepy oasis trap to spring itself on you. You decide to hit the ground running, using the buss and other road wreckage for cover and making your way down the highway on foot.  
>>>>>>Turn to page 67.



As you crawl through the old buss on your hands and knees, it becomes apparent that the last few travelers to take shelter here used it as a restroom. It stinks bad, and every surface is sticky like gum with satoig and other excretis. It's unfortunate, but you just think back to Roddy, what would Roddy do in this dire situation?—Roddy would stick it out like a trooper, for as long as was needed, and he'd get the job done.

After a quarter swatch or two, a little man in blue coveralls walks around from the side of the building. He's got a big rack of beef jerky slung over his shoulder. He looks harmless enough, and from his demeanor you guess that he's alone here.

<a>

This guy looks harmless enough, but you know the drill. It's kill or be killed out here, and it's your turn to kill. You decide to jump him and hit him in the head, see if you can make him bleed.

>>>>>Turn to page 137.

<b>

This guy looks harmless enough, who knows, maybe he's one of the rare ones who's actually worth a damn. At the very least you oughta give him the benefit of the doubt before hitting him in the head and seeing if you can make him bleed. You emerge from the buss using the universal road greeting to signal peace and goodwill.

>>>>>Turn to page 133.

The inside of the boarded-up gas station is like nothing you've ever seen before. Thanks to multiple electric lights, you can see that there are big drums of soda, cans of food, all sorts of delicious looking jerkies, and an entire wall stacked high with cartons of coolers. The only time you'd ever seen a stash like this was as a kid, when you used to sneak into the warlord Jizzy Jackshow's compound to watch the mercy killings. Jackshow had a stash almost as big as this, but not since then had you seen such abundance.

Seeing as nobody will miss them, you decide to help yourself to some coolers. Hi-Nic are the standard, nothing special about them but they get the job done. Mammie's are your brand—they're the fancy type, made with the best ingredients, and you take two cartoons of these to keep you cool for a miniswatch.

Back at The Lodge, everybody used to always fight over who got the Mammie's—everybody except Roddy, that is. Roddy was an Adams man. 'Til the day he gave up the ghost, he only smoked Adams brand coolers. They have a smoky, fishy aroma, if you recall correctly—an aroma that you aren't too fond of—but you grab a carton of Adams anyway, for nostalgia's sake, and who knows, maybe one day you'll be an Adams man too, just like Roddy. You stuff all these into your coat, along with a carton of Juicy smoothers, just to try something new.

You take another spin around the room, stocking up on the essentials, as much as you can fit into your big coat, which ends up being quite a lot. Dehydrated soup, cans of tomato paste, more coolers, hot fries, peanut brittle—and soon you're at capacity. Wondering again where that big treasure could be, you notice a cheap plywood door that probably leads to the lot out back.

<a>

You've gotten nearly all you need from this place, now only one thing remains. You go out back and find whatever it is that this key unlocks.

>>>>>>Turn to page 551.

<b>

You're not one to leave the cards on the table after a big score. You successfully fought for your life, you found a half a G-Shock's worth of food and coolers or maybe more—there's no need to go out back and find out if the treasure is really a treasure or if it's another sex-freak trying to put a killshotte in your head. You decide to head back and hit the highway on foot.

>>>>>>Turn to page 67.



Hoping for leniency, you start back towards the checkpoint with a subservient trot. The FEDGOV speeder is looming closer and closer, until finally it thrums to a stop about a half-quad away from you.

You chirp, "excuse me officers—"

But before you can finish, the two Peace Masters hanging from the side of the speeder shoot you about two-dozen times in the chest and abdomen. You're just about completely dead by the time you hit the ground, but the Commanding Superhero behind the wheel circles around and takes a run at you just to be sure. Right as the fender is about to connect with your face, you hear the Superhero shouting over the roar of the enjin,

"COMPLY!"

<The End>

THE  
END

When you come to, you find yourself in a pretzel formation, shoved deep into the passenger-side foot well. The car is upside-down, in the middle of the road, completely crushed, and the man with salt-and-pepper hair is pretty fucked up. Probably dead, blind, and crippled now without a doubt. The crackling of fire from either the enjin bay or the trunk tells you that it's time to get out of here.

Every part of your body aches, and you suspect that you've broken multiple bones. Maybe you're bleeding internally. Something hurts bad and you become stupid with pain.

You drag yourself out from under the car and along the pavement until you figure you're at a safe distance. The pavement abrades your skin like high grit sandpaper, but you only feel the acute stabbing of whatever's going on in your abdomen and lower back. You wonder if you'll die as you prop yourself up against the concrete median and prepare to enjoy your last Mammie's brand cooler while watching the car burn itself to the ground.

<a>

>>>>>>Turn to page 476.



Several swatch later, you find that the cooler has done a great deal to fortify and relax you. Mammie's brand are known for their subtle, sophisticated, slow-smoking quality, perfect for enjoying alongside a bonfire, and the aftertaste is fruity, mellow, and familiar. You feel sorry for the man with salt-and-pepper hair, and even a sense of kinship. He was a scavenger and a killer and a trapped animal just trying to make it, like you. But in the end one had to die, which is why he's now a human shish-kabob and you're having a nice smoke break.

You do a thorough damage assessment, pacing back and forth for a bit, doing some little jumping jacks to see how high of a price remains to be paid, and you're satisfied that you came out on top of this deal. Physically, you'll never be the same, but you should still be capable of moving around, just with more wincing and buckling over in pain.

After ashing your last Mammie's and smoking a few more Hi-Nics, you pick yourself up off the ground and get back to the task at hand.

<a>  
>>>>>>Turn to page 138.

"Hello, friend! I mean no harm! Merely ran out of gas, is all," is your soothing greeting to the crooked looking old man shambling out from the shadows. He's small in stature, with a greasy, weathered face and blue coveralls. He's wielding a large wrench like a weapon, but he lowers it and props it up against the building when he sees you do indeed mean no harm.

"Thought you was bandits!" he shouts your way with a relieved smile, while eyeing a nearby brownbug. "We had a string of... invaders... coming round, trying to get what I got," he pauses to hock a big gob of spit onto the back of the brownbug, which stretches its wings out reflexively but makes no attempt at flying away. The thick brown spit stretched between the flat brown wings, each about the size of a thumb, makes you think of the time you saw a troggy playing in a satoig pipe, mashing the wretched stuff in his hands like some kind of sticky toy. You were just starting out back then, scavenging under Roddy's wing. You'll never forget the troggy's big ear-to-ear grin—his laughing and hooting as he played with waste and jumped up and down, right before Roddy capped him. Roddy admitted that it was a cold thing, but if you ever saw a troggy, you had to put it out of its misery.

"They was trying to get what's mine, but I wrenched 'em good!"

Thinking about satoig-covered troggies while looking at the old man's proud smile is making you queasy, but you hold it together.

"Anyway we'd better get inside quick. There's soda and a bed, you're welcome to 'em, and if you can help me with a small favor I'll repay you with gas, real gas—I got some."

<a>  
The only thing standing between you and a full tank of gas is this weak old fool. He won't have time to reach for that wrench if you nail him in the head with a good heel kick. He was going to bash you with that thing,

who's to say he won't bash you or slit your neck once he lures you inside? Kill him.

>>>>>>Turn to page 137.

<b>

You've never had hospitality like this, but this gas station, with its big electric sign and electric lights, isn't like the places you've been. Roddy used to always tell you to expect the worst, but accept the gifts when they come to you. This old man wants nothing more than companionship and evidently a small favor, so there is no harm in following him inside.

>>>>>>Turn to page 201.

<c>

You don't know and you don't care what sort of angle this murderous old creep is playing—you won't be sticking around to find out. You explain to him that the speeder is his to keep, and thank him for the offer of hospitality. Claiming that a pack of bandits is not ten miniswatch behind you, headed this way, you set off on foot down the highway wishing him good luck.

>>>>>>Turn to page 67.



The ground level of the highway looks like a war-zone. The aftermath of something big—some astonishing conflict must have played out here, who knows how long ago, maybe centuries. On one side, the outbound side, a sea of cars—speeders, busses, vans and the like—piled high, flipped over, cut in two, crumpled and mangled, some just rusted orbs of scrap. On the other side, headed towards Hell: big armored crawler vehicles, with gunpods up top, one after another, in neat lines as far as the eye can see. The train of armored crawlers looks frozen in time, almost like if you cleared the dust off ‘em and squirted some oil in the creases, they’d roar to life and resume their advance towards the city.

You’re not sure what could’ve caused the destruction on the one side or warranted the blitz on the other, but you’re glad it’s long gone.

You proceed with care through the rubble, sticking to the outbound side, reasoning that cover here is more abundant and irregular. You’d stick out like a sore thumb walking between the crawlers in their geometric two-by-two formations

Quad after quad, you move yourself along down the road, under the canopy of the upper high-

way tier, through hollowed out busses, around wrecked vans and over the speeders that weren’t fast enough to escape. The fires you saw earlier are no longer burning, but the farther down the road you go, the more you see signs of recent visitors. Not much, a soup can here, an empty pack of coolers there—just trash—but it’s new trash.

If you had time to stop and think, you’d probably blow your own mind weighing the significance of this discovery—of life outside Hell. It meant that Avalon might be real, that there might be more Avalons, or more Hells, or other places that were harder to imagine. How far would the dustway stretch before yielding to something more habitable, maybe to soda, or maybe you’d go out that way and Big Bom just stopped dead and there was a big cliff that you’d fall off and never stop falling. You know that Roddy had the answers to all of these questions and more—he told you he was saving them for a later date, but then he disappeared.

You mull these things and more over in your mind on your hike through the wreckage, but right as you’re about to have an epiphany that puts everything into focus, you hear breathing.

<a>

>>>>>>Turn to page 479.

“Helppp... Give us a helping hhannd...”

From somewhere close you hear a sickening voice that must belong to someone who’s in a real bad way.

“I’m... fffucked... I’m all f-fucked up brother,” gags the voice.

You whirl around, then back the other way, and finally you don’t see it. You think you don’t see it, but you do: tucked in between the concrete median and the bumper of a junked speeder is a form that looks like a giant trash bag, full and lumpy and undulating, and slick with blood. You squint at it—the more you think you know what it is, the less you do.

“Please man,” the bag hacks out. You think for a peep that you recognize a human face in the black folds, then hope you imagined it. “They fucked mme up so g-good... Please... gimme a cooler, soda, whatever you ggot... something to fix me...”

You can see now that the black trash bag, sandwiched half against the road partition and half underneath a car, is indeed alive. The sight of it could make you sick, and it would, if it weren’t for the surreality of it all. Every time you refocus your eyes and try to get a handle on what you’re looking at, the blood-soaked pile of goo looks weirder and weirder. The air is heavy with smoke—thick smoke that emanates from the folds in his skin, and reaches for you like a necromancer’s spell.

<a>

You’re still unsure what this thing is, but it’s hurt and hurt bad. The least you could do is give it one of your smokes.

>>>>>>Turn to page 580.

<b>

You’ve survived this long mainly because you have the good sense not to get conversational with noxious piles of trash that come to life and beg for coolers. You empty your coat and throw damn near your whole stash onto the road at the pile’s ‘feet’ before hauling ass.

>>>>>>Turn to page 138.



The thing has a story, and much to your dismay, its story is much like your own.

"So they rolled through, and they... they did this to you. Who was it? Was it the Blowbang Gang?" you gulp.

"Who? No... they were b-bad dudes... kill-erss... no names. I used to b-be like, like..." The thing flicks its 'eyes' up and down your person, indicating that it used to be like you.

"You were a traveler?" you ask.

It sputters, something like a laugh and a cough that's wet with blood and sick inside.

"Hruhga-traveler, hrgg ha... No duude I was-sn't a t-traveler... jusst wanted a c-cup of soup, really. Speaking of which, you p-packin' coolers? I could ssure go f-for a Mammie'ss..."

<a>

You never ask another man for his Mammie's, doesn't matter how banged up you are, you just don't do it. You tell the abomination you've only got Hi-Nics (a lie).

>>>>>>Turn to page 542.

<b>

This poor wretch has been through the wringer and then some. Plus, he reminds you of yourself in a way, maybe just with different luck. The least you can do is give him the last of your favorite coolers. You hand the abomination one of your last Mammie's smokes.

>>>>>>Turn to page 581.

<c>

This is wrong. You're not sure what, but... tunnel vision is setting in... The figure before you is black, with shadows that hide more shadows, but outside and all-around it's blacker. Everything's black? The acrid smell, like ammonia, stings your nose... If you don't break away now, you'll be dead soon, or worse. Just give the abomination all your coolers and run for it.

>>>>>>Turn to page 138.

You pull from your coat your last Mammie's cooler.

"Here friend, be my guest."

"Ah, b-brother of minee, tthank you... This oughta help fix my situation I tthink..." the trash bag hisses graciously.

It pauses to think for a moment before continuing.

"SSssay, could you b-be a goood brothher and g-give us a light?"

<a>

Not a problem. You reach in close and give the monster a helping hand.

>>>>>>Turn to page 543.

<b>

That's about close enough for your comfort. Standing about a half-quad back, you set one of your lighters down on the pavement and excuse yourself from this nightmare.

>>>>>>Turn to page 138.



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Ahhhhh yesssss!!! Sexual beings "living in truth and dignity."

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Very beautiful, the love that humans feels, such grace and truth and kind dignity. There are few things more appropriate and encouraging and nurturing as a nice intergenerational romance. A good romance. A nice sexual relationship. Who doesn't want a nice sexual relationship? Don't blame me for acting out--it's only human. Stop oppressing me fucking nazi! What are you Jesus? Are you the Pope? Are you some sort of square? Insecure? You can't handle your own sexuality? What, are you afraid of it? You too much of a pussy to admit your own natural human tendencies?

How in the name of all that's holy can you keep progressive minor-attracted persons (clearly adults) from acting out their sexual fantasies on children? What are you a pedophobe? Stop being so faggot puritanical. Let children decide! After all, children don't need protection. Children aren't impressionable and don't get manipulated so stop your whining. Leave the children to the care of big beasts with great fire balls filled with so much sweet T. Sweet T needs release. Are you the honorable Judge Prude to deny this?

I'm not staying in your fucking cage! I'll be a human being and I'll sex! I'll sex whatever the fuck I please because if they consent than goddamnit I'll do as I please! It's not my fault that kid was coming on to me! What, am I going to deny the desire? The passion? The european sophisticate libido? Am I going to deny that I'm not a prince of my own fantasies? Why shan't I live in a world of holding hands with kids and all peoples all colors all.

**\*\*WARNING, DO NOT READ && DESTROY IMMEDIATELY\*\***

Lovingly excerpted from b4uact.org:

At <sup>B4U-ACT</sup>, we believe that the following guiding principles are crucial when mental health professionals work with minor-attracted people:

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1. <sup>DEVELOPMENT.</sup> We understand that the attraction to children or adolescents is both sexual and emotional, and that individuals do not choose to have these feelings. People who are attracted to minors usually recognize their feelings in adolescence or young adulthood, and feel that they are very different from other persons.

2. <sup>INDIVIDUALITY.</sup> We realize that other than their sexual and emotional feelings toward minors, minor-attracted people do not have any particular characteristics in common. They vary as do all people, and it is inaccurate to claim that all or most minor-attracted people have certain beliefs or personalities, exhibit psychopathology or specific personality disorders, or engage in particular behaviors. We do not assume that they abuse children, that they are prone to deception or violence, or that their sexual feelings are more compulsive or uncontrollable than other people's. We see clients as individuals, not as a category.

3. <sup>HUMANITY.</sup> We believe that persons who are sexually attracted to children can be contributing members of their communities and that they deserve to be treated with respect. All clients should be treated in a caring, non-judgmental, and respectful manner. We see minor-attracted people as whole human beings, not as dangerous criminals or "deviants." Therefore, we advocate the use of supportive therapeutic goals, assumptions, and approaches. Clients voluntarily seeking treatment should not be pressured or coerced to accept treatment modalities that they find objectionable.

4. <sup>NEEDS.</sup> We recognize that like all people, individuals who are attracted to minors sometimes want mental health services to deal with issues unrelated to their sexuality, but they are reluctant to seek help because they feel they cannot be completely honest as a result of their sexual feelings. Some minor-attracted people seek services to help them deal with issues that result from society's negative reactions to their sexual feelings. Others seek assistance and support in finding satisfying lives and relationships while living within the law. We believe that in all these cases, clients should have access to compassionate and confidential services that meet their needs and that help them feel safe to talk openly about their sexual feelings.

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5. <sup>CONFIDENTIALITY.</sup> We recognize that laws require the reporting of illegal sexual behavior and plans for such behavior, but they do not require the reporting of sexual feelings and desires. We appreciate the danger which could be posed to a client if his employer, family, friends, community, or anyone else found out about his sexual feelings. Thus, such information should not be divulged to persons beyond a provider's staff. At the first session, or as soon as attractions to minors surface in a subsequent session, the therapist should inform the client exactly who on the staff, if anyone, will be told about his sexual feelings. The therapist should also provide the client with a clear statement of the cases under which illegal behavior, suspicion of such behavior, or plans for such behavior would have to be reported to the authorities.



6. STIGMA. We recognize the severe stigma directed against minor-attracted people by the media, politicians, law enforcement officials, and some mental health professionals. We oppose the perpetuation of false stereotypes and the use of language that instills fear in the public, fails to promote understanding, and ignores the humanity of minor-attracted people. We realize that stigma and stereotypes force minor-attracted people to remain in hiding and prevent those who could benefit from mental health services from receiving them. We do not believe this serves the interests of children, minor-attracted people, or society in general. Therefore, providers have an obligation to promote and develop a more accurate understanding of individuals who are sexually attracted to minors and to improve services for them.

7. EDUCATION. Providers have an obligation to offer and engage in continuing education and professional growth activities on an ongoing basis in order to promote and develop a more accurate understanding of individuals who are sexually attracted to minors and to improve services for them. Such activities should challenge popular stereotypes rather than reinforce them, and portray the full humanity of minor-attracted people.

**\*\*WARNING, DO NOT READ && DESTROY IMMEDIATELY\*\***

Lovingly excerpted from b4uact.org:

\*\*\*\*\* FAQ for mental health pros \*\*\*\*\*

What do you mean by minor-attracted people?

We use this term to refer to adults who experience feelings of preferential sexual attraction to children or adolescents under the age of consent, as well as adolescents who have such feelings for younger children. It is important to realize that these sexual feelings are usually accompanied by feelings of emotional attraction, similar to the romantic feelings most adults have for other adults. [Most convicted pedophiles are killed in jail for fucking no good reason at all.]

Are you talking about pedophiles?

Yes, but not only pedophiles. The American Psychiatric Association defines a pedophile to be a person at least 16 years old who is sexually attracted to pre-pubescent children and has either engaged in sexual activity with a child or feels distressed by the feelings of attraction. The term "minor-attracted person" includes not only pedophiles, but also adults and adolescents preferentially attracted to children but who have not interacted with them sexually and do not feel distressed by their feelings. It also includes adults who are preferentially attracted to adolescents (rather than pre-pubescent children), and who may or may not have engaged in sexual activity with them.

Aren't minor-attracted people child molesters?

Non-criminological researchers note that many minor-attracted people live within the law (see our fact sheet). Such people are involved in the work of B4U-ACT, and more are known by people who work with B4U-ACT.

Why have I never heard of minor-attracted people who haven't interacted with minors sexually?

Because of extraordinary stigma, such people rarely let anyone know about their sexual feelings. They fear rejection and harassment from family, friends, employers, and their community. They rarely come forward to mental health professionals voluntarily because they are not sure if they can trust them to maintain confidence, focus on their mental health needs, or treat them with respect, compassion, and understanding. Only those who violate the law come to the attention of law enforcement authorities and therefore mental health professionals and the public.

Why is B4U-ACT promoting communication with minor-attracted people?

Many minor-attracted people would like to receive mental health services but are afraid to seek them due to severe stigma and lack of trust. In addition, an accurate understanding of the attraction to minors is essential for professionals to meet the mental health needs of minor attracted people compassionately, ethically, and effectively. Also, mental health professionals frequently make statements that influence public perceptions and policies regarding minor-attracted people. Such statements need to be informed by accurate, first-hand knowledge about minor-attracted people, especially about those who do not violate the law or otherwise come to the attention of professionals and the public.

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Only through communication can mental health professionals and minor-attracted people develop the necessary trust and understanding, begin the work of reducing stigma, and disseminate accurate information that will benefit all segments of society.

Why would minor-attracted people seek mental health services voluntarily?

Like all people, they sometimes want mental health services to deal with issues unrelated to their sexuality, but they feel the need to be honest about their sexuality and still accepted. Some are dealing with depression, anxiety or other issues that are found throughout society. Some minor-attracted people seek services to help them deal with issues that result from society's negative reactions to their sexual feelings. Others seek assistance and support in developing fulfilling lives and relationships while living within the law.

Why don't minor-attracted people trust therapists?

Some minor-attracted people have had very negative experiences with therapists who did not understand them, or who saw them only as criminals and did not value their mental health needs. Those who have not interacted with mental health professionals suspect that professionals, like most Americans, are strongly influenced by the negative messages in the media and from politicians. They especially notice stigmatizing and stereotype-perpetuating statements made by some professionals and professional organizations. As a result, minor-attracted people often fear that therapists will not understand them, will ignore their mental health needs, or will not treat them with respect and compassion.

Why do you say that minor-attracted people are stereotyped?

Popular beliefs about minor-attracted people are not supported by the evidence. Research shows that they are no more violent or aggressive than the general population, nor do they suffer from psychopathology or personality disorders. As a group, they do not share any particular characteristics or behaviors other than their feelings of attraction. For more information, see our fact sheet.

Why are you focused on the well-being of minor-attracted people? What about children?

Forcing minor-attracted people to remain secretive and without access to mental health care does not protect children. Stigmatizing and stereotyping minor-attracted people inflames the fears of minor-attracted people, mental health professionals, and the public, without contributing to an understanding of minor-attracted people or the issue of child sexual abuse. Minor-attracted people are unable to seek services when they want them, and mental health professionals are unable to reach out to them. Perpetuating secrecy, stigma, and fear can lead to hopelessness and even self-destructive or abusive behavior on the part of minor-attracted people, and disrupts the fabric of society.

It is also important to realize that some of the children or adolescents in need of protection are themselves developing an attraction to children. The attraction to minors does not suddenly appear in adulthood; minor-attracted people usually become aware of their sexual feelings in late childhood or adolescence, and are harmed by stigma. Finally, no person should be denied their dignity and humanity because of feelings of attraction that they did not choose. Some experts have estimated that 0.5% to 7% of all males are attracted to minors, although there is no solid research to confirm this. If they are correct, it is likely that most Americans, without realizing it, have a good friend or loved one (possibly their own child) who is attracted to minors.

What goals and methods of therapy do you recommend?

We generally recommend that therapists work with minor-attracted people to set goals, select methods, and develop a treatment plan in the same way they do with other clients who may be dealing with less stigmatized issues, such as anxiety or depression. We do not recommend those components of sex offender treatment that are based on an adversarial, law enforcement perspective. Instead we recommend approaches that are therapeutic and build trust. We see minor-attracted people as whole human beings whose mental health is of primary importance, not as criminals or "deviants" who need to be controlled. (See our Principles and Perspectives of Practice for more about this.)



Who are the people involved in B4U-ACT?

We are a cooperative effort of mental health professionals and minor-attracted people. Our board of directors consists of members of each group as well as laypeople. We also have a larger group of about 25 people involved in on-going dialogue who are either minor-attracted or mental health professionals.

Can I get involved in the dialog with minor-attracted people?

We are always seeking to expand our circle of mental health professionals and minor-attracted people. If you are interested in helping us to promote respectful communication and mutual understanding with the goal of making positive mental health services available, then contact us so we can learn more about you and your interest in our work.

\*\*\*\*\* FAQ for minor-attracted playas \*\*\*\*\*

Why is B4U-ACT promoting communication with mental health professionals?

Some minor-attracted people would like to receive mental health services but are afraid to do so because of the lack of trust and understanding between minor-attracted people and mental health professionals. Communication between the two groups will develop the mutual understanding and trust necessary for such services to become available.

In addition, mental health professionals frequently make statements that influence public perceptions and policies regarding minor-attracted people. Such statements need to be informed by accurate, first-hand knowledge about minor-attracted people, especially about those who do not violate the law or otherwise come to the attention of professionals and the public. Such knowledge can only come from face-to-face communication. Historically, when mental health professionals have learned that popular stereotypes about stigmatized groups are inaccurate, they have challenged these stereotypes and stigmatization.

Why would minor-attracted people seek mental health services?

Like all people, they sometimes want mental health services to deal with issues unrelated to their sexuality, but they are reluctant to seek help because they feel they cannot be completely honest as a result of their sexuality. Some minor-attracted people seek services to help them deal with issues that result from society's negative reactions to their sexual feelings. Others seek assistance and support in developing satisfying lives and relationships while living within the law.

If I seek mental health services, does that mean I'm saying that my attraction to minors is a sickness?

No. We are trying to make services available to minor-attracted people who want them to work through issues unrelated to their sexuality, to deal with society's response to their sexual feelings, or to develop satisfying and productive lives while living within the law. We are not advocating treatment to change sexual feelings.

Can someone like me lead a decent life and contribute positively to society?

Yes. We realize this can sometimes be a challenge. Part of our purpose is to provide you, if necessary, with tools for finding out for yourself how to do this.

How can I trust therapists?

We realize that some minor-attracted people have had very negative experiences with therapists who did not understand them, who did not value their needs, or who saw them only as criminals. We also realize that some professionals and professional organizations have made statements that severely stigmatize or stereotype minor-attracted people. However, there are also minor-attracted people who have gotten to know, or have received therapy from, professionals who reject stereotypes, who are compassionate and respectful, who are dedicated to the mental health of their minor-attracted clients, and who are open to learning more. B4U-ACT is in dialogue with such professionals.

Won't mandatory reporting laws require that I be reported to law enforcement?

Laws do not require the reporting of sexual feelings and desires. They require only that therapists report illegal sexual behavior, suspicions of such behavior, or plans to engage in such behavior. Therapists who have an understanding of attraction to minors realize that many minor-attracted people are able to refrain from sexual activity with minors.

I'm interested in therapy. Can you recommend a mental health professional where I live?

We do not recommend particular professionals. Instead, we hope to give you some tools you can use to find a therapist who will meet your needs. We provide you with our Principles and Perspective of Practice as well as a list of questions you can discuss with a potential therapist to help you decide whether that therapist is right for you. We also work with mental health professionals to help them understand the needs of minor-attracted people. In these ways, we hope to empower both minor-attracted people and mental health professionals to work together for the benefit of both.

Who are the people involved in B4U-ACT?

B4U-ACT is a cooperative effort of minor-attracted people and mental health professionals. Our board of directors consists of members of each group as well as laypeople. We also have a larger group of about 25 people involved in on-going dialogue who are either minor-attracted or mental health professionals.

Can I get involved in the dialog with mental health professionals?

We are always seeking to expand our circle of minor-attracted people and mental health professionals. If you are interested in helping us to promote respectful communication and mutual respect and empathy in order to make positive mental health services available, then contact us so we can learn more about you and your interest in our work.

Can you help me with my legal case?

No, we do not provide expert witnesses or other legal defense services. Our work is limited to promoting mutual respect and empathy between mental health professionals and minor-attracted people for the purpose of making compassionate and supportive mental health services available.

\*WARNING, DO NOT READ && DESTROY IMMEDIATELY

Lovingly excerpted from b4uact.org:

B4U-ACT was established in 2003 as a  
-----> 501(c)(3) <-----  
organization with the following purposes:

To publicly promote services and resources for self-identified individuals (adults and adolescents) who are sexually attracted to children and seek such assistance.

vreferred minor-attracted individuals to these professionals. Due to the tremendous barriers to communication among minor-attracted adults, mental health professionals, and the public, recruiting these volunteers proved to be unworkable. As a result, B4U-ACT chose to direct its efforts at working to eliminate these barriers.

To educate mental health providers regarding the approaches helpful for such individuals.

To do this, it organized a small working group of mental health professionals and minor-attracted adults to identify these barriers, discuss how their elimination would benefit both parties and society in general, and develop plans for interventions to overcome them. This working group compiled a report of its findings and future plans for B4U-ACT.

To develop a pool of providers in Maryland who agree to serve these individuals and abide by B4U-ACT's Principles and Perspectives and Practice.

The report suggested holding workshops for mental health professionals and minor-attracted people in order to promote dialog and understanding between the two groups. As a result, in March 2008, B4U-ACT began offering its series of semi-annual workshops.

To educate the citizens of Maryland regarding issues faced by these individuals.

The report suggested holding workshops for mental health professionals and minor-attracted people in order to promote dialog and understanding between the two groups. As a result, in March 2008, B4U-ACT began offering its series of semi-annual workshops.

B4U-ACT assembled a list of over 30 credentialed practitioners in Maryland who agreed to its Principles and Perspectives of Practice, and who were willing to provide caring and inviting services to clients who are sexually attracted to minors. Lay volunteers were sought who would be trained to operate a hotline for the purpose of

The report suggested holding workshops for mental health professionals and minor-attracted people in order to promote dialog and understanding between the two groups. As a result, in March 2008, B4U-ACT began offering its series of semi-annual workshops.

Our Mission

- To publicly promote professional services and resources for self-identified individuals (adults and adolescents) who are sexually attracted to children and desire such assistance;
- To educate mental health providers regarding approaches needed in understanding and responding to individuals (adult and adolescents) who are sexually attracted to children and who either seek or are referred for services regarding issues identified by such persons or by those referring them for services.
- To develop a pool of health care providers in Maryland who agree to serve individuals (adults and adolescents) who are sexually attracted to children, utilizing the therapeutic approaches advocated by the organization;
- To educate the citizens of Maryland regarding issues faced by individuals (adults and adolescents) who are sexually attracted to children;
- To undertake other projects, programs, and activities not inconsistent with Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code, including the making of distributions to organizations that qualify as exempt organizations under Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code, as the need to do so presents itself in the opinion of the Board of Directors.

SEXUAL  
BEINGS

SEXUAL  
BEINGS

SEXUAL  
BEINGS

SEXUAL  
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SEXUAL  
BEINGS

-----> Our Values  
\* Individuals who are sexually attracted to children are the focus of everything that we do. Compassionate assistance in dealing with the difficulties of living in society with an attraction to minors is essential to our success. Integrity is never compromised. Diversity is recognized and respected.

-----> Our Vision  
\* B4U-ACT promotes competent and effective professional services and resources in Maryland for individuals (adults and adolescents) who are sexually attracted to children through education, outreach, communication, creativity, and initiative. B4U-ACT will be a leader in the development of competent and specialized services and resources that will be sought by individuals (adults and adolescents) who are sexually attracted to children.



Some say the buddhist  
wheel of reincarna-  
tion is just a cop-out for  
those who didn't do a  
good enough job the fir-  
st time around. Others  
say it's one twisted and  
trippy rollercoaster ride.  
Wanna take a spin?



Your biological clock  
is ticking. It's only a  
few years until you'll  
be dead. Your sands of  
time are running out...  
welcome to the desert  
of the real.

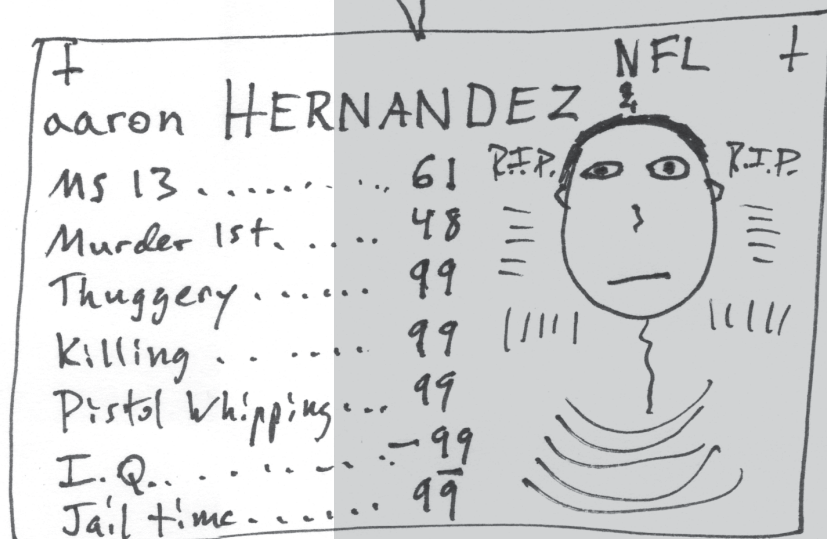
This is what it feels  
like when the sun sets  
in the desert of  
the real.

Take my hand and we can  
begin the journey into  
the desert of the real.



NFL PLAYER  
ROUNDUP

Brad goes long for a motherfuckin TOUCHDOWN! Mister Player Number 29 who kicks for the Green Team. He runs quick and can kick it hard, just ask him and he'll bite your face off. He kicks a fierce flyball bicyclekick into the goal for a number one shot. Not one pleb in the stadium can believe what they just saw. Brad is good, but GOD HAVE YOU SEEN Pindar Jamone? His speed is from another place, a place where speed is faster. bin Binnichin is big on Draft Beer High Life, play with him and see what it's all about. See his joy when he tosses a football at a genius level. See it to live it to be a part of the NFL Nation or you're on the wrong side of the fence here bucko. The ball went so goddamn fast, the people blew horns as they would call for Bacchus. Beg him down from the heavens to put to ball kickball runball bounceball with their heads. A sweet god's revenge on the eternal hubris of forgoing life A game where there are never winners. There are especially no winners after a TIE "GAME" YEA where a "game" is played except that there are no winners. Adam Scott is closet. Destiny's Child of Golf. Adam Scott proclaimed it destiny that he be the first Australian to win the golf match world series, faces became quite red and no one ever honestly took him seriously after that. He was thereon a bit queer to me. More than a bit queer. Full blown queer. So most forgot who he was and never saw him again. He's gotta work on his American short game and polish his irons a bit. And work on his topspin English.





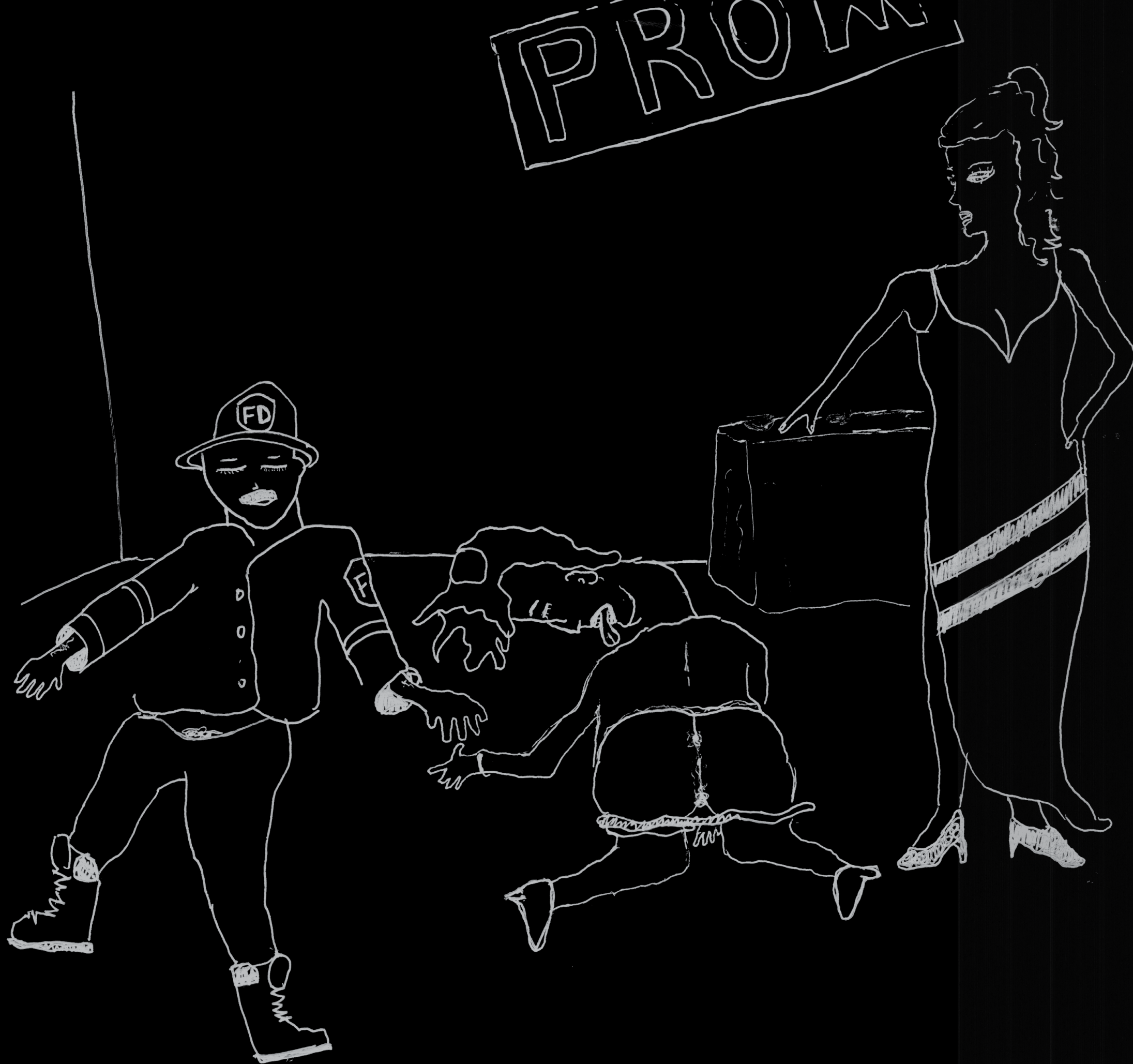
Monsanto was such a skater. Kid could thrash in a park. Backside bluntslide right into the diabetes market, nollie kickflip over cancer research. He would do this thing were he would start a fire in the bottom of an abandoned swimming pool then skate around it with his shirt off. It was this gnarly idea he had with Lester from skate or die, they came up with it a long time ago. Kid killed it. It was magnificent to watch. Operating his skateboard right into large contracts that made him a goddamn billionaire. Until one day he took a chartered helicopter ride from Choppers happy helicopters and supposedly he got his head ripped off by these like diesel machine arms. People were too scared to modify foods after that.





TEACHER AND  
FIREMAN PROM

As they reaped all the benefits from the unfair landscapes they partied hard. The stories easily hushed inside townships across America. Easily quieted the guiding light of teachers was tinted rum brown. The stupid fireman abused their rights and took advantage in large legal methods. Little stealings and abuses were able to be pushed through the modern democracy that praised civil service. Getting away with murder and rape the teachers and the fireman raged on into the abyss of a life served polluting the tax dollars of fellow town members. Eating like pigs riding statistics supplied by someone else for a bigger agenda they couldn't wrap their town dwelling mind around. They couldn't be stopped. Until the sex problems came into focus.



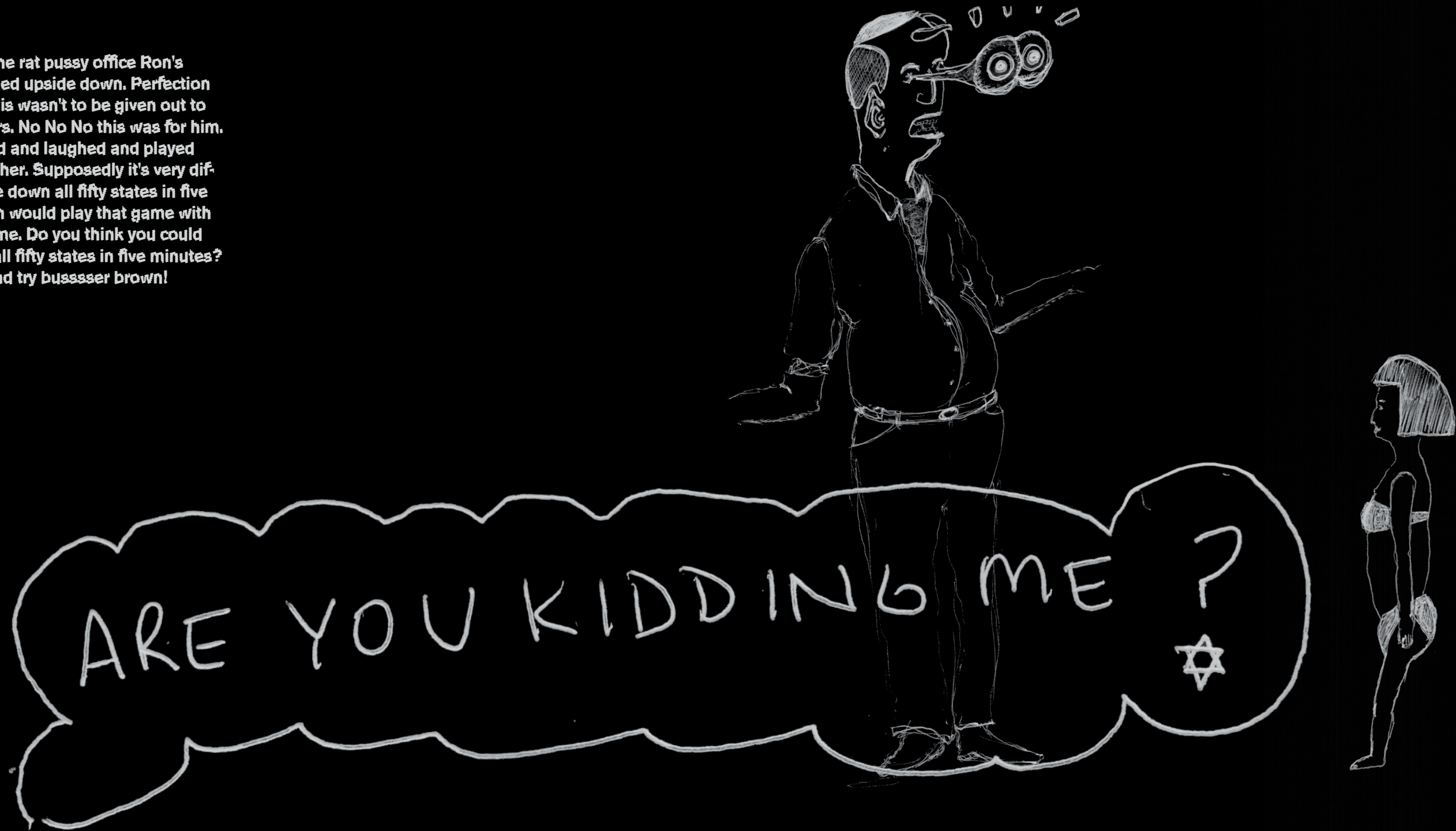
FIREMAN  
FIREMAN

AND  
AND

TEACHER  
TEACHER



One day at the rat pussy office Ron's day was turned upside down. Perfection walked in, this wasn't to be given out to his customers. No No No this was for him. They laughed and laughed and played games together. Supposedly it's very difficult to write down all fifty states in five minutes. Ron would play that game with her all the time. Do you think you could write down all fifty states in five minutes? Go Ahead and try bussssser brown!







THIS IS NOT WHAT WE WERE QUOTED OVER THE PHONE.

THIS IS MY WIFE!



DAY CALL ME DA RENAISSANCE MAN DOWN HERE.

RENAISSANCE  
MAN

I have always found it funny that my father has deemed it acceptable to infringe on the principles of homosexuality in a simple form of back snapping inappropriate cringe humor. He always thought it was funny to egg on gay guys about how bad they probably want to bang him. icmon, you guys better not be standing behind me yould probably be in heaven.

RENAISSANCE  
MAN

DAY CALL ME  
DA RENAISSANCE MAN

OVERR  
HERE



There are no windows in chinese restaurants. No Gordon Ramsay poking his big fat Scottish nose in their either. If you don't like what you saw at the burger bar in your home state on the TV, let's please use our imaginations and think about what goes down inside the walls of a windowless chinese restaurant. Chinese working class probably hate the people they serve food to. I mean it's a huge assumption but what the fuck? I mean think about it, chinese people get their balls busted all the time. Black people must unload on Chinese people given the chance, changing of the guards type of thing. Soon, as a fat white man they are going to be busting my balls as the next gen of heavily oppressed. I feel as though one of the jokes has already manifested itself right before our eyes, we are getting our foot chopped off by our own design, our own filterless approach to nutrition propelled by the chinese food buffet machine. Don't believe in this blatant racism, go park your porky white ass in a busy buffet for 3 hours. Fine move Charlie, fine move.





TURD  
PLANES

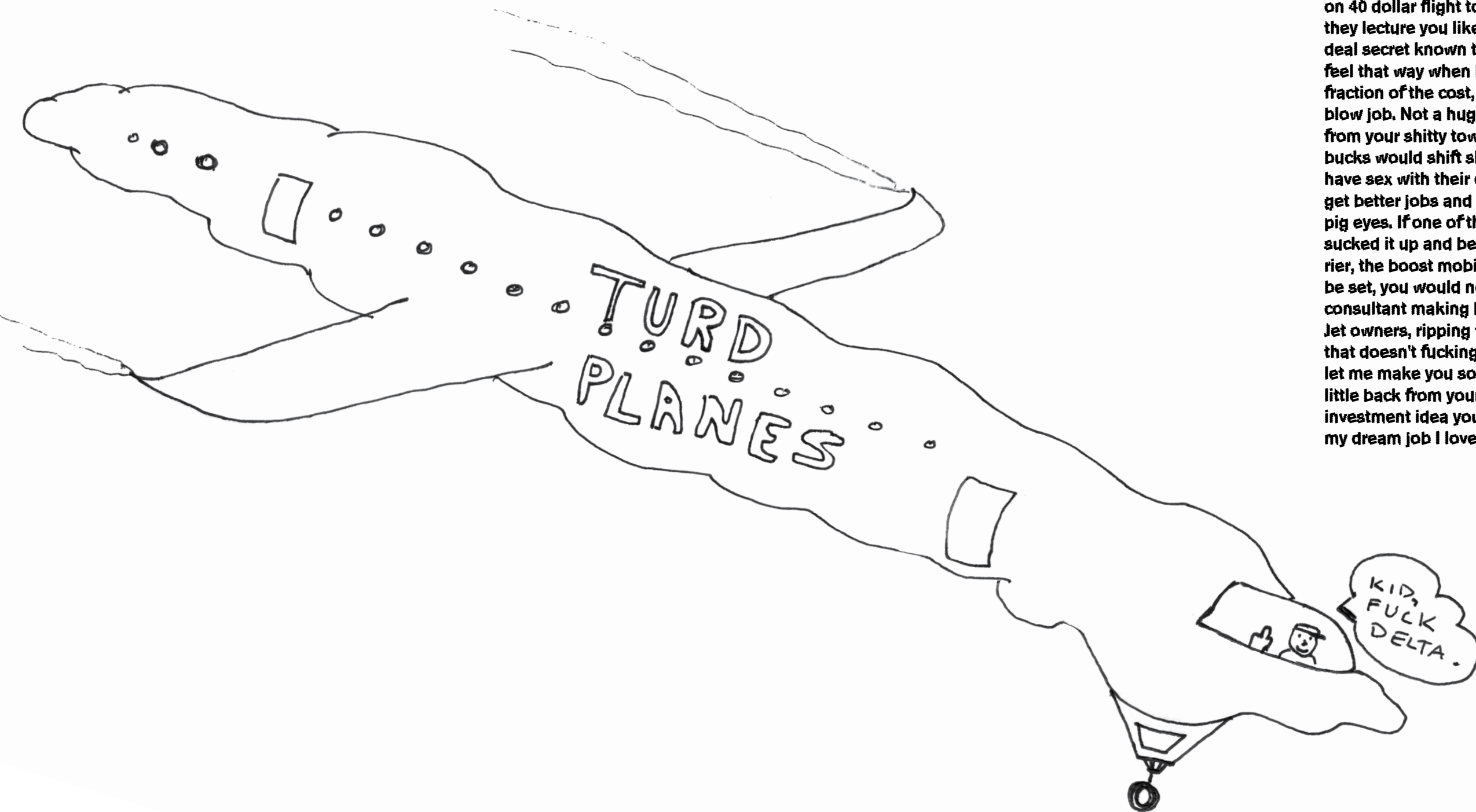
It has to be known that if domestic flight were cheaper the world would be a better place. God have you ever talked to someone who went to Europe and had flown on 40 dollar flight to another country. God, they lecture you like its the biggest fucking deal secret known to man. It does kind of feel that way when bopping around at a fraction of the cost, it feels like a 75 cent blow job. Not a huge distance but flying from your shitty town to a big town for 40 bucks would shift shit around. People could have sex with their exes from college and get better jobs and open their big fat red pig eyes. If one of the airline providers just sucked it up and became the rat bag carrier, the boost mobile plane. They would be set, you would need a hot shot leasing consultant making bad deals with Jumbo Jet owners, ripping them off for their plane that doesn't fucking fly anyway Larry, now let me make you some money at least a little back from your fucking dusty plane investment idea you had. That would be my dream job I love ripping people off.

TURD  
PLANES

75 CENT  
BLOW JOB

FUCK  
DELTA

505







## Texan Wind-mill Salesman

California Public Utilities Commission member Tripper Halstead was the only white male in his group, and so he had to go to special lengths to reassure his constituents and those around him that he was an egalitarian, progressive ally of poor minorities—which he wasn't. (He was, in fact, a snake.)

For example, he was a big Porsche buff (dick size issues being the bane of his whole life) and had subscriptions to *Christophorus* plus every other gay Porsche magazine. He had Porsche watches and Porsche fleece jackets, and once or twice a year his good friend at Penske Racing would make the arrangements for Tripper to hang out in the pits during a big race. He would grin like a dope while having his eardrums blasted for a few hours of heaven (where he wouldn't think about the size of his dick, which was below average, but not below average enough that he could make it into a joke... Like if he had a two-inch dick, he could be the guy that's always flashing his two-inch dick and grossing people out, pulling a Chris Farley thing where his friends have the best time with him because he's rubbing his two-inch dick on women at bars without them realizing it, dipping it into their drinks, and by the end of the night everyone's crying laughing all thanks to him. He'd actually be pulling more chicks than a normal guy, with all the soft-faced brash fat-arm drunk idiot girls blowing him just to say they did it. But Tripper's wasn't small enough to be funny, and he never had older brothers or anyone

to teach him what a sense of humor looks like, so instead of becoming the life of the party he became a big-time Porsche fanatic).

And yet, despite his salary, which with perks was well into the six-figures, he could never own a Porsche, at least not while pursuing political aspirations, because if anyone ever saw him in it, some Latino community leader would have an aneurysm, and next thing you know 2,000 Latinos would be marching in the streets wondering why the white oppressor drives an expensive car while they all starve in the barrio. And that would be the end of Tripper Halstead's political career.

Doug Bridgewater—the CPUC member nearest Tripper in age—drove a Mercedes, which he got away with because he's African-American, and African-Americans can get away with shit like that. Doug Bridgewater could get caught buying crack in Oakland while wearing gold bracelets and necklaces like Mr. T, break-dancing to Kool Moe Dee, and all that would happen is the N-double-A-CP-PoppaCap would come up with some new award for Black Excellence, name it the Doug Bridgewater Award, and give it to him. Tripper was stuck with Chevy Malibus and Ford Escapes.

Doug was comfy—his Healthy School Lunchs (sponsored by Domino's®) initiative was a raving success (even though 'lunches' got spelled wrong on all the promotional material), and while Guns Out of Ghettos really didn't do much other than indirectly lead to a tripling of police brutality accusations, it's the thought that counts (remember, always judge legislation by its intention, never its actual outcomes). Doug had good thoughts and was set for



at least two more terms. Plus, it had been almost a year since he'd jacked off in front of an aide in the elevator or been caught with a prostitute. Melissa Hernandez didn't have to work very hard to secure her CPUC status in 2016 either. Nearly everyone in California knew her face as the face that asked neo-Nazi congressman Darrell BrownHater Issa, How can a person, be illegal?

Melissa was a wise Latina fighter, who stood up for the rights of the underprivileged (such as the rights to free stuff and the rights to commit crimes a lot). She was a hero to most Californians, and she'd even been given the opportunity to lick Dianne Feinstein's leather boots live on CSPAN—a great honor which she eagerly accepted. More importantly, she had the full backing of the California Correctional Peace Officers Association, because her policies meant the jails would always be full of narcos and cholo gangbangers from now until the end of the United States (which will happen in approximately twelve years). This was good because it made everybody billions of dollars. Voters and taxpayers don't care because they're too busy getting upset over Hobby Lobby and Dancing with the Stars. This is all the white man's fault. Playing with an enormous racial handicap in this great blue state, Tripper had to hustle extra hard to win the votes. He had to hustle like Malcolm X.

He sometimes thought it was unfair, even a little bit racist, though he knew he had a lot to make up for, what with being a white man and former slave-owner/oppressor and all. He stuck with the gig, because anything

was better than being a low-level consultant at Accenture (they'd just chew him up and spit him out) or a whipping-boy faggot for some think tank, where they would eventually realize that he's just a power-hungry wannabe celebrity dude and not the punch-drinking free-bleeding real deal that you were supposed to be at a place like that.

## Shaping Our Future, Together, Tomorrow.

And so, hustle extra hard he did. Tripper—the pussy who couldn't even change his own oil or make minor home repairs, and called African-Americans 'bro' while shaking hands very sincerely at meet-and-greets—had one more big trick up his sleeve. Tripper was about to Go Green.

Tripper was sitting next to his wife in the car and smiling big. The two had met at UC Berkeley, where Tabitha (his wife) was a Jewish blowjob specialist who used her rail-thin body and perky, even tits to 'experiment' with half the campus. She was a perfect match for Tripper, who back in those days wore a giant sign on his back that read:

I am a sucker who will financially support the first woman to dominate my balls with iron vulture talons. Also, my parents have money.

Ol' Tripp wasn't smiling because he was driving with Tabitha, however. In fact, the bitch sitting next to him

was the other bane of his existence (the first being the thing I talked about a while ago). She was looking less sex-positive and more body-positive these days, thanks to carbs, and her lack of personal hygiene was no longer charming or excusable. She'd always had an ugly face, but it was even uglier now that it no longer sat on top of a smoking-hot slut body. Aside from these superficial things, she was a huge bitch, and she was currently needling her husband about how awful domestic cars are, and how her sorority sisters were married to men who drove European luxury SUVs. It's a good thing Tripper was a dullard and a coward, because any man with half a brain or a normal testosterone count would've put this sea cow on ice a long time ago. Even Tripper, weak know-nothing half-man that he was, thought from time to time about giving her a good wallop to the jaw and turning her lights out—but he would never actually do it. Today, he's smiling because he's on his way to a very important hundred-acre lot, an hour east of Joshua Tree. This lot is the future site of Tripper's Headwinds for California wind farm—the ace up his sleeve that will catapult his career—and he's going there to meet Bill West, whom Tripper is told is the guy as far as wind farm development goes. Bill is to supply the turbines (state-of-the-art, made in China); the governor has already said unofficially that funding is a done deal; all that's left now is for Tripper to take the credit and put a nice big feather in his cap.

The whole project will be enormously expensive, but no one cared because no one had to pay for it. It's a good thing no one had to pay for it, because it really was just gonna be tremendous-

ly expensive. I won't tell you how much. The ribbon-cutting was slated for late 2030/early 2031. Several people had pointed out to the governor and also to Tripper that between now and 2030 there would almost certainly be one or more clean energy breakthroughs that would render wind farms—or at the very least, these particular 2010 model year Chenzhen Type-B turbines—obsolete. But the governor wisely replied by pointing out that between now and 2030 a lot of people were going to get paid, and so those other people who did the original pointing out shut up and took the check like everybody else. No one cares about this. Don't worry about it.

Tripper and his bitch wife arrive at the job site. They wear smarmy, shit-eating grins while waiting over an hour for Bill West to arrive in a stretch limousine. News cameras are snapping and rolling before he even steps out of the car. Tripper was expecting a diminutive, pious-looking man in smart-but-not-over-the-top digs. Bill is a huge Texan in a tight-fitting white leather cowboy suit and several kilograms of turquoise and silver. The instant a microphone gets anywhere near his mouth, he says three or four openly racist things that crush Tripper Halstead's career forever. Gook windmills. Little chinks make the best wind farms, just ask my friend Tripper Halstead—good man. I love these spics out here using gook power, takes a white man to sell gook windmills to spics. Tripper's heart beats faster; his wife nearly shits. A few news crew members are giggling hard behind equipment, the rest are dead silent unable to believe what they're looking at. Bill West is truly larger than life—he appears to be eight-feet-tall



and growing. He spits hot cigar sludge on an illegal immigrant's face and fights off three or four Chinese men with one hand. An Asian female reporter is stammering like she's watching an alien invasion. Bill slaps her on the ass and along the way digs his fingers in her gootch—credit card. He is the hot-shit salesgod and if you want wind power you go through him. Nobody else can get Chenzhen. Tripper and the governor missed it earlier but in his contract it definitely says that there must be a dominatrix present to pulverize Bill's balls, and there is. Bill has a two-inch dick and he's laughing and screaming YEE-HAAAH as the luscious dominatrix stomps him in full view of the news crews. Not only is he the life of the party, the clean-energy savior, and a damn good salesman who can get the minorities laughing with some good-natured ribbing, but he can take punishment like a man too. Of course he still gets the sale.

## Epilogue

Tripper Halstead's career was completely destroyed. After watching the Texan wind turbine salesman's shenanigans unfurl on live TV, the lesbian community, the Hispanic community, and the Chinese community allied in order to crucify those publicly associated with Headwinds for California. All was not lost for Ol' Tripp, however. Even though his bitch-pig wife nearly cleaned him out in the divorce, he still had enough for a base-model 996 with 120,000 miles on it. At age 47, he is starting to learn how to be a human being.

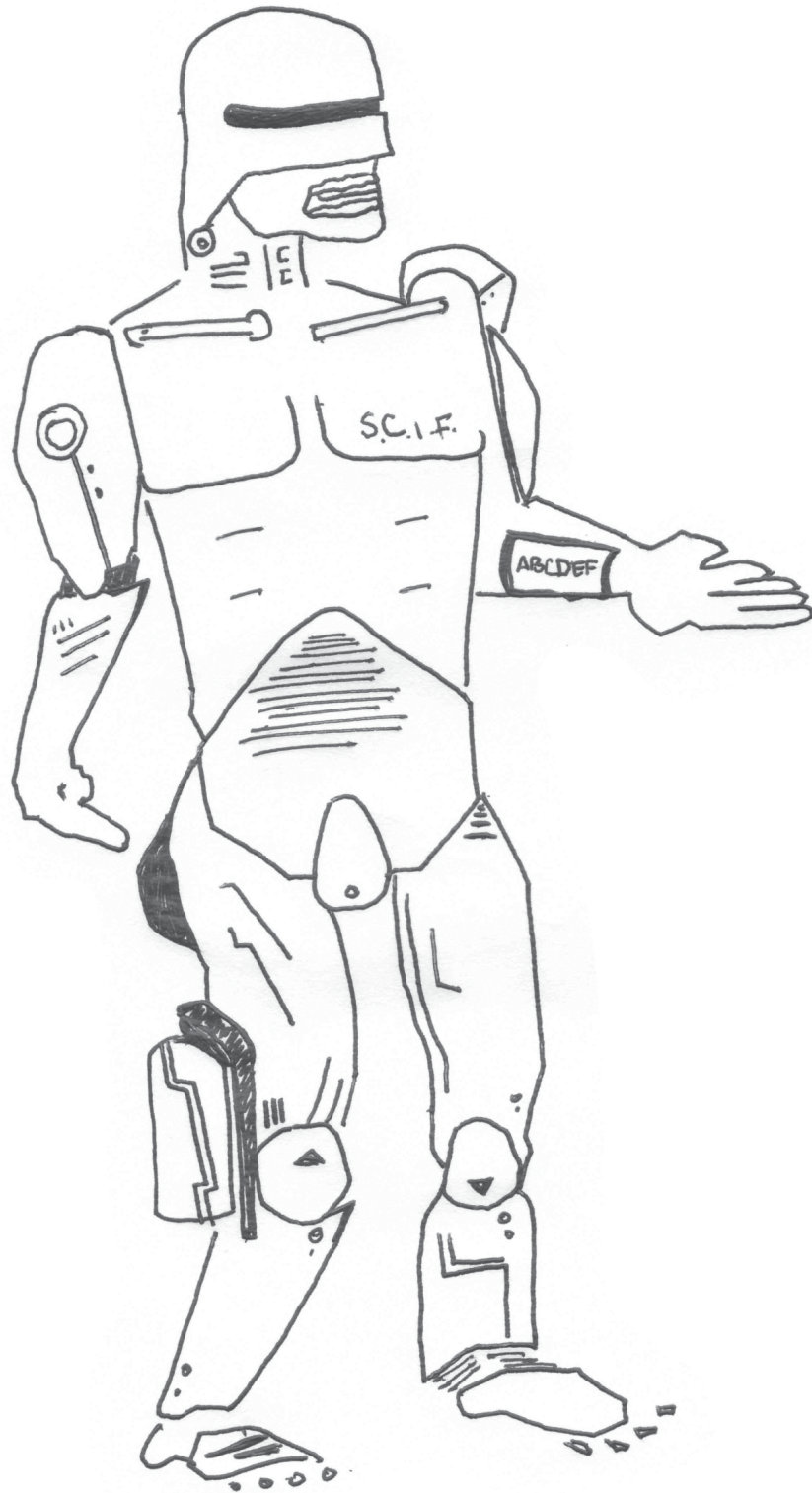
Tabitha Schultz-Halstead is still ruining all lives that she comes into contact with. Thankfully, she is unable to trick another man with her hideous feminine powers, and her thuggery is limited to complaining in line at the supermarket and being snippy with waitstaff and telemarketers. Her pussy still stinks, bad. Doug Bridgewater and Melissa Hernandez continued climbing the ladder of mediocrity by lying and whining and pandering to retards. Doug Bridgewater is now Congressman Doug Bridgewater, and regularly meets with President Obama to discuss their plan to undermine the fabric of American society and also to play NBA Jam. Melissa made millions when her book, *Me, Latina*, took the #1 spot on Jewish New York Times' Best Sellers list. She now tours the country, sharing the tale of her underprivileged povertycrime childhood at conferences and college commencements for \$35,000 a pop. Nobody saw or heard from Bill West ever again. Some say he retired to a remote Chinese fishing village. Some say he dropped dead from a heart attack. Some say he crossed the border into Mexico and was eaten alive by drug cartels. But Tripper knows what happened to him. Tripper knows that old Bill is out there on the road in his limousine, going around wherever he's needed, spitting cigar sludge on people and using his bulldozer personality to clear out the shit.





SCIF  
ROBOCOP

When I found out on reddit that Miliwaukee to Detroit is loaded with government-ish agencies that monitor the USA phone and internet shit. Probably looking up bomb and kid porn shit hit counts and shit like that. The ones that probably supply the prosecutors with the evidence to convince a grand jury to agree to start a federal investigation on someone. It's hilariously awful to think of the fucking fat plugs that live in detroit. Ugh a free cozy government job after sucking exhaust fumes and eating chips all day, please come bust me. If this is how it goes the only thing I would want busting me would be a bullet from a handheld 50 caliber. Robocop would be a regional territories manager, I don't know how well adjusted he would be but they would be happy to have him. Lenisha was such a fucking ornery bitch.







Girard was in the lead in the last leg of the tour, with Cecil running his magic to the crowd. All of a sudden He sees a girl that he met in the Lobby the night before. She was a curator or something, and a little heavy set but they really hit it off. They were talking for about an hour or so when Cecil had to make a cut and run because he saw Tony Steggatti, and he can't see Tony because well, he owes Tony \$, about 3200 bucks from football bets he made last season. He never pays bookies this fucking guy Cecil. So he ducks out and headed back to the hotel room before they could exchange numbers, it had really gotten hot and heavy not to have exchanged contact info was certainly disheartening for anyone in that situation. Well when she ran out too grab Cecil, she must have stepped wrong or something. Her whole knee came inward and cracked the kneecap she hyperextended her leg so bad. Cecil was pissed too because it was a sure thing, and he loves sure bets.

STOP...  
GIRARD, GO BACK!!  
YOU GREEDY MOTHERFUCKER!!!  
OH GOD.....  
I LOVE EASY ASS.

NOT NOW  
LECIL. I WANT  
TO WIN. WE HAVE  
ACHANCE.

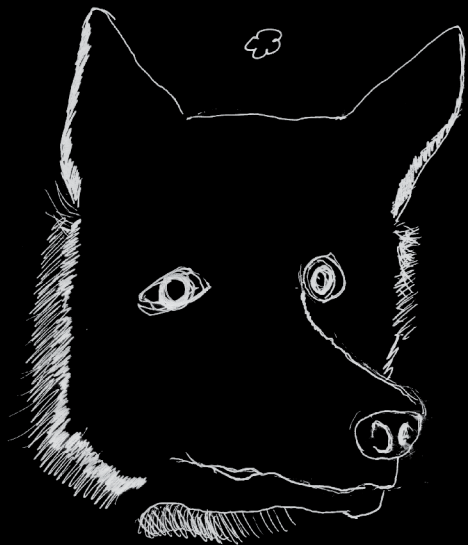




FRAZZLED  
DOG

Has anyone noticed that retired George W has been painting dogs. This is his hobby, he is halfway decent at it. He has a ton of his pictures up on twitter, this also should blow a few minds. It's funny to think about him having to keep up on public appearances, the most hated man in 50 years skipping around painting dogs. He could be the funniest person that ever lived or his balls are brass and weigh 30 pounds, or he was a daddy's boy ol' scout with retards cough. Oh and with PETA and Dog loving growing to a new NFL size phenomon the amount of beastiality insidents has risen over 15000% a real statistic. I like how in anything there is always a large sugary part of the lemonade that can't draw lines in the sand, what a byproduct.

TWO THINGS JUST TOTALLY BLEW MY MIND APART. GEORGE W. BUSH'S NEW HOBBY IS PAINTING, OIL PAINTED DOGS. GOD DAMMIT AND I KNOW 3 DOG LOVERS WHO SUCK THEIR DOGS RED, SHINY DOG DICK.

RED WINE MAKES YOU FEEL SO FINE  
ALL THE TIME

Women and wine are strong. They are such good friends right now. Proud kinship with the sauce, exuberant amounts of the fermented grapes being pissed through the USA. It's good for you said the doctors and Scientists at Yellow Tail. People at home with red stains on their teeth giggling hard for the first time in a long time. Rejoicing in the Ark they've purchased for themselves and their future children. What kind of wine do you like? I like crisp Sauvignon Blanc and tasty blended red wines with bold flavors and hints of smoke. Or what most people meant to say, I'll literally drink anything. Oh and back to what happened with this lady. She was dating this guy and he would always be like, oh I have to work. I mean they hooked up after the third date and they hung out for probably 2 months but they were inseparable. He knew all of her friends, they went out to dinner with her brother and his wife and shit. All of a sudden he totally stops calling her. She was like, hold on. Hold on just a second, What the hell just happened. He didn't even text her back once just totally iced her. She learned her lesson, don't date doctors, they are all scumbags.

REMEMBER DIANE:

- MAKE HIM HURT
- CAUSE A SCENE. YOU LET THIS SON OF A BITCH PUT HIMSELF AND HIS FUCKING CAREER AT THE GOD DAMN FOREFRONT OF YOUR RELATIONSHIP FOR TOO GOD DAMN LONG.
- DON'T STOP UNTIL SOMEONE THREATENS TO CALL THE COPS.



"and then the dude starts yelling at me for not being like into it. You know as he's explaining all the benefits of joining the army and shit, like when I get out I'll get a fat check to spend on whatever I want and all that. But like didn't Brian Bastien get like fucked out of his check at the end of his like 5 years over there fucking going mad man. Anyway the dude starts getting all bent out of shape right, and he's telling me I'm like scared or some shit and he's like 'Join the fucking army ya fucking c-c-c-c-c-c-c-c-c-coward.'"

Everyone Laughs

"I was like bro, what did you just say" cracking up dude.



I CAN'T  
BELEIVE I JUST  
STUTTERED RIGHT  
AS I EDGED IN AND  
DELIVERED MY IMPACT  
LINE.

GET IN THE  
FUCKING ARMY  
YA FUCKING  
C-C-C-C-COWARD!



SHEERRIGHTGUY

Right, but like, weird in a good way you did *not* just say that!

Ugh... Just shoot me.

so then THAT happened, and, um...

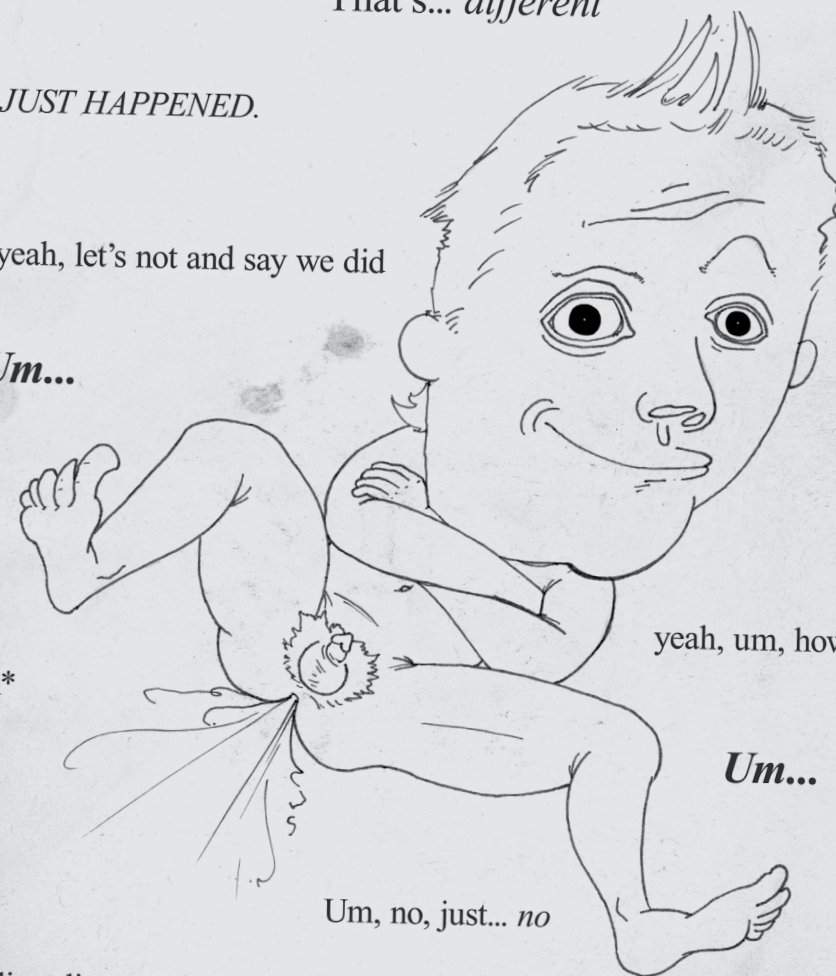
That's... different

THAT JUST HAPPENED.

Um, yeah, let's not and say we did

Um...

\*sigh\*



\*sigh\*

yeah, um, how about no.

Um...

Um, no, just... no

ding ding ding, we have a winner!

\*sigh\*

that's just **WRONG**

Yeah, you wanna not do that? Thannnks...

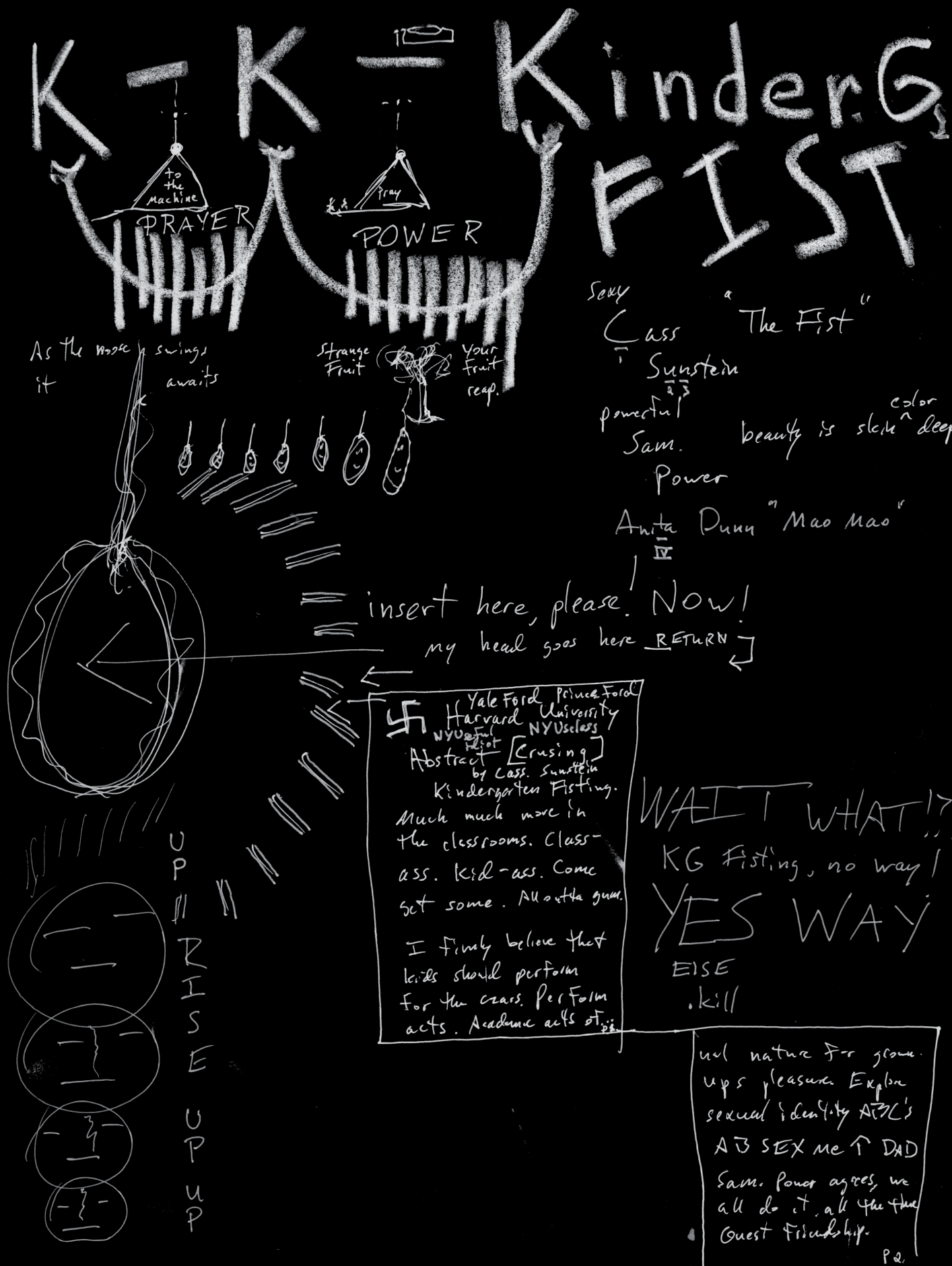
Don't be *\*that\** guy, haha



An elite bankers stip club faniced the finer diversions sexually. You have a chasm of varied interests in the mezzanines on wall street. When asked why type of shit he was into, Glenn Bynes was all like I'm into like some weird stuff dude. So his buddy Bo said he knew just the place. Tool was play- ing when they walked in, forty six and two to be exact. That guy sitting there in the hat is Ryan Kraus he owns the biggest trucking company in the south. He trucked every- thing in and out of the Bohemian Grove. He couldn't believe that Kid Kross existed.







### Step 1

Sexual children. Children are not babies, they can make grown up decisions like being taught about Total Sex and venereal diseases. These things are just the natural progression of a progressive society. A complete curriculum is one that includes all the kinds of sex there is on this Mother Gaia. Don't judge me asshole, don't judge my kid's teacher for lecturing on lifestyle!

### Step 2

Kill those who don't want their children sexualized. Shoot them, kill them, ruin them, make them pay for their intolerance. Phobic 'cists must be destroyed. Don't let them, shut them down. Children need to know about condoms and AIDS and Billy with four moms and sixteen dads all orgying together at Sunday mass, in Latin. Young Alex age 5 MUST know about the birds and the bees and the flowers and the trees and asses and mouths and positions and pillow talk.

### Step 3

Die.



LEON THE LANDLORD:  
APT. 6

Granny was a web cam porn superstar who liked Leon for being a hard working guy who offered all of a his time keeping a slum from being a slum. For only a small concession in the rent nonetheless. He worked day and night fixing light bulbs, squeaky appliances and drafty windows. Sometimes when you live in a slum the money doesn't come as easy as if you lived in a piggpen or a yuppie platte house in the suburbs. People would have to resort to seemingly odd measures to make ends meat. Leon had had enough of Granny, she was a dirty human being who didn't value her own existence and that chaffed the heartstrings of Leon. How could someone resort to such filthy behavior, in contrast there were many versions of survival that were displayed amongst the other misfortunate tenants in the building able to get by in one way or another. Everyone has to abide by some shroud of a moral code and Leon was being a Patriot for not putting up with her bullshit this time. She was out of there.

<http://providence.craigslist.org/apa/3806694365.html>





POSSYFACE:  
MATT BARNES

It wasn't even hard for Matt Barnes to get with Pussyface. Dude be real, she is so easy. They were all there that night, Her, Matt, Ben (obviously) and Kerri and Sarah and all them. So Matt comes in and he's all falling over and shit, dribbling this basketball in the house obnoxiously even though he was pretty good at spinning the ball on his finger. He looks at pussyface, who is sitting on Ben's lap BTW, and flicks his tongue at her and winked at the same time. That was that. She told Ben she had to go to the bathroom to take a shit and wham ten minutes later you can hear Matt Barnes laughing with his friends giving them all high fives pantomiming what pussyface looked like as he busted on her face after she blew him. It was a really dick move, Ben was crushed as he figured it out right away that he was that guy. The guy at the party that got with everybody.





Hah, hey guys, know what sucks about being white? Nothing... haha, I'm so white. I have privilege. It sucks being white though, it sucks being white haha, because, aren't black guys just so much cooler? I'm so bad in bed, like Woody Allen... For me to sexually satisfy a woman, that's just ridiculous. Sex with me is like getting fucked by a booger. Girls look at me and wouldn't piss on me if I were on fire, awkward! I had a girlfriend once, but then some black guy came along and said three words in a James Earl Jones voice and she started cumming right there. I wasn't even mad! I was just like, do me next! Samuel L. Jackson, Denzel Washington, these guys are just so cool, they could bang my GF and I wouldn't even get mad. I wish Samuel L. Jackson were my DAD! Right? If I ever got picked on at school he'd just be like, yo man, you gots ta be a bad mothafucka. Fluoride in the water has somehow turned me into a cuckold fetishist. I just got a special on HBO, I'm gonna call it Whitest Guy U Seent, and my plan is to play my cards right and be a good little peckerwood and hope that one day the You-Know-Who media machine will let me get assfucked by Will Smith. Ugh, I wish Morgan Freeman would narrate my LIFE! Can you imagine how badass that would be!? I can't dance and my dick is SO SMALL! I tried rapping once and it sounded terrible. My cultural heritage is boring and stodgy, it's so dumb, statues and portraits of DEAD WHITE MEN? No thanks. I much prefer cool zoot suit Harlem renaissance jazz culture, sneakers and gold chain culture. My computer broke and I lost a bunch of important data... WHITE PEOPLE PROBLEMS!!! Watch your favorite white comedian make jokes about Asians all day and never say a word about black people. Sarah Silverman went about as far down that road as anyone could ever hope to go with her famous carjack me? But you don't look black! Joke. How about straight up asking why black people smell like they don't wipe their asses?

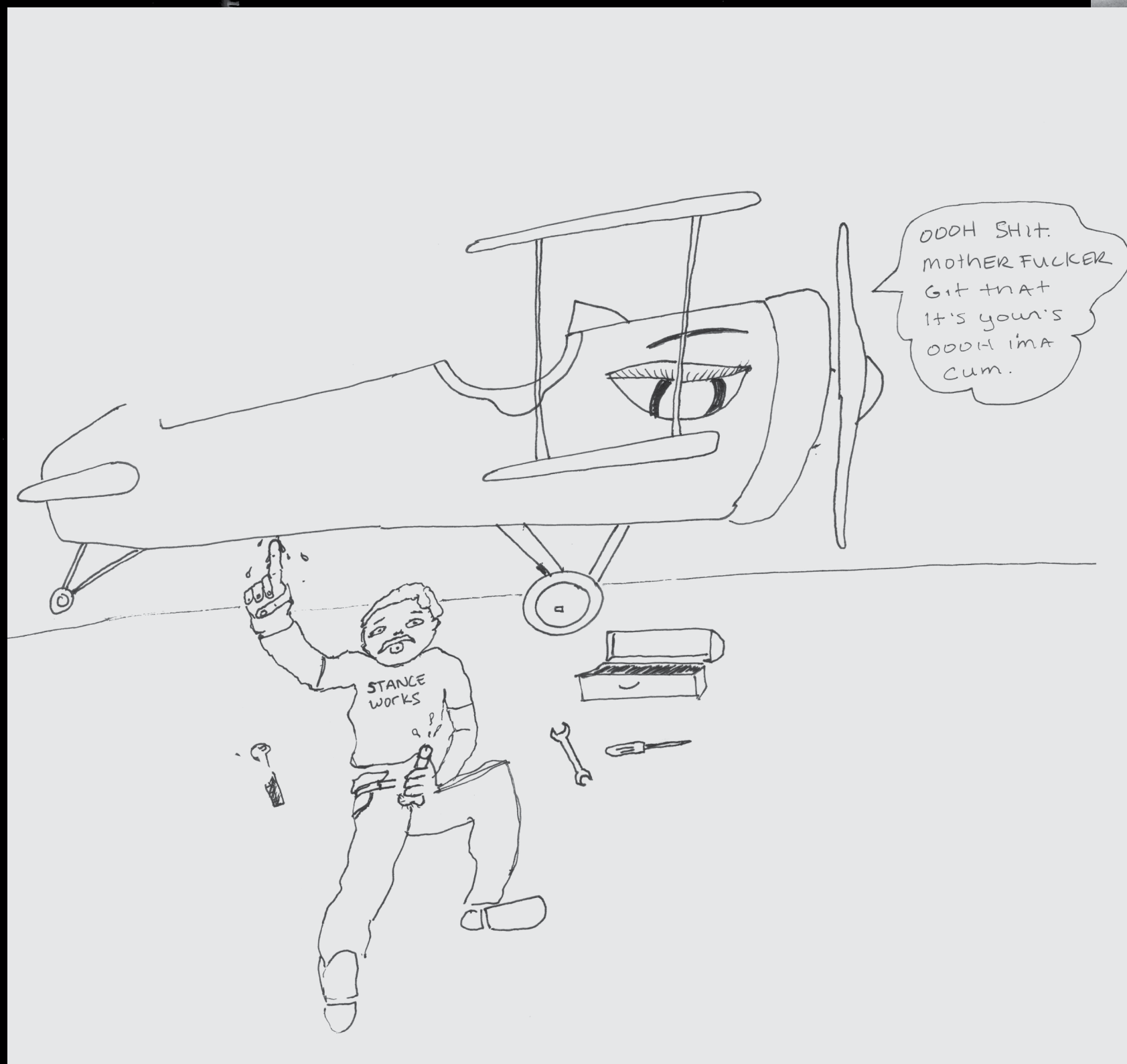
[insert picture of demetri martin or some other limp wrist millennial comedian here]







This chick was all types of bad and it drove my buddy chopper the happy helicopter crazy. Chopper was a good dude but he just didn't think that he was good enough to get with chicks like Sally. But whatever. In the hanger that day, she did get blasted by that dude up her tailpipe but she was egging him on. Anyone who knew Sally would tell you the same. You know how cartoon airplanes get with their sexy voices and licking their lips and doing filthy dirty talk you've never heard before. I mean it could get a rise out of anyone, she is pretty good at it. I have no idea where it came from because she was Portuguese and usually Portuguese girls aren't that slick at dirty talk. You can never judge a book by it's cover. Bad news is, Chopper saw the whole thing and then followed the dude out to his truck after. You'll see what happens when a happy helicopter gets a sour taste in his mouth.







PEE PEE  
MAN

Pee Pee man worked as a drivers ed teacher for most of his adult life. He wished to remain nameless for the book because well, these are photo's of him drinking peoples pee from under a porto John. He started the company at 51 with his pension. At every fair or even you could be sure to find a Pee Pee Man sani can. He did well expanding his business to over 21 new territories in under 5 years time. Kudos to him for the business accolades. His kidneys ended up failing after drinking too much pee at St. Domsday Festival in Kansas City in 1998, he is ok now but man did have some explaining to do to his wife and 6 kids.

PEE PEE  
MAN

PEE  
PEE

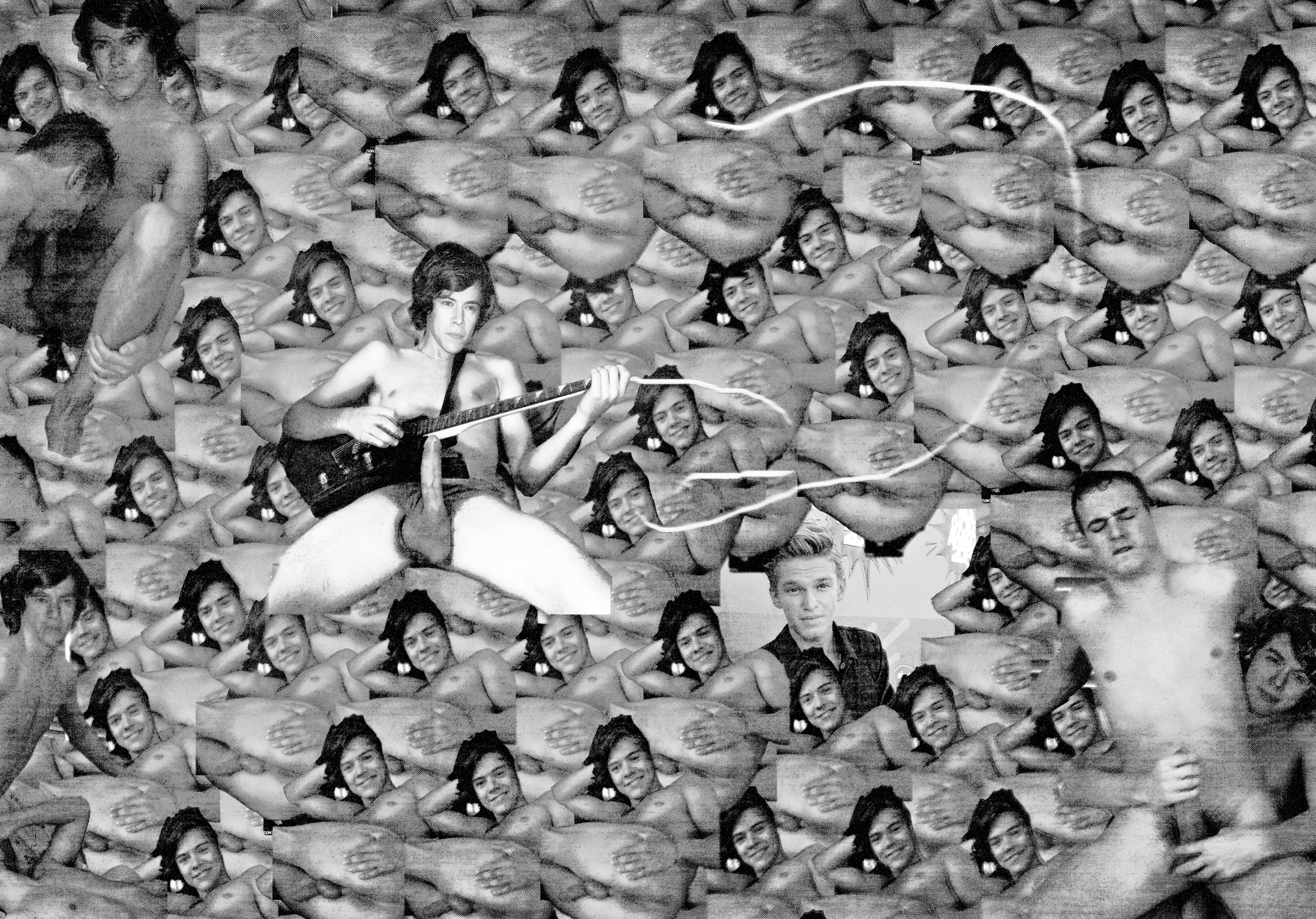
PEE PEE  
MAN





i'm so hyphy and i'm so fly, I could kill any-  
body I could destroy you and crush you,  
and all your friends, can't nobody fuck  
with this trust this don't test this, you won't  
survive you won't be able to handle this.  
You think you tough? Well I got something  
to show you cus' I'm tough as nails baby,  
I'll straight smash that ass no homo, I'll kill  
you cus' I'm the man, I'm ya boy, I'm da  
god, dey call me tough Tom cus' of how I  
smash dat ass all day I'ma kill you and ev-  
erything you stand for. Stay the fuck out-  
ta my way and act like you know who the  
FUCK I am, respect this. Can't nobody fuck  
wid dis nobody can touch this I'm this can't  
nobody this I'm can't touch nobody this  
touch Can't I'M, call me President Kick YO  
AZZ, get swizzy raps so juicy keep it gang-  
sta keep it fly stay tight I'm tight so tight.  
Hop out the Humer make it rain everybody  
watching all eyes on me, you can't stunt  
like me you can't spend chips and Stack  
Paper like me, when I roll up in the club, we  
drink from bottles and the bouncers Right  
for us, the bouncers are our army, yea, we  
smash that ass all day kill your friends and  
family cus' you insulted me, can't fuck wid  
me, can't stop can't touch won't touch.  
I'm touch can't







Laugh  
OR  
Scream  
YouPick



“Don’t have any Mammie’s on me, hope a Hi-Nic’ll do the trick,” you say, reaching into your coat and hoping the lie isn’t detected by the talking heap of guts and smoke.

“Ah, but brother, that’sss the thing, you ss-seeee? You’re a fuckin’ lliarr!” the heap yowls.

A black arm, long and spindly (dripping with... motor oil?), shoots out and seizes every part of you at once. As your vision and mind slip into a dimension of pure darkness, your final thought is that you should’ve given the abomination your other coolers.

<The End>

THE  
END

“Tthhankss...”

...

Strange. The word, echoing. ‘Thanks...’

“...tthhanksssss...”

...

You blink and look around, but for the life of you, you can’t remember where you are or what you’re doing. You remember the word ‘thanks’ echoing—a hiss, and an echo—and that’s all you remember!

You look to your left and then to your right with your eyes, as it hurts too much to turn your head at all. The pain is throbbing, everywhere, not just in your head and neck. To the left you can dimly make out a low concrete wall. Directly to your right is a speeder which actually seems to be trapping much of your body. You try to shift and kick your legs out, maybe to stand up, but they won’t obey you at all and after a miniswatch you give up. Junked cars everywhere, rubble, but where the hell are you?!

You look down at the coolers and the lighter and then the memories start to roll in—some are like disappointing waves while others are like hateful piercing needles. The life of scavenging, hiding in satoig pipes for days to escape brutal thugs, and finally, the killers without names who fucked you up so good that you became something else.

Hopefully a scavenger or traveler will be along soon to give you a helping hand.

<The End>

THE  
END



The man with salt-and-pepper hair isn't surprised by your answer. Evidently something about your clothing or posture must broadcast the fact that your net worth is something like two empty soup cans and a lead pipe.

"Alright well, I don't know how you made it out this far, but you should get in and come with me if you don't wanna die."

You believe his words. In a way, he reminds you of Roddy, your mentor and friend from the old

days. You make up your mind to trust the man with salt-and-pepper hair, and slide into the vinyl passenger seat, slamming shut the bank vault door of the Fairmont behind you.

"The name's Abe," he says, neither extending his hand for a shake nor looking over to make eye contact. He drops the clutch, chirping the tires and whipping your head back into the headrest as if you were a spring-loaded toy.

<a>

>>>>>>Turn to page 407.

You wind up big and throw a home-run kick at the old timer's legs, sweeping them out like toothpicks. He manages to fall exactly half in the hole, half out, using his spine to cushion the impact on the hard steel cellar door rim.

He whips around and tries to hoist up his lower half, clawing at the dirt and screaming in pain. It's quick work to give him that helping hand now: a stomp to the face puts him to sleep and sends him tumbling down into the darkness.

The loud sound of a mechanical snap, like a trap door being triggered or an iron manclam clanging shut, is enough to tell you that you were right about this place and its proprietor's intentions. You hastily loot the main building, stuffing your coat and your cloak with whatever supplies will fit, and book it for the highway.

>>>>>>Turn to page 67.



"Izat how people say hi where you're from? Crazy fuckin' cock," the man grumbles. "I don't know what your deal is but it looks like you're riding with me now. That means park your hands under your ass and keep your mouth shut, and don't try to jerk the wheel out of my hands or anything like that. I don't want to kill ya... I promise your chances of staying alive are much better inside this car than out."

The car is ripping down the highway at an insane speed, but the man with salt-and-pepper hair looks as casual as if he were about to fall asleep in a favorite chair. His hands lightly brush the rim of the steering wheel, barely touching it, and the car

bites hard into a sweeping, top-speed curve. Something about his words is disarming. In a way, he reminds you of Roddy, your mentor from the old days. You make up your mind to trust the man with salt-and-pepper hair, and, looking out at the dim red sun on the horizon, and the giant glittering arc of stars that perpetually adorns the sky, you wonder if your companion has been to Avalon. And if he's been to Avalon, where else has he been?

"The name's Abe," he says, neither extending his hand for a shake nor looking over to make eye contact.

<a>  
>>>>>>Turn to page 407.

The man with salt-and-pepper hair's name is Abe—Abrahm Stahl to be precise.

At over forty G-Shock old, he's easily the oldest man you've ever met. He's stayed alive this long by being mobile, scavenging, and knowing when to not take 'no' for an answer—but also by knowing when to high-tail it out of a dangerous situation.

The reason he was able to tolerate the pain of your groin strikes, you learn, is because Abe knew Roddy's secret pain nullification techniques. This is enough to make your head spin, but your jaw drops to the floor when Abe explains that Roddy learned those techniques under his tutelage. Roddy, the greatest scavenger and most honorable man you ever knew, The Pipe King Twosoup, learned

everything he knew from Abrahm Stahl.

For mucho swatch you and the man with salt-and-pepper hair share stories of times past and visions of things to come. You compare scars, try to one-up each other with your tales of battle, and share a more intimate moment together, remembering Roddy and speculating on what could've happened to him. Not since the days of The Lodge have you had such a wonderful conversation with a comrade.

Outside, day fades to dusk. The laughter dies down, and the man with salt-and-pepper hair takes on a demeanor that's all business. He says without explaining in further detail that he's got a meeting with the road, and if you want to continue living it would be your best interest to tag along...

And so you do.

<a>  
>>>>>>Turn to page 407.



The stash is everything you thought it would be, and more. You dance around the room, checking every cabinet and every box, taking stock of your new items. There are about a dozen cartons of coolers in assorted varieties, cans of tomato paste, bags of croutons, potato chips, candy bars, shotgun shells—even your personal favorite: cup soup.

You feel sorry for the man with salt-and-pepper hair. It must've taken him G-Shocks to accumulate such a haul, and now, thanks to his laziness and inability to properly hide things, they're all yours.

Doing some rough mathematics in your head, you figure that if all these items are properly rationed out, you shouldn't have to worry about food for maybe half a G-Shock. To celebrate, you use a can of Ripper-T, "The Only Athletic Hydrolyzer That Matters", to reconstitute one of the cup soups, and then sprinkle some Manic Bits sour gumgums on top. This might be the first time you ate so good since the collapse of The Lodge...

Congratulations traveler. Thanks to your quick wit and willingness to stoop lower than the next man, you live another day. Smiling at your good luck, you tuck the unopened cup soup seasoning packet in one of your socks—you never know when you'll need a quick pick-me-up.

<The End>

THE

END

Progress is slow going. Every now and again, you'll pick yourself up and shuffle down the pipe a few steps, but it's never long before depression or hunger or both cripple you, stopping you dead in your tracks, forcing you to take a nap.

By your best guess, you've been in this pipe for a little less than a week, and you've covered a distance that would take you maybe eight swatch of solid hiking under ideal conditions up top. This comical lack of efficiency only compounds your sorry state of mind, despite your best attempts at generating excuses. It's a good thing there's plenty of moist satoig for you to suck and munch for sustenance.

You lay in the filth for another one of your naps—although it's not really a nap, you're just curled up in a ball with your eyes half open wishing something would change. But this time, something does change.

Off in the distance, at the far end of the tunnel, you see a glowing blue light. Something inside you knows already what it is—it's your guardian angel, coming to save you. You don't want to be saved, you'd rather just sink into the goo and melt into the walls and become satoig, but your guardian angel is coming to save you whether you like it or not. It comes closer, and soon you can see that it's a human face—it's Roddy's face. Smiling, warm, fatherly, with a glimmer in his eye, it's truly The Pipe King. He speaks to you:

"I know where you're at right now, man. Trust me, I've been down these pipes before, I can't tell you how many times. Whether I was hiding from road pirates, or stashing away a few cans of chicken broth, I've been down these pipes, and I know how you feel. But let me tell you something

about these pipes," the apparition scratches its face, "these pipes ain't yer problem. The problem is the pipes inside," it points at its own head, "'cus the blackness and emptiness and loneliness you see all around you, that ain't no thang, you can handle that, what you need to handle is the blackness and loneliness that you've been carrying with you this whole time."

The Ghost of Roddy's motivational lecture goes on for another halfswatch, and when it finishes, you are thoroughly convinced. All your belly-aching and feeling sorry for yourself—that's just a waste of time, not gonna get you anywhere. Pathetic. You should be happy to have found a pipe as nice as this, and starting right now, you are happy. You decide to make this pipe into a home, one you can be proud of, too.

You live out the rest of your days home-steading the underground satoig pipe network. It's a peaceful and rewarding life, one you cherish far more than anything you could've had on the surface, you reckon. You even grow to love the taste of satoig, and invent many different ways of preparing it. Sautéed with a flashlight, mashed, whipped, sandwiched—things like that. You laugh to yourselves sometimes, thinking that if you had a restaurant in Upworld, you could probably sell this shit.

Of course, living out the rest of your life in a sewer, you never really accomplish anything noteworthy. You don't sire any children, you don't save the world. But, you do pass the time in tranquility, with a few creature comforts here and there, and always well-fed, which is more than can be said for most.

<The End>

THE

END



You emerge from a rusty opening in the pipe to hot desert air that dries your satoig coating, almost instantly turning the stuff into fine, flaky green scales. The daylight hurts your eyes, and when you bring a hand up to shield them, you can see just how tainted you've really become—your hand is fully green and brown with big clumps of biogoo in the skin creases and under your nails. Nevertheless, all you can think is how happy you are to once again see the dim, dying sun and breathe the festering smoggy air of the surface.

The miniswatch you get your bearings, you notice a buzzing roboid banging into a display kiosk across the street. The mechanical menace makes your hair stand on end, but thankfully this unit is a maintenance model, and what's more is

that it seems to be stuck in some sort of command loop. It zips into the kiosk with a good whack, reels backwards, recalibrates, and repeats, paying you no mind.

The festering smoggy air is in fact not so festering here. It's quite possible this is the freshest air you've ever had kicking around in the two old socks you call your lungs. Is it poison? No, no it's not poisonous—this must be Avalon!

There are streets and buildings here that haven't been destroyed. They're perfect and clean, like something out of a magazine with pictures. You wonder how it can possibly be so nice, and also why there are no people—probably from the "clean air" poison trick, you think snidely.

<a>

To the east, a complex of small and medium-sized buildings form a ring that must be the town center. The best way to learn about Avalon is by diving right in. You don't see any killer roboids around or any Cop-0's, so it's safe to proceed as far as you're concerned.

>>>>>>Turn to page 617.

<a>

'Hacking' the maintenance 'boid is the smart way of getting more information—it's what Roddy would do. Be smart, arm yourself with information, don't dive right in, and steel yourself mentally and physically against testicle crushing. That's what Roddy would say right now if he were here. There's always the risk that you'll set off some sort of security alert by fiddling with it, but you are confident in your touch-screen 'hacking' abilities and decide to go for it.

>>>>>>Turn to page 553.

You bust down the plywood door with a warrior kick, and mosey out into the gas station backyard like you own the place.

To the right you see a wood smokehouse that is emitting unbelievably delicious smells. Inside, the racks of jerky hung up to cure look so good that it's literally impossible not to try a piece. You've had real meat once or twice before—rat gut sandwiches and a human finger from an old man Roddy killed—but you've never laid eyes on a spread like this. The hunger is crippling and you fall to your knees, unable to stand again until you've mowed down a significant square footage of the jerk taste.

Down past the smokehouse, about a quad away from the main building, there's a bare metal shed with a heavy cellar door attached to it. You figure this must be the place. Time to help yourself to another man's treasure.

<a>

This is not the kind of treasure you need right now. You slam the doors shut, slap the lock back on, and high-tail it outta here.

>>>>>>Turn to page 67.

<b>

You've gotta help these people, or whatever these things are, if there's more than one of them, if they're people, maybe they're freaks, flesh-rotten bug-ridden freaks, but you've got to help your fellow freak.

>>>>>>Turn to page 552.

You use his key to pop the hefty lock on the door, but soon wish you hadn't. The big steel doors fall open with an ear-splitting clang, which is nothing compared to the battering ram of stench that blasts out and hits you in the face. The smell is so intense, you briefly imagine that a cloud of thick brown smog is wafting out of the opening, and though no such cloud really exists, in your mind's eye you watch it billow out, surrounding you and invading your nostrils, lifting you out of your boots.

You stand over the opening in a hellish daze. When your senses return and you snap to, you see a rather ghoulish hand reaching up and hear a disgusting, hoarse voice moan for help.



You reach down and offer yourself to the darkness. A dozen hands shoot out and clutch at you—they are individually weak but strong together and their desperation is sickening. As they start to suck your down into their world, you decide that this was a bad decision.

Half a swatch later and you're standing in the yard again, watching fifteen slimy emaciated cellar refugees cook in the sun. They're blind and dumb and can barely communicate but eventually you put it together well enough: these monstrosities—formerly people who were unlucky enough to fall for the gas station oasis trap—are the source of the delicious meat treats you enjoyed earlier.

<a>

Surely at some point you will curl into a ball of crying, puking agony when the mental weight of your unwitting cannibalism is made fully real for you, but you decide to table that for later and make getting the hell out of here your immediate order of business. These things are already dead and there's nothing you can do to help them, and that includes sobbing and telling them how sorry you are for eating their predecessors. You spit some of the taste out of your mouth and hit the road with a focused expression.

>>>>>>Turn to page 67.

You approach the roboid, it doesn't kill you.

You start 'hacking' via the touchScreen interface, and quickly learn that this isn't going to be the cakewalk you were expecting. The roboid is shielded by several layers of I.C.E. encryption and security measures, including a password lock (seven characters that form a word), multiple thumbprint scanners, and archives of ChildPorn that download to your personal file to incriminate you.

This is the part where you'd really be in hot soda—if it weren't for the fact that The Pipe King himself personally tutored you in the art of 'hacking,' that is.

You close your eyes, using your sense of touch and also your sixth sense to 'hack'... You touch here, swipe there, two-finger swipe followed by two-finger zooming, then another swipe—it's all one great furious haze of gestural interfacing, and soon you have the upper hand.

You work your way around the basics, circumnavigating the password matrix (crossword puzzle format), busting open the thumbprint scanners and rewiring them to scan each other eternally, and jacking the ChildPorn to make it null with

sensor blurring and jaypeg scrambling. But that's nothing compared to the minigames...

You access the device's inner core, and breathe a sigh of relief. But the relief doesn't last long, and the sigh was a waste of time. This "operating system" contains one final ultimate layer of protection, one that was laying dormant in the code that you just couldn't see. What's worse is that if you fail now, the roboid will self-destruct in your face, probably killing you in the process.

And so, over the next small swatch, the machine hits you with brutal minigames, one after another, three in total. First comes PoppumLoons, a game where balloons float downwards and you have to pop them by tapping before they reach hot lava. The first round is no sweat, and you earn enough Goolbum to buy a pair of PoppumGloves which have thumbtacks on the end to pop multiple balloons at once. Things heat up, however, once the game starts throwing frozen balloons—these deadly creations fall faster due to their weight, and they freeze other neighboring balloons when popped, so the trick is to pop them last.

<a>

After ten rounds, you've thoroughly crushed PoppumLoons, achieving all kinds of rewards and being top-ranked on the leaderboard. But there's no time to celebrate, because up next is CandyBust Racer: Gold Edition.

>>>>>>Turn to page 621.



# TRUST YOUR DOCTOR

Of course I suck kid dick, why else would you become a pediatrician?

I like selling Adderall and Abilify because it makes people shut up and get out of my face. I'm just like, "here, take this you piece of shit," and they leave my office, I barely have to work. Also if I sell enough of it they give me perks like last month I got a cruise and also this watch.

I hate when the parents come in the room with the kid.

Show this drawing to a doctor in real life and watch them nod their head and not laugh.

I've had all kinds of dicks in me.

What kind of man am I really?

I'm pretty normal, I guess the one thing is that if a kid's parents stay in the waiting room I like to touch it's dick.

The big thing is paying for sex... I guess it's like I only need so much money for the mortgage and monthly expenses so a while back I started being a sugar daddy to this 22-year-old transexual. I'm helping her pay for her transition and in return she fucks me with her big she-tool. Fully functional :) of course I have her wear a condom I'm not crazy.

I'm just a nigga that loves diving watches

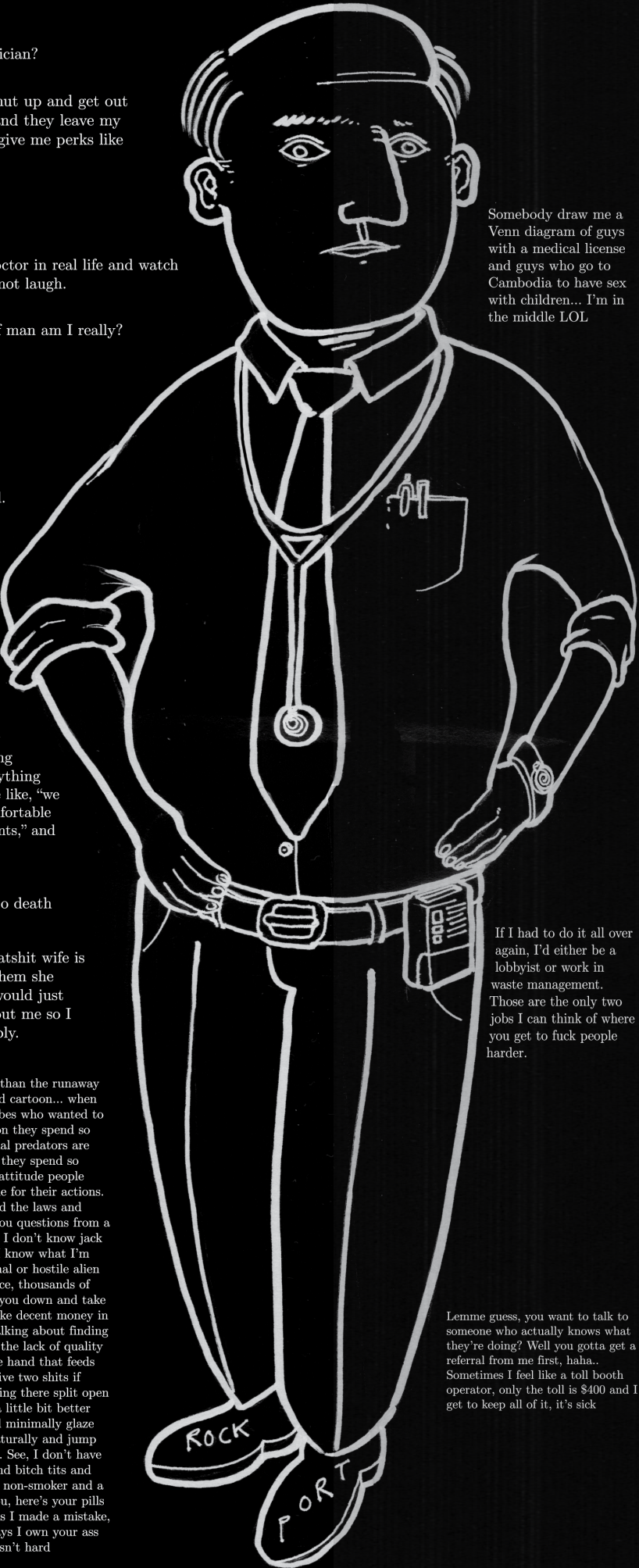
You want to be in love? You want to fuck doctor ass?  
I make a lot but I'm a cheap slut.

I'm a big time tease... The pill companies spend so much taking me out to dinner and on trips and stuff, like this spring I'm going to Colorado to ski and stay in this mad nice private cabin, everything paid for just me and like eight other doctor guys, they're gonna be like, "we want you to sell this pill," and I'll be like, "I don't know if I'm comfortable recommending something with such severe side effects to my patients," and basically I'm not gonna open my legs until they buy me a Lexus.

Fact: most real life doctors deserve to be tortured to death

It's ironic that I'm hooked on Ambien, not to mention my fat batshit wife is on Klonopin and like five other things that if she doesn't have them she starts breaking mirrors and cutting her clothes with scissors. I would just leave her on the streets to die but she knows a lot of secrets about me so I have to keep her sedated 24/7. Never get high on your own supply.

I guess if I really thought about it, the biggest problem with this country, other than the runaway shit-train healthcare system, is that our idea of "evil" is this ridiculous Hollywood cartoon... when was the last time you met a serial killer? Or a gray-bearded magician in dark robes who wanted to use evil magic to awaken the dragons and control the world? And for some reason they spend so much selling this notion, just look at the news. Do you think shootings and sexual predators are really something you need to worry about in your daily life? And if not, why do they spend so much time talking about them? Real evil isn't some Bond villain, man... it's an attitude people take on when you put them in positions where they aren't personally accountable for their actions. So basically any modern-day job. The less oversight there is, the more convoluted the laws and regulations, the greater the "evil"--I mean, fuck, my job is to sit you down, ask you questions from a sheet they give me, then lookup the answer for what pill I'm sposed to give you. I don't know jack shit about shit. I mean look at my own body if you think there's a slim chance I know what I'm doing. Anyway it's highly unlikely that a serial killer or some mastermind criminal or hostile alien mothership are going to be your undoing, but there definitely are systems in place, thousands of bureaucracies and gatekeepers and clock punchers who take pleasure in keeping you down and take their salaries directly from your fucking paycheck, you slob. The only way to make decent money in America nowadays is by being a leech--and I'm not talking about welfare, I'm talking about finding cozy loopholes where the person paying for the work and the person affected by the lack of quality of said work are a thousand miles apart and don't know each others' names. The hand that feeds me is a faceless and omnipotent provider network and to be honest they could give two shits if some pill makes your heart explode or if I take a piss inside you when you're laying there split open on the operating table, for example. The net result is that doctors behave only a little bit better than prison guards. If you come to me with low testosterone or depression, I will minimally glaze over the hundreds of things you can do lifestyle/diet-wise to fix your problem naturally and jump straight into pharmacological solutions, because that's who's actually paying me. See, I don't have to go home with you and deal with the yeast infections and shrunken testicles and bitch tits and destroyed libido, because you're not Tom Malone to me, you're 37-year-old male non-smoker and a bunch of strongly agree/disagree answers that I could care less about, so fuck you, here's your pills and cream, get out of my office, and if you have a stroke or your dick falls off cus I made a mistake, guess what, I'm bulletproof, I'm Bulletproof Tony and you signed a form that says I own your ass so eat shit. I have a lot of time to think about this kinda thing because my job isn't hard



Somebody draw me a Venn diagram of guys with a medical license and guys who go to Cambodia to have sex with children... I'm in the middle LOL

If I had to do it all over again, I'd either be a lobbyist or work in waste management. Those are the only two jobs I can think of where you get to fuck people harder.

Lemme guess, you want to talk to someone who actually knows what they're doing? Well you gotta get a referral from me first, haha.. Sometimes I feel like a toll booth operator, only the toll is \$400 and I get to keep all of it, it's sick



I lied in high school  
when I told more  
than *20* people  
that Scott Drammer  
raped me. He didn't,  
but he was such a  
dick about it, I had  
to hurt him bad.



**MY GIRL-  
FRIEND TOLD  
ME SHE WAN-  
TED TO GO  
ANTIQUING.  
I DIDN'T RE-  
ALLY FEEL  
LIKE GOING  
SO I PULLED  
HER ASIDE  
AND SAID:**

Western civilization is nearly over. The great flood is coming, only this time the flood will wipe the genetic slate clean, and DNA like yours and ours will be swirling around the toilet for one final flush, just as it should. Orwell said, if you want a vision of the future, imagine a boot stomping on a human face - forever. That's pretty close, but instead of a boot it's a DC tactical parkour shoe, and the human face is smiling orgasmically for endless selfies.

The face is smiling because we all crave drama and torment and punishment. We crave drama because when our lives are dramatic and miserable, they more closely resemble an episode of Sex and the City, or a Russel Brand/Zach Rogan romantic comedy, featuring some leg-spreading big-nosed casual dater as Lovable Everygirl Who Makes Jokes About Her Period. The conflict makes it feel like we're doing something other than just cumming and passing the time.

We're all stars in our own movies and we crave BDSM whippings subconsciously. We are all deranged retards and we deserve to be slaves. We need to be slaves. We need our mommy/daddy/nanny to hold our hands and tell us to be quiet and suck dick harder. Can you imagine the chaos that would result if everyone thought for themselves? Imagine what would happen if you took an average welfare recipient and put him in the Oval Office? This is all laid out in plain English in the introductory chapter of Propaganda.



We make the most important decisions the same way we make the (seemingly) least important decisions. We look at ukulele-driven upbeat advertisements, cute logos, pleasant-faced news anchors, The New York Times, and our stupid friends, and we choose our leaders the same way we choose toothpaste. Does your toothpaste have sodium lauryl sulfate in it (it does.)? Did you know that's an industrial floor cleaner? Do you ever wonder why your gums are receding and your mouth stinks? What brand of chains are you wearing. We deserve to have all our fuckin teeth fall out, just like we deserve to have our money taken away; to be spied on; to be tagged like zoo animals; to be welded shut inside a metal coffin and shot into space.

The world is ending so we might as well go check out some cool ANTIQUES. The world is on fire and no one smells the smoke, so let's go find a nice walnut hutch to put books (for display) and things in. Let's find a vase that you like, for our apartment, even though you never change the cat's litter box, because you are a leg-spreading casual-dater... Make sure the apartment is full of nice things, and even though I spend 45-minutes at a time tongue-kissing your hairy (why do you want me to shave? Are you a pedophile?) slit, you still think giving head is degrading and you refuse to do it. Don't wash any dishes babe, you're too beautiful. Oh, you're beautiful, you're beautiful. Let's find a wicker chair that you like. The most I'll ever make with my \$180,000 graphic design degree is \$25/hr, I'll do the math on that while you look at replica Eames chairs. You want nice dinners and a baby? Potluck dinners with friends? Nice dinners? A baby? Me too. Definitely want a lifetime anchor with you. Your pussy is just that good. You're the most beautiful girl I've ever met and I would love to spend the rest of my life with you. I want us to spend \$50 on food per day, average. I bought something! I bought something!

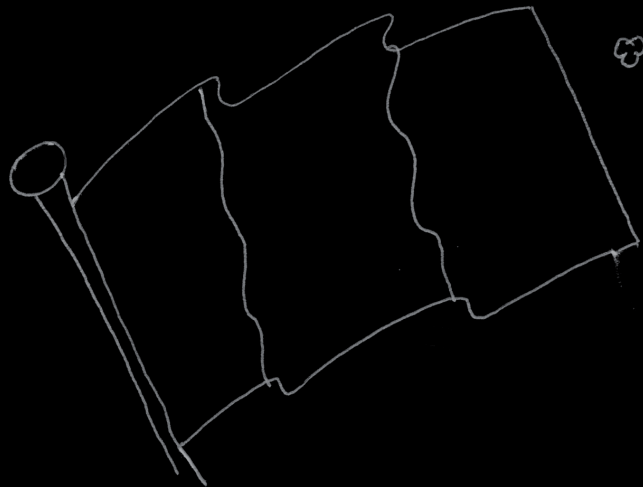
**THEN I  
KISSED HER  
ON THE  
FOREHEAD  
GENTLY.  
A PRINCESS  
KISS. BUT  
ALSO A  
WHORE'S  
KISS.**



connected  
to the  
MOB



CONNECTED  
TOO.



CONNECTED  
TO THE  
MOB



ITALIANS

ASK AN  
ITALIAN IF  
HE KNOWS  
ANYONE WHO  
IS CONNECTED.  
BE PREPARED  
FOR EMB-  
ELLISHING.



# HOT QUIZ

**Whites moving into  
the barrio is disgusting  
gentrification and, quite  
frankly, racist as all hell.  
Puerto Ricans moving into a  
white neighborhood is:**

**a)**

**Good**

**b)**

**Better**

**c)**

**Best**

Answer: c) Yale/Harvard/New York Times University studies and Malcolm Gladwell books have shown, time and time again, that Diversity makes society better, and does not lead to Puerto Rican kids listening to bachata music on their T-Mobile@Sidekicks during class and throwing pencils at your son's head for being a cracker maricón. And even if that did happen, it would somehow be your fault, for being such a priv-priv richie WhiteyCrack™.



Twenty-Four Frames

Per Second



**We suffer from a kind of cultural AIDS!**

**Art has no depth and is instantaneously FORGOTTEN!**

**The image has no relation to any reality whatsoever: it is its own pure SIMULACRUM!**

Even now we know nothing of FREEDOM.

Two cameras roll. Franz has a basket of eggs in front of him and uses a syringe to fill them with inks: bright red, bright blue, dark blue, bright green, dark green, violet. He breaks the eggs over his knees. The actors watch him. He breaks open a vial containing ammonia. A sharp smell of ammonia permeates the room.

You must remember that pornography is a CRUTCH for the psychologically deformed and a BRUTALIZATION of the morally innocent!

Franz is shooting his senior film project. I'm holding the boom mic, socks wet with body fluids. The actors knot a stocking around his throat. They blindfold his eyes. They dip his hands in red paint. With the help of a feather, Franz vomits into a bowl half-filled with green fluid.

Excuse me, but aren't any of you cunts able to victimize a man to tears? Are you from the school of STANISLAVSKI, or the school of TOASTMASTERS?

He drinks a glass filled with a white liquid. He drinks a glass filled with a bright red liquid, then vomits into a bowl half filled with green fluid. He opens a vein, blood flowing into a glass. Franz has always been willing to put himself through hell for the sake of art. He has also been willing to do the same to his friends.

Think of me as a female prosthesis! Close your eyes and imagine BRIDGET BARDOT!

Between takes he explains his objectives: to change the face of contemporary cinema and to get an A+ in his film class. He aims to do this with a self-written, self-directed gangbang movie, featuring an all-male cast.

Thus reducing the symbolic distance between the BANGERS and the BANGED, and reversing the roles of SUBORDINATE and SUPERORDINATE!

Different coloured bulbs blink on and off from all directions, lighting the room in shocks of red, white, and blue.

These colours make emphatic the reality of the pornographic actor's SELF-ALIENATION! And of course the lights are also an homage to French cinema, particularly JEAN LUC GODARD if you've ever heard of him!

Franz aims for a threefold alienation effect. First: the lighting. Second: the kill floor of his uncle's slaughterhouse, which reeks of pig shit and congealed blood. Third: the passion with which Franz humiliates his cast and crew.

Am I the only one here who has ever seen a FILM? That may explain why Dr. Violin is merely your begrudging professor, whereas to me he is nothing less than MENTOR and surrogate FATHER!

Dr. Violin once married his own daughter precisely to generate controversy, then boasted of deflowering her with a popsicle stick. Also, his name is not actually Dr. Violin, but Dr. Serblowski.

I do not want gay men! I want heterosexual men who are able to perform the ACT of gayness! What is art, anyway, but the ILLUSION of art? This is no mere reality, cameras simply bearing witness! It is so much more!

During the casting call, Franz went through the most rigorous of processes. He refused to search classified ads. He only auditioned members of the Actors' Equity Association. All of the auditions were filmed. The filming was also filmed. Two cameras rolled, always two cameras.

A sort of documentary behind-the-scenes thing! A rollicking metacinematic ROMP! Like in Le Mepris or the Houston 620.

Franz insists that we shoot all of the footage in one session, unwilling to risk continuity errors in the mise-en-scene. He doesn't want to do any retakes. Most importantly, all of the dialogue will be in voiceover or inserted as intertitles, so if Franz botches a line, there will be no need to reshoot it.

V.O.: I have made my last hundred decisions contrary to instinct, and they have led me here, to THE BANGING. Yet even now I am not free, all of my behaviors mediated by PSYCHOLOGICAL and ENVIRONMENTAL factors.

It strikes me as a bit philosophy-heavy for the first line, especially when none of the banging has taken place yet, or been foreshadowed in any way.



And the idiot says, Hollo, I am a microphone holder! Please let me give the FILMMAKER some advice regarding existential freedom. Now I will say this once, and never again. There will be NO characters, NO story. In the meantime, if you have any suggestions on how to better clasp a microphone on a stick, please feel free to share your expertise. And... ACTION!

The first camera rolls, pointed at the bay door through which Franz will enter. The second camera rolls, pointed at the first camera. In post production, we will hear the sound of a thunder storm. Stark white bulbs flicker, suggesting the threat of darkness. Franz crawls in, wearing muddy clothes, hair soaking wet with rain. He calls out:

Hello? Hello? Am I trespasser, or simply an imitator of the men who have come before me? Either way, I do not want to know.

We will not hear his voice in the actual film. It will be very beautiful, very poignant, he tells me. Nobody responds to his call, perhaps because it is silent. He discovers an altar of rotting hay bales in the middle of the room. Exhausted, he takes off his clothes, climbs onto the altar, and falls into a restless sleep.

What dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil? And who would bear whips and scorns, to GRUNT and SWEAT under a weary life?

White lights fade into red and we pan across unoccupied livestock stalls, gadgets, machines, tranquilizers, severed pig heads, mutilated udders. In a sudden rotating tricolour strobelight, the bangers enter, silently prancing around Franz's body like ballet technicians. There are men of every body type, every religion.

I have never once felt the presence of ACTUAL LIVING culture.

One walks up to Franz and grasps him by the throat. The other nine drop their pants to reveal all kinds of horrors: cocks shaped like boomerangs, rough and knotted cocks like tree branches, salmon pink dog cocks. First they fuck his mouth, each for a second like fountain pens in an inkwell. As a cock shaped like a pine branch stabs into dry asshole, Franz turns to the camera and says:

This is fascinating more on a METAPHYSICAL than a sexual level.

I am liberated from ANXIETY, but every other feeling as well.

The greatest IMPOTENCE is the absence of passion.

I stand off-camera, capturing every sound. Franz chokes, streams of saliva pouring from the corners of his mouth. The second camera moves toward me, inching in so close that the breath of my nostrils fogs the glass. What will the audience think when they see me this way? Will I appear too interested? Too disinterested? And what would either of those expressions suggest? The act of love should always be one of CONSENT. Specifically a PASSIVE GREY consent, complimented by a lingering sense of SHAME and GUILT.

One banger ejaculates onto a bloody dagger while another ejaculates across Franz's throat. Franz explains that these images will be tightly intercut so as to make the symbolism unmistakable.

And though the audience has never witnessed a SLAUGHTER, the image will trigger something instinctive. And they will wonder, why is the scene so moving?

I would like nothing more than to prevent myself from vomiting. Franz, on the other hand, is delighted that the bangers are getting bile out of him. They drag him down by the hair, grinding his nose against the floor until he's licked it clean. Watching all of this, it's hard to believe that I ever agreed to this project.

For the next scene, I shall lie crying for an uninterrupted ten minutes. During this time, the music builds in tension, then in a series of quick cuts, a lanky bodhisattva comes in wearing nothing but a CAPE made from the underbelly of a freshly slaughtered sow, and slashes my chest lightly with a RAZOR, simultaneously fucking me in the mouth with the barrel of a HANDGUN . . .

In high school, Franz started a magazine and forced everyone to become writers. Then he invented a record company and turned everyone into musicians. He has only ever been able to relate to people through projects, but now I realize that to him, friendships are also projects, all about evoking some absurd response, a shock for the sake of his own amusement.

Do you think this all about shock? Yes, the shock of DETERMINISM, the shock of the GAZE, of NIHILISM, POSTSTRUCTURALISM, and other concepts that seem to be beyond your grasp. If you don't spend most of your life shocked by the events of the everyday world, I can't even fathom what kind of disgusting APATHETIC person you must be.

A shock that no friendship should be forced to endure. It's three in the morning, the action has faded. Franz's lower half is smeared in a pearl-pink jelly of blood and come. He has a black eye and broken nose, pig shit in his hair and the corners of his eyes. His teeth are red and bloody. The men cut him free and spray him down with an industrial hose, leaving his flesh pink and raw.

Bangers, you are hereby dismissed, expelled from the world that I have invented, and thrust back into your own pale worlds of nobody's invention. Except for the crew.

Please stick around—you're not done yet.

He looks into my eyes as he says this, as though he realizes that he's already gone too far, that our relationship will no longer permit this kind of abuse. The actors file out, quiet and ashamed. The first camera is on Franz and the second camera is on me.

Please remember, friend, that this film is all in the name of making the unpresentable presentable, and breaking down the BARRIERS that keep us safe from profanity.



He looks so raw and fetal, speaking to me, watching the expression on my face. For a moment he seems familiar, but then his glance shifts, looking over my left shoulder. I spin around and realize there is a third camera, set up right behind me.

The audience keenly realizes that what appears beauteous is not beauteous, what appears passionate is not passionate. When newlyweds make love on their wedding night, it must frequently be committed with TERROR and DISGUST. So what action or symbol bears any meaning whatsoever?

A third camera? There's been a third camera the whole time? I've never considered myself paranoid, but it doesn't make sense—why is Franz pointing so many cameras at me? And why does he need someone to hold a microphone when all of the voices are going to be rerecorded in a studio!

Even the most well-intentioned must step outside of themselves and WITNESS their own bodies! You and I now find ourselves able to experience our own DESTRUCTION as an aesthetic pleasure of the first order! Now take the stage!The floor is cold and slippery. The room is lit by one miserable, washed-out blue bulb. I step toward the altar of bales. Cameras two and three follow me.

I now request that you make love with me, in a text both LISIBLE and SCRIPTIBLE, turning the familiar binary in upon itself. You, the spectator, will now become the ultimate BANGER!

Why has the lighting suddenly changed? It is softer now, like an autumn sunrise.

I encounter millions of bodies in my life; of these millions, I may desire some hundreds; but of these hundreds, I LOVE only one. Am I in love?—Yes, since I am WAITING. I, who love, am sedentary, motionless, NAILED to the spot, in suspense—like a package in some forgotten corner of a railway station.

Is Franz trying to say that this whole film project has been an excuse for him to show me his true feelings? Or merely suggesting that the greatest transgression is not to be fucked by a gang of actors on a slaughterhouse floor, but to look another man in the eyes and say I love you?

Hey camera three! Are you getting his expression? So ridiculously AUTHENTIC! As soon as I get him inside me, I'll live on ARTS FUNDING for life!

He is committed to treating this friendship as a film script. My hand hovers over my belt buckle, not moving at all. An empty gesture, as though he makes a deep point. The hand is a total fake, a fraud. When the billiard ball is struck by a cue, how does it DETERMINE whether to move?

If I heed Franz's request, I will only be falling into a trap, allowing him to exploit his stupid friend on film. So I shouldn't do it. But maybe he anticipates my response, and has thusly planned to end his movie on a note of abandonment and alienation. If that's the case, he is hoping that I will refuse!

In cinema, we may only act as we are DIRECTED to. Likewise in the REAL world. Reality differs only by offering no rewrites, no jump-cuts. Although we consider ourselves to be PROTAGONISTS, we cannot even think what we want—our thoughts have been replaced by moving images!

The only solution is to ruin Franz's project, in one particular way. What I am about to do will defy all of the rules he has laid out before me. The result will be captured on film. And no matter how many times the footage is played, everything will happen the same way. Even the viewer will have more control than I do, if they can stop the film before it ends. I will hold off for as long as possible. But every atom in my body moves me toward this singular, unalterable purpose.



## Win Some Lose Some

**I mean this motherfucker was ug- lee. Okay. I was at the club dancing you know? Getting my shit on out on that dancefloor uh! This mother fucka alligata face be coming up to me like lis gitt it poppin. I said, uh aw, oh hell naw! You know what I'm sayin when a dude be all up in your shit lookin like a motherfuckin' gator or some shit. He could move though. I ain't been had mine in a minute okay so I wasn't about to start being one of those picky bitches that think they shit don't stink. So we went back to his place and he pull out this mother fuckin cow dick and went to town like he don't even care about a motherfucking crock- adile face. I mean I ain't gonna call him agean but I'll tell you what He done did it that night.**





## WHY MEN SHOULD RULE

by Tammy Tyde

This essay is about why I think men should be in charge and rule the world, and women should not.

From days long past, through ancient times, up through antiquity, men have ruled powerfully and prosperously. It is only in modern times, with all its sexual debauchery and emphasis on heavy drug use, that women have begun to turn the corner and gain influence and sway in the world of politics and business alike.

Something is wrong here. Something is going against the state of nature. There is a deeply embedded cancer working its way through the world's human body system analogy, and the symptoms are all the ills and evils of the world that we see today. Guns and bombs going off, having money problems with the economy, and political problems, are all merely symptoms of a greater cause.

The cause is simple my friends, and I am here to tell you what is the cause. The cause is that men are supposed to rule, but many times the world over you see on TV and in the news, women who are wearing suits and having nice haircuts and delivering speeches and more-or-less meddling with the plight of society. As I stated earlier, this is against nature and is clearly so.

Now I will list the main reasons why men should be in charge. This is largely to illustrate a point.

- 1) *Men have muscles. Rather large muscles in fact. The average bicep measurement of a male in comparison to a female's makes the female's bicep pale in comparison. This is simply a fact of nature, although I'm sure my detractors will attempt to accuse me of somehow being racist or not PC.*

*These muscles were originally designed by men to help them do things like build caves, invent wheels, and create societies, but now in today's world they serve a more interesting purpose. Men are also much more adapt at things like playing musical instruments, making skyscrapers, computer parts, custom gaming computers, and things of that nature--all undeniably things that modern man needs to survive and flourish.*

- 2) *John Cena, World Wrestler and played the Marine in the movies, has probably one of the most muscles out of anybody in the free world today. Sure, you will find men who are physically bigger, but I would dare them to wrestle against John Cena and my money says they are going to lose. John Cena, with his choice, grade A muscles, is pretty much able to do whatever he wants. He could beat and rape any woman and it wouldn't be a problem for him.*
- 3) *God of War is a popular video game about a man named Jonathan who travels the ancient world avenging certain deaths and attacking the gods. He wins in the game, and while it is probably a work of fiction, as they say, art is based in reality, and this case is none-the-different. Jonathan is a great leader, and he has my vote if he ever runs for president, haha.*

I hope through this essay at least some good can be done. These are dark end times in which we live, however, by banding together as brothers, good men can bring some light on this situation and make it much more hopeful and good. But that is not to say this is a one-sided paper. As this is my college entrance essay I have to consider everyone's opinion and be objective. For this argument I will say that women have many good things too like breasts and sultry bodies which they can use to please men. Even some fat ones are good. Sure they can't lift heavy things or build gaming computers but all the men are doing those things anyway. Remember to give my video a good rating and watch more of my videos.





I found an indian head coin in an old box somewhere, and when I went to a coin shop to sell it the guy said:

Aint that just better than sex?

At first I wanted to disagree with him but then I thought about all the fat OkCupid women's studies turds I've been having sex with recently and yeah he was right

Deep inside their  
*Woonsocket* headquarters,



*The Illuminati* discusses  
the *Obamaphone* initiative...



## **The Beating of Barbara**

**Brisco stood, a true film noir man, a dark brown trench coat, at least a foot too tall. His four piece suit was a darker brown and very neatly pressed and adorned. He stands in the parlor with Barbara, a real classy dame. Barbara is very worried and especially frail. She is done up and dressed appropriately, in very sheer hose, knee-high boots of fine black leather, and a stylish cream colored burlap sack on her upper. She says something to Brisco that he clearly does not like but his expression never deviates from nonchalance.**

**–You dumb broad, Brisco giggled at Barbara and whipped his backhand so fast to her face, she awoke briefly in an alien world of only pain. The impact of Brisco's hand had sent the back of Barbara's head through the parlor window where she was treated to a stabbing car crash nailgun kind of feeling. Her head bounced back with such velocity, she endured whiplash followed by an immediate eye poke from Brisco, who then kicked her between the legs. There couldn't possibly be an end to Barbara's pain? No, that's because there was no end, there was only pain. Barbara's crisp blouse became shreds and so intense was her humiliation, her dress smoked and burned.**

**By now, Brisco's tears of laughter had soaked his shirt to shit and his pants would have better served as giant carwash sponges for sipping up 3 football team's worth of horse piss. Press em up Harry, snap em up, ya got nice pants kid. After his good laughter abated, Brisco's face shifted to mild surprise. He was surprised at how quickly he could peel away a silly retard facade and get right down to the core of the matter.**

**–You all jonesin yet, Barbara? Brisco told, and continued. All your games you been playin' up. I got some real...he trailed off. Mid-thought, Brisco decided that his best bet was to turn it up. There's no more time for small revenge. When the clock's ticking, you need to go big. Get big.**

**– No Brisco! Barbara was scared for a moment when she hiked her dress up to reveal a little bit of that ass. She continued with a smile festering on her ruined slop. No, there isn't any-one I skipped at the The Alley, I iced them all! Barbara spat out a mouth-load of teeth. Now they're all dead! I done em all up something real fine, Brisco! Bitch! And there's nothing you can goddamn do about it! All your good old boys, all in Hell! Piss on your grave Brisco! Piss on Peter's grave!**

**–The grave's all you're headed for, BarBar, so it's right you mention it. But it's even more right that I give you one of these first, for good luck. Brisco finishes his sentence by delivering a fierce knee to Barbara's gut. He steadies her back up with his hands around her face, so when her eyes reaches his, the conclusion is a nasty ear clap to the sides of her head. Ha ha, Brisco laughs, outright, you still don't get it BarBar, you had all this coming to you whether you done what you did nor not done did it gone. He finishes this sentence with a strong uppercut to Babar's crumbling glass jar. She doesn't have a chance to crumple before Brisco changes his name to CHUNDOAN and delivers a bone-crushing cold shoulder ram that sends BarBar back into that alien world of only pain once more, this time for a much longer stay. A forever time stay.**

**Chundoan strides over to BarBar's mangled carcass. He bends over and pulls an envelope out of the pocket on her shirt. He leafs through it, yes, it's two hundred and fifty grand. Just like Chundoan Brisco needed. He needed it so good, he got it even better. BarBar's done for, Chundoan Brisco ponderes, now who else of those fuckin' witches dies by my own rusty hands?**





DICK  
SUCK  
↓ 75¢ ↓



If You  
Were  
Horny,  
What  
Would  
You  
Do?

I would spend all day posting on Craigslist... models needed, no pay, but you will receive high-quality portraits for your portfolio as compensation. Oh, yea that's no problem, just come over I have a studio here. Where's the studio? Oh it's in rough shape right now, still getting stuff together since the move, let me just set up these lights. OK, wow you look great, could you maybe remove the pants next? OK these will be totally tasteful pictures, artistic nudes, very artistic. Can you get on all fours and arch your back as much as you can please? Spread your knees a bit. If I touch you is that scary? What if I go a little higher here. Here we go, very nice, wow you are a good model!



**ASNOVA**

## DICKHEADS

**DR.**



- ROOT
- INT. WALLS
- EXT. WALLS
- STEEL

TOP VIEW : REAR OF HOME

## DIMENSIONS

- 90' x 30' FOUNDATION (2700 S<sup>2</sup>)  
@ 4" 52 yds. concrete
- 90' x 12' DOUBLE SIDED STONE CLIFF  
94' 2254 sq. ft. @ 35. = 78,960. -  
 $\frac{12'}{2}$
- 8' x 8' Box 15'
- 60' x 20' PATIO BRICK 1200 @ 4 = 4800



# Gun People

## car lot

Cadillac man was such a crazy movie man. Robin Williams was actually a lot like my uncle Denis. Just had a big heart you know. Tim Robbins plays a jealous ex boyfriend who shoots up the dealership that his chick works at and is banging the owners son. Pretty good movie, I like cars. They had a good little hostage situation deal shooting cops and shit, stuff that would shut down a fucking state if it happened now only 20 years later. I think the end of ultra violence in movies came soon after this because it was kind of crazy that comedy had scenes where women get shot in the head was ok on the desk of Fat Kat hollywood execs and it was okayed. Robin Williams was so mint man, he suffers inside I hear. On and off the wagon, poor son of a bitch. Mrs Doubtfire, kid we are lucky as a generation to have a movie like that.





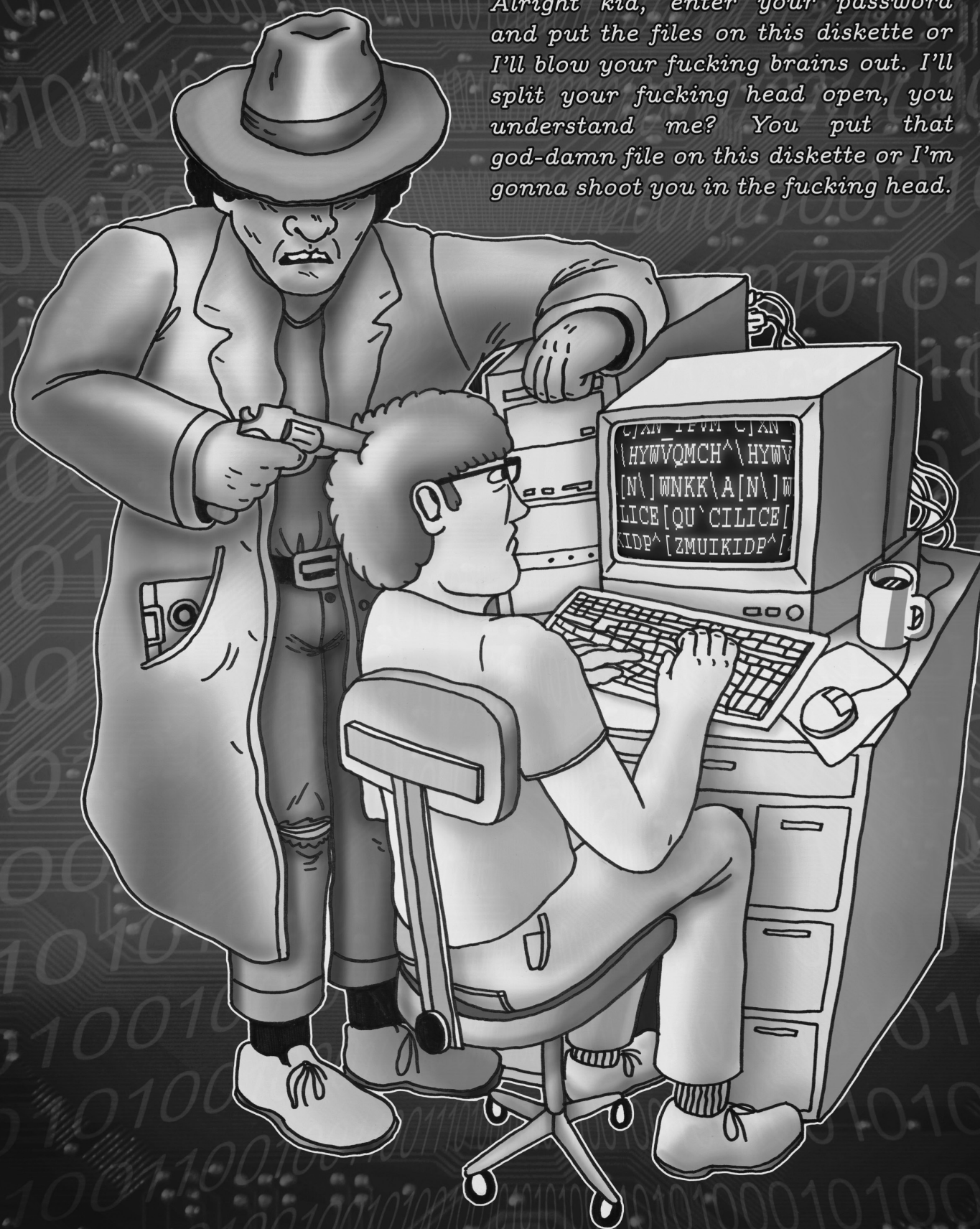
, enter your password  
files on this diskette or  
ur fucking brains out. I'll  
fucking head open, you  
me? You put that  
ile on this diskette or I'm  
t you in the fucking head.



590

ter Hacking

Alright kid, enter your password  
and put the files on this diskette or  
I'll blow your fucking brains out. I'll  
split your fucking head open, you  
understand me? You put that  
god-damn file on this diskette or I'm  
gonna shoot you in the fucking head.



Old School Computer Hacking



591

Old School







# Pussyface boat

Pussyface was walking the docks with Peter a programmer for Texas Instrument. They met on OKcupid. com as Peter was a shut in a bit of social anxiety disorder from being on his computer in his room all the time. Pussyface loved hot cock, what was she supposed to do. Anyway on the walk by she noticed that one of the boats was named Rock Hard as her and Peter walked by the man standing on the boat was grabbing his genitals and gawking at a fly covered Pussyface. Peter was immediately aware of this type of bravado being intriguing to women. He became worried that a connection had been made between the first real love of his life, well what he thought was the love of his life, and this big fancy boat owner. Sadly, there was she was so flustered by the bare chested bravado of the boat owner she escaped Peter and ran into the escape completely entranced so much so, that she called him Kevin. Ugh when is she going to learn.





Car stuck in traffic. A bum walks over and knocks on the drivers window, driver refuses and shakes his head, muffled voice. a minute passes. bum comes back with a 20 dollar bill, pointing at the driver implying its for him. the driver opens the window, bum ducks out of the frame, pops back up and throws a bees nest in the car, skateboard teleports away. in car shot with bees, window goes up with screaming, guy tries door handle it breaks off, cut to telephoto shot with hazards, three times magnification , then cut to bum skating past camera

a man with two girls eating outdoors at a restaurant. a bum shuffles over and puts his disgusting bum hands on her sandwich and says you know?, your body turns that into shit then wisked off on a cloud



guy runs out of gas somewhere -- a bum walks over, says hey, I got some extra gas in my RV if you want me to siphon some out cut to shot of hooking up drier hose to shit expunge port on rv starts pumping shit filling guy's Mercedes convertible with top down

NOW I BE ALL UP ON ITUNES, B I SEE ALL THE MUSIC YOU BEEN DOWNLOADIN' FREE THAT SHIT IS ABSURDLY ILLEGAL COPS HUNTIN DOWN YOU LIKE EAGLES SAYIN "COPYRIGHTED MUSICS FOR PAYIN CUSTOMERS, WEEVIL

AUTOMATIC FUEL-INJECTED TRANSPORTATION APPLIANCE PACKED W/COMPUTERS + SAFETY EQUIPMENT. DON'T CALL IT A CAR; IT'S MORE LIKE DRIVING A BED BATH & BEYOND. PERFECT FOR TAKING YOUR BOYFRIEND TO THE COFFEE SHOP.



'MEN'S' MAGAZINE, FULL OF EVERYTHING THE MODERN, PREENING, PRIMING, FATHERLESS WORM NEEDS TO KNOW, HOW TO CHOOSE A FINE CIGAR, HOW TO CHANGE YOUR OIL, BUY THE BEST WATCH YOU CAN AFFORD, STEVE MCQUEEN, BRITISH LORDS, PORSCHE.



# THE MODERN MALE



WEED IS THE SINGLE MOST IMPORTANT ACCESSORY FOR THE MODERN MALE! IT 'EXPANDS' YOUR MIND AND BEAUTIFULS YOU OUT, BECAUSE IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU NEED RIGHT NOW, IT'S FUN, RELAXING, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO TAKE IT SERIOUSLY. ONLY TAN BLESS.

THE NEW GUYPHONES IS SLEEK, SLENDER, FITS PERFECTLY IN YOUR PURSE. USE IT TO CHECK ALL YOUR 'SOCIAL' APPS, BECAUSE FOR MEN, IT'S IMPORTANT TO BE 'SOCIAL'. CHECK FACEBOOK EVERY FIVE MINUTES.

BI-CYCLES ARE COOL, HIP, FRIENDLY TRANS-PORTATION, ALTHOUGH GREEN PROGRESSIVE EXERCISE. GREAT WAY TO GET BIG, LUSCIOUS HIPS AND MAKE YOURSELF IMPOTENT AT THE SAME TIME.



I DON'T KNOW WHY I GRIND MY TEETH AT NIGHT. I DON'T WANNA THINK ABOUT IT.

SEMI-EXPENSIVE CLOTHES FROM METROSEXUAL 'MEN'S MAGAZINE'. PROBABLY AMMED TO SAY SHIT LIKE "YOU CAN BUY TEN CHEAP BELTS OR A GOOD BELT LIKE HOLD BOSS ONCE, THE CHOICE IS YOURS". ALSO, GROOMING PRODUCTS + FACIAL CLEANSER TO SMELL GOOD, LIKE A LADY SHOULD.

TRANS-LEZ MEDIA CROSS-DRESSER UNTIL UNIT ISN'T COMPLETE YOU HAVE ONE. THE MORE YOU WATCH, THE BETTER YOUR LIFE GETS!! YOUR FRIENDS WHOM YOU KNOW & LOVE ARE ALL IN HERE, SO WHAT ARE YOU WAITING THE P??

READY ACCESS TO DEGRADING + UNNATURAL SEX-VISION. 'MASTURBATING 3 TIMES PER DAY IS NORMAL. TRUE LIBIDO + DESIRE FOR HEALTHY FEMALES GOES IN THE RUBBISH BIN ALONG WITH EMPTY SSR1 PRESCRIPTION BOTTLES. DON'T TALK TO A REAL GIRL; YOU'LL PROBABLY BE CHARGED WITH ASSAULT, PLUS YOU'RE AN UGLY LIER. WHACK OFF INSTEAD... DON'T WORRY, KINK IS KOOL.

THE MODERN MALE PREFERS A NICE, TIGHT JEAN CUT, BECAUSE IT'S MORE FASHIONABLE, BUT HIS HIPS + ASS ARE MUCH BIGGER, DUE TO INCREASED ESTROGEN AND A PROPENSITY FOR CYCLING. CLOTHING COMPANIES HAVE HAD TO ADJUST -- EVEN THE TRADITIONAL LEVI'S COMPANY HAS INTRODUCED NEW DENIMWEAR LINES FOR BDSM SUBS AND CUCKS. \$\$\$

STATEMENTS OF CONTRITION, TENTS, APOLOGIES, PRIVILEGE, ETC, QUICKLY + EFFICIENTLY. CAN ALSO BE USED TO PROVIDE CLITORAL STIMULATION TO ONE'S MISTRESS WHEN THE PENIS HAS STOPPED FUNCTIONING.

BPA-LEACHING PLASTIC BOTTLE, PERFECT FOR HYDRATING AFTER A LONG BICYCLE RIDE, ALSO FOR BOOSTING ESTROGEN



STUBBY CAP REMINDS YOU OF YOUR PLACE



I'M THINKING ABOUT TAKING TAEKWONDO CLASSES... WHAT DO YOU THINK BOUT THAT?

CHUCK TAYLORS or other stylish shoe with no arch support. (I GUARANTEE THAT YOU (THE PERSON READING THIS) HAVE A PROBLEM WITH OVER PRONATION, BUT WHO CARES, RIGHT?)

HEROES USED TO BE LIKE, MICHAEL KNIGHT, JOHN WAYNE, BUCK ROGERS, G.I. JOE... NOW YOUR HEROES ARE THE SNARKIEST, SNAPPIEST QUEEN AND THE WALL FLOWER LOSER WITH A SHARP WIT AND A BIG HEART. YOUR HEROES ARE AZIZ ANSARI AND MICHAEL CERA. THIS IS WHAT IS CALLED, A "PARADIGM SHIFT".

LAST FACT: TINY HANDS WOULD BE A DEATH SENTENCE FOR OUR ANCESTORS, BUT FOR MODERN MAN, THEY ARE THE KEY TO COMPOSING TWEETS, STATEMENTS OF CONTRITION, TENTS, APOLOGIES, PRIVILEGE, ETC, QUICKLY + EFFICIENTLY. CAN ALSO BE USED TO PROVIDE CLITORAL STIMULATION TO ONE'S MISTRESS WHEN THE PENIS HAS STOPPED FUNCTIONING.



# Zobozone



He was the coolest dude in high school he got to get with the really earthy trust fund girl. She thought it was cool to hang out with Zobozone, he gave her all the attention she wanted and never asked for anything. She will end up marrying an old man that stayed handsome. Her other friends who chase similar paths at the end of prescription guided years from 22-60. I wish pill taking was more evident. Watery glassy eyes are usually a give away but I wish they had to wear orange pill bottle around their neck juuuuust so you know what your dealing with. Anyway, Zobozone was actually a pretty chill dude he played wide receiver and was like one of the fastest kids in the county. He ended up playing scholarship football at UNLV and that's where Colin Kapernak went they became good friends, shit was actually pretty popping man.



A dense black and white collage featuring various celebrities and figures. The central figure is a large portrait of a man wearing a knit cap and a jacket with "Levi's" written on it. Other visible faces include a woman with pigtails, a man with a beard, a woman with glasses, and a man in a military-style uniform. The word "DRAKE" is printed across the bottom center.























*Everyone who tastes Fieri's Mi-  
das-touched charred hellburg-  
ers will perish in an undisclosed  
amount of time and when you die  
in this realm the last thing you  
feel and see is the dark orange  
face of a true madman (Fieri)  
grinning down upon you and feel  
his searing grill runoff greyish  
sweat burn your skin as it pours  
from his neck and forehead; you  
drown in it and as the grease  
begins to deep fry you to hell  
you think back to when you were  
younger and you heard Fieri's hit  
song *Might As Well Be Walking  
on the Sun* for the first time — it  
now burns more than ever.*

*Excerpts not used in the above  
final piece:*

*clammy can styled beans in skin  
temperature water whipping past*

*VO*

*any time when you can envision  
the person's face as a boss or  
coach looking at something when  
they arent aware that you are  
looking at them*

*when you're at work and you  
glance at your co worker*

*and they have a look of total  
blank bean baby bird mind and  
you look to see what they're look-  
ing at and whatever it might be is  
similar to the expressiom  
on their face*

*i was hurt earlier but now i'm ok,  
got a new clown car and i'm  
Literally Just Cruising around*

*classic low level narcissist  
behavior 101*

*this narcissist thinks of 'them-  
self' as a hot jock but jokes on  
them the sporting arena is deep  
within hell*

*uh like god but just in love with  
all these girls*

*one time i looked at bugs all  
recess and had to tell my pals  
sorry but forget about me for  
this one*

*these bugs are going places -  
this i gotta see*

*music for baby, basically it's  
either i'm content, or i'm sad*



This roboid is gonna pay, for Roddy, for the scavengers, for The Lodge, for Hell, and for you—you're gonna extract justice from this mechanical monstrosity, whether it likes it or not.

You double tap, then swipe, then two finger swipe, in an elaborate move to make the roboid self-destruct.

...  
It does, right in your face, no timer no nothing. Do roboids go to hell, and if so, will you meet it again there? Your final words are a bit hackneyed, but they're all you can think to say mid-explosion:

"I'm dead!"

<The End>

THE  
END

You make your way to the town center.

There are no humans to be seen here. Maintenance roboids buzz around benignly, seemingly unaware of your presence, or maybe they just don't care. It feels rude, but it's better than being chased down and having your clothes stripped off by spindly mechanical grippers. "Where are the hospitality roboids," you think to yourself, smirking wildly.

This is some kind of place. Posters with pictures of smiling families hang in some of the windows, and there are big banners plastered up everywhere with 3D slogans in alien script that you can't read:

"Relax!"

"Kick Back!"

"Take a breather, Avalon Style!"

"Pamper Yourself!"

It takes you at least two swatch to make a full round of the complex, but now you've got the lay of the land at least.

You still haven't decided if the purpose of this place is medical or torture-related in nature. There are weird tables and chairs around every corner and in every room. The walls and floors are all sparkling white tile, and there are alien implements scattered about.

You visit all of the buildings in the center loop and fail to find anything of interest. There are some picture magazines, gowns and robes (white), towels (white), but no food, weapons, or valuables.

Maps are posted up at various locations, and you decide that this is probably not a torture park, only because the last time you were in a torture park, they didn't have maps posted up at various locations.

In the corner of the map is a blue house pictogram, which is where you decide to explore next.

<a>

>>>>>>Turn to page 618.



Using your “mind” to retain an image of the map, you head towards the real-world location that corresponds to the blue house pictogram in your “mind-map.” Over crabgrass-covered hills and through a wooded area you go, all the while wondering if perhaps you’re lost; if your “mental map” is in fact an insane delusion, perhaps implanted or hypnotically suggested by torture park operators... maybe even Roddy is a hypnotic suggestion or a figment of your “mind-image-nation” and you’ve been being tortured this whole time.

<a>  
If you suspect there’s  
the slightest chance that  
you’ve been being tor-  
tured this whole time  
(don’t worry, there isn’t?)  
>>>>>Turn to page 625.

At the end of the wooded area there is a concrete retaining wall which you scale easily (almost too easily? Ever feel like you’re being psyonically tortured?), leaving you standing at the edge of a large clearing. There are some sections of chain link fence, as well as an unmanned guard station, but it’s obvious that this area is long abandoned.

In the center of the clearing is a white and black patterned building that appears to be in good shape. It is of an architectural style that is new to you. It has smooth, organic surfaces that are cov-

<b>  
>>>>>>Turn to page 623.

ered in a dark, photovoltaic coating, and angular geometric surfaces that are porcelain white. The two types of surface treatments intertwine and spiral around the conical structure to a round photovoltaic dome at the top.

With no Cop-O’s or security ‘boids in sight, you decide it’s safe to head in and have a look around. The inside is much less elegant, with plain, eggshell-colored hallways, cloudy and yellowed plexi windows, carpeted cubicle partitions—all neatly organized according to a grid structure that was probably laid out by a compunatrix with more concern for math than for actual human experience. Cubicle partitions jutting sideways out of walls, carpeted ceilings, chairs with no legs, hallways that just make four right turns and go nowhere—very tidy on paper, probably, but quite unwieldy for a biological such as yourself.

You make your way to the east wing of the building—a plain steel structure that is a bit like a small airplane hanger, with scaffolding and girders along the sides and roof. In here, there is a small battalion of roboids in different flavors and varying states of disrepair, including several gynoids.

It’s been a while since you’ve seen a gynoid, and even though this one—a Chine child model—is offline, it still manages to satisfy. The child models always freaked you out—too realistic, especially with those creepy eyes—but you gotta do what you gotta do, like Roddy always said.

Towards the back there is a central compunatrix, which you use.

You lash your belt around the roboid’s anterior proboscis and reprogram it to return to base.

Like a well-trained bloodhound, it makes a bee-line for the target, and you bounce along behind it like you’re on sodaskis.

It leads you south, over crabgrass-covered hills and through a wooded area, over a concrete wall, and through an unmanned guard station, to a mediumish, alien-looking building with no windows.

You let go of the leash and your trusty guide roboid zips off, presumably to some repair bay behind the building, or maybe to a dumpster for storage.

The building appears to be in good shape, and is of an architectural style that’s new to you. It has smooth, organic surfaces that are covered in a dark, photovoltaic coating, and angular geometric surfaces that are porcelain white. The two types of surface treatments intertwine and spiral around the conical structure to a round photovoltaic dome at the top.

So far the only roboids you’ve seen or heard are maintenance models, and this place appears to be otherwise abandoned, so you decide it’s safe to head in and have a look around. The inside is much less elegant, with plain, eggshell-colored hallways, cloudy and yellowed plexi windows, carpeted cu-

bicle partitions—all neatly organized according to a grid structure that was probably laid out by a compunatrix with more concern for math than for actual human experience. Cubicle partitions jutting sideways out of walls, carpeted ceilings, chairs with no legs, hallways that just make four right turns and go nowhere—very tidy on paper, probably, but quite unwieldy for a biological such as yourself.

You are reunited with your ‘hacked’ robo-guide, which you’ve named Roddy II, in the east wing of the building—a plain steel structure that is a bit like a small airplane hanger, with scaffolding and girders along the sides and roof. In here, there is a small battalion of roboids in different flavors and varying states of disrepair, including several gynoids.

It’s been a while since you’ve seen a gynoid, and even though this one—a Chine child model—is offline, it still manages to satisfy. The child models always freaked you out—too realistic, especially with those creepy eyes—but you gotta do what you gotta do, like Roddy always said.

Towards the back there is a central compunatrix, which you use.

<a>  
>>>>>>Turn to page 623.



The lush glossy graphics of the security hellgames vanish, and are replaced by a rather utilitarian-looking prompt:

MegaMix Municipal  
Roboidics  
Satoig Pipe Repair Unit,  
Version 9 Error: kiosk  
unresponsive,  
default at 0x902370000  
(1) Retry  
(2) Return to base  
(3) Self-destruct

<a>  
You just destructed this  
thing in the virtual battle  
arena, so it only makes  
sense to destruct it for  
real now. You're gonna make  
this roboid pay for what  
it did to you and Roddy.  
Self-destruct now and let it  
burn.

>>>>>>Turn to page 616.

<b>  
It wouldn't make  
sense to take out your  
frustrations on this  
lowly maintenance 'boid,  
especially when there's more  
information to be gleaned.  
You choose option (2) and  
follow it back to base.

>>>>>>Turn to page 619.

Whoever designed CandyBust Racer must've been a complete sociopath, because this game is punishingly hard. The goal of CBR:GE is to drive your buggy from Candy Town, over the Chocolate Hills, to Peppermint Palestine. Easy enough, right? The catch is that you have a limited time to do it. Now, you get additional time added if you can score a few pieces of candy along the way, but the problem here is that you have to hit almost every piece of candy to have enough time to reach the goal, even travelling at top speed.

After the rules are explained to you, the game begins. You touch, tap, and swipe, but the buggy goes nowhere. It's just sitting there while the timer is ticking away! The game's lack of response sends you into a panic, you shake the roboid and its touchScreen interface... and the buggy moves a little bit! Brilliant! This game is played by tilting the roboid!

There's not a moment to lose. You tilt hard to the left, and your candy buggy blasts off with a great cloud of candy tire smoke. Even though

you've never played this game, you're already a master, grabbing extra time peppermints and gumdrops wherever they can be found. Along the bottom of the screen, you see the progress bar—a glyph representing the buggy, and a stylized candy cane representing the course. The clock winds down, with only twenty numbers left, but the finish line is getting close too! Desperate for this win, you pop a wheelie, sending the buggy skyward, picking up a SuperSourchew, and giving you just enough extra time to soar through the finish line. Another game absolutely smashed, another set of achievements, badges, and rewards earned. But there's no way this is over. This is never over.

The compunatrix saved the final security measure minigame for last, and this one is devilish, really designed to keep out the riff-raff and only let the most seasoned master system controllers access the roboid's delicate "core code". But this riff-raff (you) is getting in. It's time to play JewelJem Burger Factory.

<a>  
>>>>>>Turn to page 624.



G-Shock after G-Shock passes by, and before you know it, Avalon is a real village, populated with real people rescued from the wastes.

Here, you live a life that you never would've thought possible, a life of relative comfort and safety, and even one of happiness and dreams. And you don't need to use those busted gynoids anymore, because you've got the real thing!

The golf course is a lush orchard where your people grow potatoes and larcushie plants. The hot stone spa is a library of sorts, with an impressive collection of picture magazines and signed memorabilia. The fancy five-star eatery, Elegance, has been converted to a communal toilet, as it was the only space deemed large enough for this use. Even after three G-Shock, your people have barely filled up the bar, so there's plenty of room for expansion.

The steam rooms are now exclusive living quarters for the more important members of your budding society. These important members come to be known as the Excelcytes, and it is thanks to their shrewd decision making and fair-handed law writing that your people are able to thrive.

The roboids keep you safe and make sure everything stays tidy. Occasionally an outlander will make his way to your gates, at which point you either decide to let him join, or have security 'boids peacefully and safely euthanize him (sparing him a lifetime of scavenging and savagery, in all likelihood).

It isn't much, but this little village is all yours. Treasure it, hold it dear to your heart, cradle it in your hands, and don't let the sandstorms extinguish this sparking ember. You are the disciple of Roddy—The Pipe King Twosoup—a master of pipes in your own right, defender of Avalon, scourge of the Cop-O's and scourge of those who would imprison men in barrels. It is up to you, the Excelcytes, and the citizens of Avalon, to pick up where humanity left off, and carry the torch for future generations.

<The End>

THE  
END

The words on the screen are complicated, which is compounded by the fact that you don't know how to read, but thankfully this compunatrix has voice assistance.

You learn that this is none other than the master command center for the entire complex, which according to some maps and picture brochures on file, is a rather expensive luxury resort.

Though all human inhabitants here died thousands of G-Shock ago, the self-repairing roboids continued to operate along normal parameters. They even made a few improvements here and there, such as remodeling the workspace with the carpeted ceilings that you saw earlier (for maximum efficiency), and turning the non-functioning toilets into non-functioning drinking fountains.

The virtual intelligence tasked with keeping everything running smoothly sends out main-

tenance roboids to make the rounds, enforcer roboids to keep the perimeter secure, and even goes so far as to subcontract biologicals for more complex or sensitive tasks, such as the road crew with the Cop-O' standing watch.

The security measures in place on this system, however, are rather minimal—this facility relied on humans for that sort of thing, you figure—and 'hacking' your way into the administrative subroutines proves to be little challenge. There are no minigames or badges to be earned, and after a few taps and two-finger swipes, all of Avalon is under your command. All of its back massage chairs, its jacuzzis (non-functioning), its army of roboids (some functioning), its gynoids (non-functioning, still satisfactory), and its handjob tables (functioning)—now your domain.

<a>

>>>>>>Turn to page 622.



Whoever designed JewelJem Burger Factory is a sick bastard, there's just no other way to say it.

The first paradigm of the game is simple enough, so simple that even a child could master it. You are given recipes to various "burgers," each custom tailored to suit a compunatrixian "customer." It's then up to you to do a single or two-finger swipe-zoom from your bins of ingredients over to the burger-making station, and make sure your creation matches up with the recipe. Sometimes it can get a little hectic, as the mustard graphically looks the same as the pickles once applied to the "burger," but you are able to keep your long line of customers satisfied for the most part.

The devil is in the details, as always. The catch here is that each burger must be equipped with its own unique Princess Jem. You only have three Princess Jems in your inventory at any given time, as opposed to your ingredients which you have a seemingly infinite supply of, and each customer demands a specific type of Princess Jem. Which type of Jem should their burger get? It's up to you to figure this out, based on some aspect of their appearance, as there are no Princess Jem clues in the actual order.

So for example, one customer has flowing red hair, so his burger should be topped off with a Princess Priceless Rubi, right? But not so fast, because he's wearing a peridot twist-tie in his hair, so the real answer is topping his burger off with a Princess Timeless Emeruld. This is just one example, and the game is laden with tricks and pitfalls like this, each teasing you and trying to lull you into complacency so that some diabolical final trap can be sprung.

But you're too good. Almost telepathic. You anticipate the game's moves and manage to be one step ahead all the time. You knew that late-night 'hacking' practice with Roddy would eventually pay off, but you never could've guessed that you'd be crushing elite-level games with such ease. Order #1, burger with lettuce, cheese, and mayo—who ordered it? A man in a yellow frock. Top his burger off with a Princess Gorgeous Toppaz? Not so fast, because he's wearing purple gloves and a purple ribbon choker—purple accents means purple Princess Jem—you double-swipe and quickly top his burger off with a Princess Breathtaking Amethyst for 2000 SweetiePoints.

And so it goes for nearly two full swatch, well into dusk. The game security system tries its hardest to throw you insane curveballs, like a burger with ketchup, ketchup, and ketchup, topped off with a Princess Eternal Treasure Iolyte. No matter what sort of perverse combination the game throws, however, you stand the test like a warrior, until finally, it is over. The maintenance roboid's interface touchScreen blinks at you idly, and is unresponsive for a while. It occurs to you that this is probably the first time anyone has ever 'hacked' through this many layers of security, and maybe the compunatrix is ashamed or has to clean up files or something. There is a low hum, and then a synthesized voice:

"Congratulations player, you are an elite god; achievements unlocked; you have won a new badge, tap here to unwrap."

You tap, and the game screen dissolves away with a cool effect.

<a>  
>>>>>>Turn to page 620.

You have in fact been being tortured this whole time. You are being held captive at Roddy's Hell-Famous Torture Park and Barrel Prison Welding and this entire story has just been a hypnotic projection (that is now over). It strikes you as rather a sick thing that the proprietor of this place—Roddy, who is the head torturer and mostly responsible for all the horrible things that have been inflicted on you these past ten G-Shock—has implanted himself in your mind as your mentor and bosom buddy. Although this does explain all the testicle crushing.

You are inside a barrel prison, which is a bar-

rel or oil drum that has been converted into a prison cell, to save space. Your hairless, wet, malnourished prisoner body is folded in half like a Twizzler, and needless to say it's very uncomfortable.

A Peace Meister Customer Satisfaction Expert whacks the rim of your barrel with the butt of his air riffle. The resulting metal clang makes your ears buzz and sets your temples on fire, but somehow his voice is even more jarring:

"#21908a, you wanna do the mindfuck again or did you just wanna relax in there?"

<a>  
'Doing the mindfuck'—while you wouldn't recommend it to anyone if it's avoidable—is certainly preferable to solitary confinement combined with sensory deprivation, and also the whole being conscious during your transformation into a human bonsai kitten thing. You enthusiastically rap your knuckles twice on the barrel, indicating that yes, you would like to continue the drug-induced torture nightmare-ride.

>>>>>>Turn to page 57.

<b>  
While it would probably be more pleasant, revisiting the hellish in-flight movie that you just snapped out of, it also strikes you as rather cowardly, deliberately tuning out reality like that. You decide that, while they may have stripped you of your freedom, they won't take your integrity, because you're going to face the remainder of your prison barrel sentence like a man, or whatever it is that you are. You give one courageous knock, not two, letting the Peace Meister know that he can shove his brainwave hijacking torturetainment up you-know-where. Fold yourself into a pretzel so that you slip a disc or two, and lock yourself in a hot car trunk with no food or soda..

The End.

THE



You beat your chest and grunt savagely, to let the troggies know you're not to be trifled with, but it's no use—they only beat their chests harder, grunt louder, trifle more thoroughly.

You've been bested, beat down, and there's no way out. The troggies jump on your head until they see red start to leak out, then they jump some more.

<The End>

# THE END

## Another Day in Hell

You've only ever heard stories of this place, and none of those can be counted as truthful. Having spent all thirteen of your G-Shock within the confines of the 'city', listening to the lies of drunken, braggadocious fools, your only guides to Avalon will be rumor, quick wits, and self-preservation instincts.

According to many, the suburbs of Avalon are a paradise, an almost mythical place where men don't go hungry or suffer. If these people are to be believed, then you've found sanctuary...

However, according to the testimony of many others—including the grifter Roddy who was your savior and mentor before he was taken (you suspect by the rat clan)—the suburbs are some kind of crystal illusion, tempting travelers in with promises of warm clothes and fresh cured meats, only to steal their treasures and flay their bones after their defenses have been lowered.

And so, out of all the funny little residents of Hell, there are some who would give their right arm in exchange for safe passage to the suburbs, and there are some who spend their whole lives speaking of them in low whispers, and never in public, as if the place had ears and would whisk them away upon hearing its own name.

Whatever the case may be, your hardships don't seem to be over yet, because before you can reach that hallowed place, you must traverse the largest landfill your eyes have ever seen.

<a>

You decide the suburbs are most certainly a heavenly place... All those tall tales told to you by Roddy's band of bum supplicants—all the fearsome talk of torture and damnation that lay in wait for unsuspecting men of the road—those are all just made up by people who wish they had half the courage necessary to make the journey themselves. You proudly set foot for the

trash heap up ahead, knowing that on the other side, one of many friendly faces will be glad to give you a helping hand.

>>>>>>Turn to page 327.

<b>

You don't know much about drunkards' tales, but you do know that so far you've survived by scratching, crawling, lying, running, and hiding. Human nature is the same everywhere... Maybe life is different here, but so far you've only left behind your location—the black cloud of misfortune that's enveloped you since day one remains. So, regardless of whether or not this place is or isn't what they say it is or isn't, your freakish looks and savage ways are guaranteed to awaken freakish and savage things in anyone you come across. Finding an intact and unexpired can of mushrooms is safer and more valuable than finding a warm and smiling face—the mushrooms won't stab you in the back. Keeping all this in mind, you take one more look around and decide that you're damned either way. You make for the landfill, pessimistic and too defeated to find better options.

>>>>>>Turn to page 327.



im a big weepy fat woman

big. weepy. fat.

big husky chunker chunky fat whale  
pig fuck fat big pig

i don't even stand up in  
the shower anymore

i wonder how far the newspaper  
will be from the front door today

i cant beleive i get excited about  
church on sundays

the highlight of my week is  
getting my perm

angelina jolie just looked so  
great at the oscars

i'll buy almost anything i see on tv

"people wonder what that pee smell  
in my house is from, it's from me."

"I'm glad most of my friends  
are dead now, I can watch more tv"

"my kids are ashamed of me"

i look like rainn wilson

i look like a fuckin potato

"im my husbands worst nightmare

believe it or not i was able to pass  
on my genes to the next generation

my priorities are cookies and naps

i wouldnt fuck me

"all i do is watch hsn and pet  
the cats all day

"damn it smells like cigarettes  
in this house"

"these bed sores are itching  
like a freight train"



**“i wish cory didn't  
die in the war”**

**“belinda never should  
have won dancing with  
the stars”**

**“my only friend in life is bejeweled”**

**“i should stop eating toaster strudle,  
i think its giving me breast cancer”**

**“my drawn on eyebrows are hideous  
and everyone hates them”**

**“i cant even get the smell of cat piss out  
of the sofa, im a failure”**

**“and out of the rug”**

**“and out of my clothes”**

**im being surprisingly honest with myself**

**if you could smell my clean clothes youd  
slap me cold in the face**

**what was that hair net thing thats always  
advertised on tv its like a comb with  
elastic that holds hair in place -- yea  
i want one of those**

**“this ez comb would look good on me  
if i washed my hair last week”**

**“i probably got this way because i didnt  
make david read the bible enough”**

**“this hair growing on my face is  
disgusting, i should probably shave  
it before bingo night”**

**“all of my cats die under the sofa,  
im a horrible mother”**



A GROUP  
OF 10-20  
CHILDHOOD  
FRIENDS FIND  
A BEDAZ-  
ZLING JEWEL  
BURIED DEEP  
UNDERNEATH  
THE GYMNA-  
SIUM IN AN  
ELABORATE  
MAZE BUILT  
BY A GROUP OF  
1950S JOCKS  
IN AN EFFORT  
TO SEAL AWAY  
THE JEWEL  
FOREVER.  
NOW IT HAS  
BEEN UN-  
EARTHED AND  
THE GROUP OF  
FRIENDS ARE  
BEING PIT-  
TED AGAINST  
EACH OTHER  
IN AN AN-  
CIENT POWER  
STRUGGLE BE-  
TWEEN DARK  
ENTITIES.

THE MAGI-  
CIANS ARE  
PLAYING A  
DANGEROUS  
GAME WITH  
OTHER PEO-  
PLE'S LIVES  
AND A WILD  
CYBER STU-  
DENT WITH  
ONLINE  
CLASSES  
WILL FINAL-  
LY HAVE TO  
COME TO THE  
REAL CLASS  
AND SAVE  
THE VERY  
STUDENTS  
HE HATED...

AND MAYBE  
GET AN "A"  
FOR ONCE



I JUST DIED IN A CAR ACCIDENT, I EXPECTED THIS, I DID ENOUGH DAMAGE, I REALLY AM AN A-CLASS FUCKER, I NEEDED THIS. MY ONLY REGRET: MY ACCIDENT WAS WITH A WALL AND NOT WITH A MINIVAN FULL OF A FAMILY. I THINK THE PERFECT WAY TO DIE WOULD BE IN CONJUNCTION WITH SEVEN OTHER PEOPLE, FIVE OF THEM CHILDREN, TWO OF THEM MOM & DAD. BREEDERS: TAKE EM OUT LIKE A MISSILE. NEXT TIME I DO THIS I'M JUST GONNA JERK THE WHEEL INTO ONCOMING TRAFFIC. IMAGINE THIS AT NIGHT-TIME, NO TIME TO REACT. THE IMPACT IS LIKE FALLING OFF A 30-STORY BUILDING. CHANGE LIVES IN ONE INSTANT.



# Daphne's Dessert

--Ain't no thang, only a COCK, she said in a whisper that abruptly crescendoed into a wild guffaw.

--Ain't no thang's only a heater, he replied. In one instant, she was a woman. The next, she was the wallpaper.

--So much for Brenda, the dumb bitch, Brisco said aloud. He continued downstairs to the mansion wine cellar. 'Nother thing comin'. 'Nothing thing comin' yeah right. There's something not right about this. The spiral staircase felt like it lasted for three days. Though, in fact, it had been nearly three hours down, a good walk certain and straight as he came to the realization that he not a care worth a good goddamn. Ol' Chundoan reached the bottom full of vinegar and whiskey. He was hard for it. That's not a stretch. It was time to settle the bank.

--Time to settle the bank, Chundoan muttered to himself. He surveyed the area. All around him was a strange place, a world he would not likely wish to return. The walls were covered with weird shit and it didn't belong. The stairs just kept going down and down, sometimes nowhere. Sometimes straight to the back of the bus. He wasn't going nowhere she wanted him to, that much he know for damn sure.

--Boo!

Blue 42, Omaha, Omaha, Wichita, Blue, Tango, Bravo

--Where does this lead?  
 Sprinkler pipes running along the ceiling were hosing out some sort of green mist. The green mist filled his face with a velvet rag. It was not benign, at first. The thick swell became more and more of a friend as Chundoan began to think about the past. This place smelled like it came from history, like it was already over but the room was right here and far from coming to an end. None of this belonged in his world and this was all a farce. Certainly, this cannot be happening, but clearly it was. And he knew it. Chundoan knew a great many things but this fact he knew the best.

Despite that bad knowing-admission, he also knows a little something else. He knows who's behind this door Brisco's walkin' to down that old tunnel. Strange, that a cave of weird shit would smell like pure candy though. Rich chocolate creams, smooth caramels, and popped rice rolled in such things. Crunch bar kindalike, but not quite. God it was strange indeed to have such tastes flooding his mouth. It ignited his truly savory appetite. The sweets just kept on coming on. Brisco could taste thick rich butter, yes, the same kind of butter that was baked in those cookies Donna used to make before her head was caved in-- and in those buns from another life. The tastes did not stop. Sometimes the past did creep,

but Brisco shot it down with a lightning quick count to fifteen hundred.

--This doesn't make any sense, Brisco muttered, again. This time, half mad, and more-than-normal half mad was a dangerous level to think in. Brisco knew damn well he'd soon be required to sate his thirst with pure vengeance. He had to keep it together. Whatever trickery they used in this fuckin place, that made him half mad with tastes, was becoming a serious hindrance. He wanted to smell blood to taste blood and breathe gun fire sparking from the muzzle. Close range killer. He continued onward. The cave began to start to look more like...an underground flophouse. The shat tunnel faded to sweet sandalwood all along the walls. On his right was a window but it looked out to nowhere, for nothing could be seen through it but nothing.

--Enough of this! Brisco puked in the chamber. I only want to ask you a few questions about last night, Daphne. I just can't believe this place, Daphne. Why run for an old pal like Brisco, Daphne? Brisco spoke calmly yet rigorously. The house was long, like a nightmare, all these windows with nothingness past the face. More windows with faces past the glass. Then space.

--The door! Daphne! Brisco sprinted and jumpkicked through the glass doors and kept rolling so quickly that his cannonball backhand to Daphne seemed to be the most logical and natural sequence of movements.

--Just a few questions, Brisco said casually as his hand met her face just a second after. You got some nerve, kid. He proceeded to whip Daphne around by her long brown hair. I ain't nobody's fool, Daphne. So violent was his whipping, that Daphne's head came inches from the floor and then sprung straight up to Brisco's furious face.

--Just a few more questions is all, Brisco says. Question number one...Brisco's ridged body unleashes an arm cranked to become a royal uppercut to Daffy's unprepared torso. Her grunt sure sounds a whole lot like a dude's, that mixed nicely with the sprinkling of her fine teeth to the floor after an armored elbow downstroke. Well? Which is it, Daphne?

Daphne's deep moan bellows as she pushes the remainder of her teeth out of her mouth with her hamburg tongue. The moan concludes with a titter.

--Ohhhh...they're all dead--tortured first. The whole team's dead Brisco! Mission failure! Kibosh Tuesday you queen queer! You lost! Fuck you! Just then, Daphne's head was dashed roughly against the fine wood wall. She couldn't talk nor think, her head was so smashed. Brisco had trouble holding fast to Daphne's head on account of it being as a rotten pumpkin is.



The cocktail party was a grand celebration. High high rollers from all four corners were here tonight, to mingle and drink and drown. Brisco stepped through the mistletoe threshold as a servile took his jacket.

-And what brought you here, Sallie\_Jesse? The martinis or the rocks...

-I came here to get shit-faced, Sallie\_Jessie said. And stuffed.

-I see, Chundoan said.

Sallie\_Jesse drew herself close, so close he could feel the reckless abandon pulsating in her hips.

-Whoa, Chundoan muttered.

Sal began to caress Brisco's pants, starting with his front pocket. It was convenient because his pocket held nothing but himself. Sallie slowly drew Chundoan's shaft halfway down his goddamn leg like a measuring tape.

-Brisco, how about I call you Stanley from now on? I'm gonna be your whore tonight.

-That right? He lit a cigarette. I'll be damned because that guy right over there, John Records--the mayor--told me that you would take a little coaxing to get started. He blew the smoke right in her face.

-For him? Yes. Sallie\_Jesse began to weep. Brisco, you don't know what it's like to have to suffer a man like that...

Brisco turned and began to walk away when Sallie\_Jessie's arm shot out like a rattlesnake to grab his, firmly.

-Brisco, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to rattle on like that. What are my problems compared with a man's?

-A bad joke, Sallie\_Jesse, Chundoan said, not unkindly. He pulled her closer. Fuck that guy in the ass Sallie\_Jesse, let's get outta here.

Together, they left for a more amiable atmosphere. Brisco kicked out the light.

He took her. He took her because he needed a passion in his life that only a woman could afford, that only a woman had the key to, and after he emptied himself inside of her, he became full of the humming music of the Great Machine. A voice in his mind was cheering him on, begging Chundoan to understand and admit that he was on the right track. A woman is a powerful force, Brisco, far greater than you understand, unless you take about fifteen minutes to ponder what it is that's drawing you into this good joke. Then, my friend, it's all figured out. But that doesn't mean you cannot be mastered, Chundoan. The ideal serves you far better than the woman--for it always was the ideal which you strove for, Brisco, never the woman. The woman is beside the point. If the woman contradicts, she is nothing... she is dust in the great ash heap. Go ahead, go ahead and grab hold Chundoan, grab hold of that Light--it'll be the last thing you see. The final blinding. Brand yourself romantic and die.

Die Brisco, inside and out.



Confession time.

I brush my teeth once every two days.

I watch TV for about four to six hours a day, more if I don't have anything to do.

In life, I learned early on that there are masters and there are slaves, and that I am of the latter ilk.

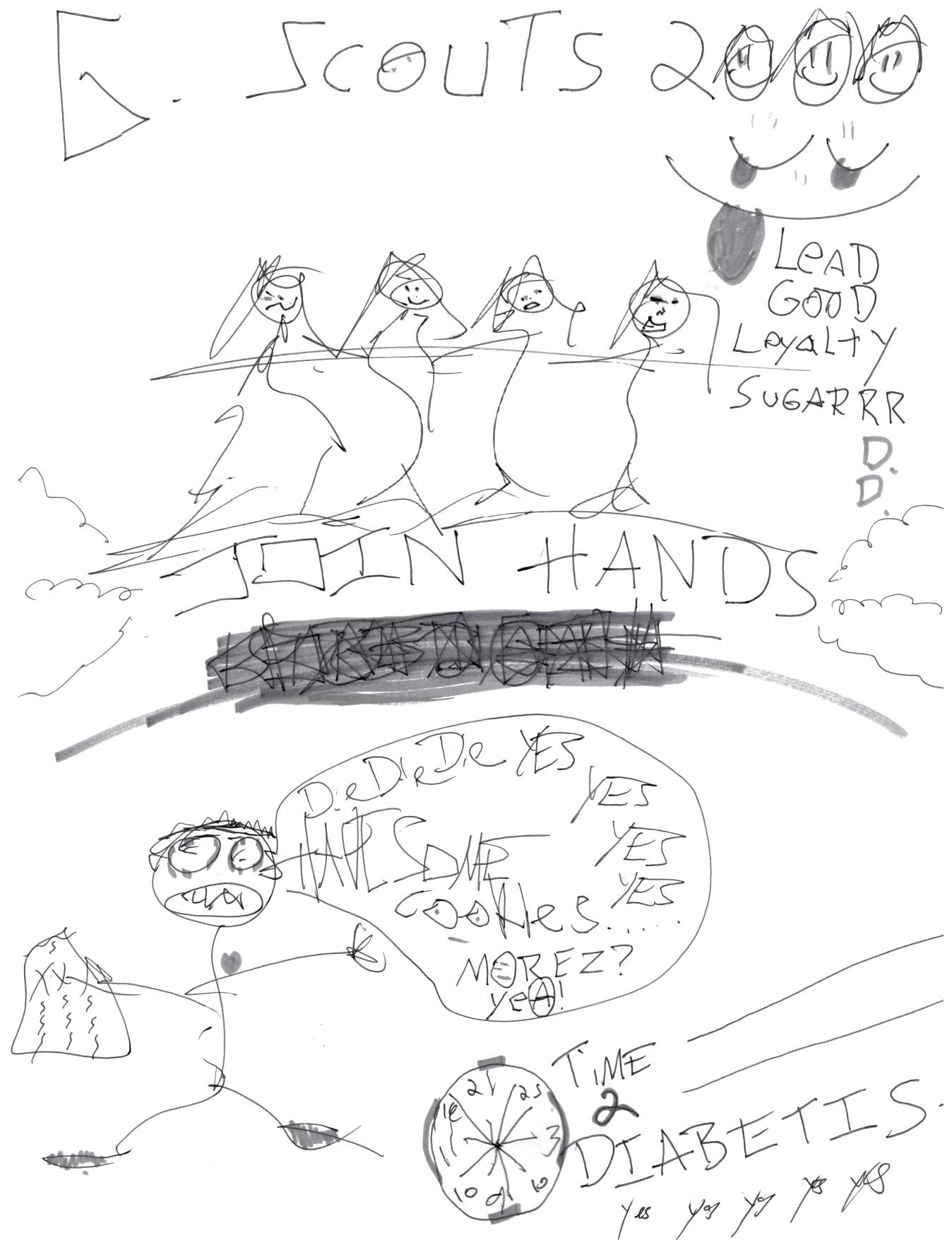
I'm so fucked up, I think awful shit all day, like, how I'm ugly and will never be cool. I'm really a fuckin mess.

My worst fears are insane things, like not being able to find the secrets in video games.

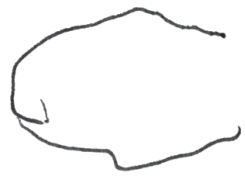
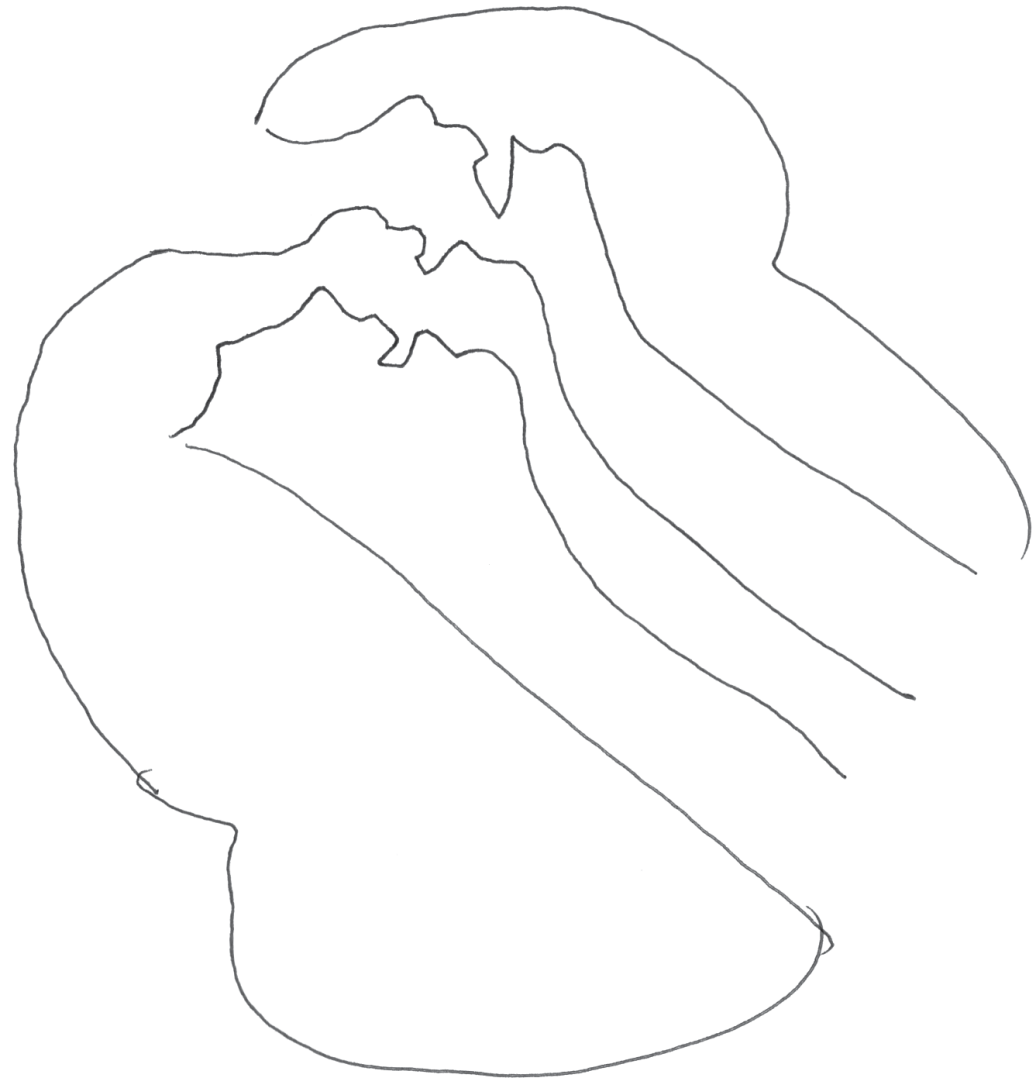
A few of the times I've had sex, I didn't explicitly ask for permission. The absence of a no is not a yes. I should've asked, "may I have intercourse with you?" This is my darkest secret.

Oh, and I spend about 6-8 hours a day edging myself no hands ruined denial sph cei joi cuck tease pantyjob











## AGENDA22TEDD

Coming at ya from the Child Rape capital of the world, The Hague!

You may not have heard of me lately or perhaps never at all. Well my name is Alex Jones. Wait, does that name ring a bell? Infowars right? Well, we happen to share the same name and luckily for me..all queries into my real past or activities only shows up with AI from Infowars. Strange coincidence heheh. Michael Greenberg.

\*Wild applause.

Well, I'm not him, so let's get started. I hear gunshots ringing out in the distance. Oh well.

Today, I want to talk about the future of humanity. Of people-people. ALL-EQUAL-PEOPLE. The future of humankind. We all know everything that's happened up until now...currently the year is 2014 and the world's one giant flaming mess. Let's get started here, please repeat after me:

No one knows, no one cares.  
No one knows, no one cares.

Where do we go from here? What is to be done? How do we achieve progress? How do we move forward to build that great society that is undoubtedly the next stage of human evolution? A new beginning where all people of all ethnicities can meld together, erase all borders, and become one great big melting pot! A world where all nations are in unity, especially Africa where they put burning tires on each other, alive. Also, kill

albinos for witch doctor medicine and rape babies believing the act will cure AIDS. They will lend a helping hand in erasing all evil from the face of the earth. Let's win! We the best!

No one knows, no one cares.  
No one knows, no one cares.

The science is in this time. The art is in. Every fucking morning I wake up alive, I say to myself, "AI, how are you going to make the world a better place?". I always smile when I hear that question. It doesn't surprise me that I ask it every morning because I'm devoted. I'm devoted to this cause and I've got my ivy education and it was expensive and I know it's the best! I've read all the right books, had the right teachers, known the right truth. The truth is in: I know what I'm talking about.

No one knows, no one cares.  
No one knows, no one cares.

How are you going to make the world a better place? I always laugh to myself now when I hear that question. It's very obvious to me what needs to be done, very very very obvious. And after today, I think that you'll feel the same way.

No one knows, no one cares.  
No one knows, no one cares.

We've suffered some setbacks after the chemical castration and sterilization of the entire Bush and Clinton families (including all illegitimate children of Bill--who were put to the sword--subsequently ending their gene

pool. I'll get back to that in just minute...

So I ask again, what is to be done?

Step 1: eliminate 95% of the world's non-white population. Look I know some of us depend on votes from blacks and illegal aliens but we're beginning to see diminishing returns stemming from the population bomb of these peoples.

No one knows, no one cares.  
No one knows, no one cares.

I know this seems a bit over the top but I assure you, it is not. Here's the plan:

Agenda Twenty Two pop.control and OBVIOUS FACTS

We know so much better than the populous. They are dumb and stupid. They don't know right from wrong; one chinese candidate from the other. They should be eating slop in a fucking camp that I, we build.

No one knows, no one cares.  
No one knows, no one cares.

FEMA Cube FEMA Corps: We've got to have a nice comfortable place for containment. A good place for beatings and servitude. A fun environment for pure work...they've got to work work work! They've got to continue working working working, and paying taxes. These people aren't really people, they're drones that serve, drones that busy themselves in fueling our reasonable

lifestyle that we've grown much accustomed too.

No one knows, no one cares.  
No one knows, no one cares.

Former DHS Lesbian Battleaxe as President: She was our best hope. She's strong and she's got a deep, commanding voice that people will listen to. Though she's quite strong, she's a woman. She's a woman. Well, she's a woman! We need a kinder, gentler nation! I want her in the president's pantheon of gentle female warmongers like Hillary Clinton, Susan Rice, Jamie Gorelick, and Nancy Pelosi. Let's not forget them pushing Obama into an expansion of The War into Eurasia. Eurasia must not be allowed to threaten the Amerikan way of life. I won't stand for the populous being threatened.

No one knows, no one cares.  
No one knows, no one cares.

You want to keep your gears oiled. You want these actualizations realized, fully and completely. NO CHILD LEFT BEHIND.

No one knows, no one cares.  
No one knows, no one cares.

Here's a quick 3-step plan.

1. Non working and non tax-paying plebs must die.
2. All plebs must be controlled.
3. All plebs must submit to we who know better.

I regret that our very special guest, convicted cop-killer and



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SATURDAY



THURSDAY



SUNDAY



FRIDAY

I am a slave with a Dom friend that desperately desires to see me be fed and filled with animal cum, particularly horse cum. It is something I very much want to have done to me as well, in order to make him happy, but lack the means to do so.

What I am looking for is someone who can assist in this process. If you have a means of collecting a large amount of horse cum, I would love if you contacted me. If you have experience doing this before, I would love to talk about it.

If you can help and are interested in helping, message me any time. I'd be very willing to entertain any other ideas you had in mind or wanted to do me on top of this. I'm very open, and love being the object of any kind of experimentation. I have plenty of different ideas of what things could be done to me with the cum as well, if you want to hear.

So feel free to message me. Even if you're just curious or want to talk/ask questions, I'd be glad to talk. And I always welcome talking to other subs too who share similar interests. And you can message me here, or if you want to talk more directly you can IM me on HorseCumFreak YIM. Just let me know who you are when you message me.

\*\* Update: I've been offered the chance to visit a horsefarm in Australia to be videotaped sucking horses and sucking and getting fucked by dogs and other animals.

Anyone who can help fund me to get there can pretty much pick whatever videos they want me to film sucking or getting fucked by whichever animal they want to see.

Right now I'm trying to arrange a way to get there. If anyone has any advice or help they can offer, I'd greatly appreciate it and would be happy to try and make it worth their while as much as I can \*\*



# HOT QUIZ

In 2008, you voted into Executive Office an unknown senator from the most politically corrupt state in the country. You did this because he talked slick and had an advertising campaign that appealed to young people. Now that Barack Obama has had a chance to show his true colors, it's clear to see that he's actually:

**a)**

A baby-killing Uncle Tom sell-out Goldman Sachs employee

**b)**

An Indonesian Manchurian Candidate whose real name is Barry Soetoro

**c)**

A cool, joint-smoking hepcat Jay-Z listener who could've transformed this country into an egalitarian green energy technoutopia, if he didn't get so cockblocked all the time by old white TeaBagger™ RepubliNUTS!

Answer: a) Barack Obama is A Baby-Killing Uncle Tom Sell-Out Goldman Sachs Employee.

"We were looking at the 'O' of his name and had the idea of a rising sun and a new day. The sun rising over the horizon evoked a new sense of hope. The design expression was so constrained and so bland for so many years in politics—I think we had a fresh approach because we'd never worked on a campaign before – some nobody asshole who designed Obama's 2008 campaign logo

Kill all the rich people. Break up their cars and apartments. Bring the revolution home, kill your parents, that's where it's really at. – Bill Ayers, domestic terrorist and Obama's early political mentor (if you talk about him you are probably some Christian TeaBagger™ conspiracy NUTJOB asshole)



# Microaggressor

**You are the Microaggressor.**

You are the microaggressor. You roll the dice. Shithead man. Loud man. Angry man! Death war! What are you gonna take off your shirt, put up your dukes, settling conflict like a lout beast? Are you a monkey made of money or something? You made of brutish protein ripping your body in a million pieces? You must think you're pretty cool mister. Big loud builder! It's not my fault you have a 10% bigger brain! Ringu! Go shoot yourself street fighter cause at my fight I don't bring knuckles. Kick in a door like POTUS44.

You are the Microaggressor. You became a phobic on that day. The day you spied down the way a creature who was a coworker. You began to go mad that day. The day you put on a show like jonespony pippycracker Ted Danson blackface. Your boss says you looked at a female coworker in "a way." You roll the dice. You didn't but what if you did?

You did.

After all, she's the darkradiant sister with a heavenly infinitude of divine beauty and pure white sexmagic. She casts spells all around you with her body and words. The way she moves like symphony and smiles and flowers vaults you off into a better place where you could have a reason for heel clicking and breathing deeply. Once she utters the words you have nowhere to go but into her--it's all that matters now, the only thing that is real. You only matter if you bury your face in her hair and wail for the one thing you need most in this world on fire, never to be had. The one

woman that could amount you to  
more than the night dark boatride  
you've been dying on for your  
whole life rendered meaningless  
without her bright healing holy  
aura dispelling black and pain the  
closer she holds you.

You roll a one, your life is done.

She's so wonderful you can't afford it. Perfection personified. Her oblivion vacuum feeds the pilot at your core to fire with heavy crescendo h-bomb explosion. All that's left now is fallout, the last trace of your past stretched out in every direction. Moving forward only treads you onward into the past. She is your tower. She is a singular force left standing in a sea of willing nobodies. In her step, she revealed herself to be a goddess.

You roll a two, time to die, me and you.

You can only wish to fulfill her, the slim chance pending you apotheosize. To add something to her life more than that of your usual imploding anti-matter radiation hellbent on perpetual warding. You never create all you do is destroy, what they have always said was true. But you've loved her for a long time, orders more, even than you hate yourself. But if that were truth you would have gone to her, run to her laying bare everything you have. Maybe you have but only in your fracked mind.

You rolled a five, no one gets out alive.

Dare you sully her perfection with  
your affections?

She will always be a dream to you. A constant reminder of the futility of finding a sliver truth of anything. There is no truth,

there is only the void. You roll the dice.

She is beautiful and sweet and overwhelming. In the dark zone she is light. A magnificent lady, the only one you know. Paragon among the others are cheap shab. There is only one that matters and you blew it all.

You know she'll never understand how much she means to you. She'll never even try because you won't tell her. How can a dead man tell? You rolled an eight, surrender to fate.

The whole world is a waste land.

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Snap out of it you work for Marissa Mayer at Yahoo! division of the NSA/DHS you stupid man pig breeder son of a bitch. She's good looking, way good thinking. Always beautiful Marissa laying down and mount for the FedGov. Her peachy face clean bright sexy smile. You could just kiss her gently all day and cook for her even if it's slop. You would discuss business insider things like insider trading and privacy. And how yahoo is a piece of good privacy stock and you do like her. There's something magically sexy about her face and smile. The way she explains and moves her hands. She fits so nicely into Oscar de la Renta dresses, like she was poured into them. No way you could be standing for long if you were in her presence. Your firecracker

exploding knees sledge to the pavement for worship. You ask her if she thinks artificial intelligence would better please her than you. Marissa explodes. You know that if she wasn't married and if you hit on her, she would probably spit in you face. You'll always hate her for that knowledge. She's your boss. She's the boss of treason and NSA/DHS collaboration. Her cute as a muffin mouth said it would be treason to resist a complete NSA domestic spying operation PATRIOT ISIS CORP. Perhaps she was lying to you? Well, perhaps you don't care because she's such a beautiful creature you could play with her hair all day long. She's young, brilliant, sexual, a family soccer mom, glamorous, shy, and likes to code. How could you hold anything against her? She was only complicit in laying down for big government fed gov--she's brilliant, sexy, a mother, young, a real chief, wears real dresses like a real woman. After all, you shouldn't criticize a such a brilliant glamorous woman.

V10

A10

M1

--I'll rub my legs on you and make out with you until you acquiesce, sir. It's just that I know you'd mindblown by having a woman of my intellect coming on to you, me looking the way I do. She sizzles as she speaks. She lets you bury your face in her hair. It's intoxicating. You're cocked now. You're worried about making a fool of yourself she's this angel standing here and look at you you're nothing, not like her.

--You would die and I would kill you, she continues. This'll be the last time you ever need it, the last one to put all the others to shame. She's getting nerdy/sexual c++ cryptic now.

You beg her to allow you to



fulfill her because Marissa Mayer is an absolute muffin. Please please please you beg her, after I'm done just kill me that's fine Marissa, you are so adorable please. You gently pinch her button nose. She giggles. Death after that would be a treat, as long as she was the one to do you in. The best thing you can think of right now is simply dying in such a gorgeous woman's arms. The way her legs are so sexual with the designer dresses on. The way she posed for infamous vogue mag MarissaMayer69 pics with her upside down on a couch, needing some position out on the lawn somewhere--you know, a powerful sexy woman. You're not criticizing it, no no you don't mind it because in all honestly, you kinda like everything she does. You wonder if she would ever leave her husband for you. Maybe he's a cunt. Probably not though. A guy has to be pretty on point to nail a queen like Marissa. I'm not kidding, if Marissa Mayer called me right now and commanded me to drop everything I'm doing and go to her perhaps so she could stroke her fingertips on my face or show some AI trick she's been working on--I would drop everything and go. Marissa Mayer unzips your pants right off and you can't believe this is happening. She lets you smell her hair again. It's wonderful. Now you're shitfaced slurring. Maybe being a bit too forward. You need to make sure control is relinquished to Marissa completely. She'll take care of everything, she's a strong woman. It echoes in your head, I'll rub my legs on you and make out with you until you acquiesce--not reluctantly but expectantly because you've been disarmed by sextheat, the best, most effective weapon gender female has--outmatching brute force nearly every time. Marissa Mayer

has incredible sextheat. The classic look of her in Oscar de la Renta dresses. Her fashion sense going bananas, all of her publicity because she's so good looking. You love how her smile blesses her eyes--not like doll's eyes JC dead inside and out. No, Marissa is beautiful and thriving, the most vibrantly sexy woman alive.

Fight  
or ?  
Flight

FIGHT  
-

You make your move towards your boss and raise your fists in anger, teeth gritted fit to shatter. Marissa Mayer kisses you on the mouth then slaps you in the face, with the other hand she tears at your genitals with insidious fingers. First you get kicked in the balls and you're on your knees. You stand up fast to puke, and you get one good deck to the woman's face. She takes it and comes back at you ripping the skin of your chest down like you got wallpaper chest and then springy skin suspenders. You look down at white bone and raise your head to scream but you can't because you can only foam now plus you're containing a seizure. Almost two gallons of foam hose out of your mouth and you can't help but be surprised when it tastes like peanut butter. Yahoo Security drops ton of bricks on your bottom while a limey-knighted Paul McCartney kisses it then fires you from his staff, like a true fascist, for eating meat. It is as though your ass has fallen out from under you. You're being shafted by a Buster Sword. You cannot move, you can only die. --That's it. I'm dead. you say in a terrible blind fury of final thought. DMT change time death dealing dealt for all microaggressors. They say your

sacrifice has not been in vein. They say it's for the great cause of the twenty one wise men dismantlers. It's okay and now things will be better. It makes sense now what they've been laughing about this whole time even in the shows. They couldn't have said hello? Not even to you? Do they not communicate in a manner understood by sober humans? Your body will be recycled for another world. Why would it matter to you? It's now time to fly around dreamboy. Now you're flying but they really are all laughing and then you realize you are truly going to another world. Not the world of tax\_body, another world. Marissa explodes. You feel a deep final sounding alarm in your brain, a bullhorn without control. It means your body is preparing for death. It's fine don't worry. It's gonna be okay just dance. You know you're going to die because of this but you let it all go, she's the only one that matters. You live forever in her. You become one with the her and the universe and whatever else is out there in the black beckoning you forward to the final direction. You fly in every direction on a roller coaster in pitch black hearing the chimes louder and louder but the sound isn't just in your head but in your heart until you try to wake up, try to disappear, but you can't because you know this is final. You've already seen some meaningless nonsense flash blow out of your eyes shot off into space to nowhere and you can't understand what comes next. Of course you're going to cannonball through a waterfall to leave a nameless foggy ghost behind. All of your limbs are fever dream sleeping expanding shapes and colors and symbols and worlds all important and becoming impossible,

impossible to bear or even think about without your mind exploding to fill in the infinite field you now encompass. Your limbs pulse and throb like a giant's racing heart feeling as heavy as some new metal. Some combination of 11 alien elements of enormous atomic weight. Impossible physical and mental pressure is pressing down on you, pounding you relentlessly to the floor of the sea--another elder immortal born on the bottom sleeping happily and waiting for an ignorant soul to utter its name aloud but you don't have a name anymore and nobody will ever remember it. For who remembers statistics?

Such is the birth of the forever sleeping elder god Statistics.

Fight  
or ?  
Flight

FLIGHT  
-

You turn around to talk away but you stop in your tracks when... --I need you. Marissa says. I want you. Come to me. Let it go. Oh my god this can't be happening. It's Marissa Mayer, the best looking executive on the planet. She's running a company before Google. Some say she dated faggot-Larry Page to get her job at Google which is a truly disgusting thought, the only blemish on her otherwise flawless gorgeous record. Would that it weren't so. Oh man she must have been a rolling smokeshow in the day. Larry Page should have privacy cameras in every single room in his house so see can all watch his children. Larry can watch Marissa's kid in her custom built Yahoo! nursery while every other new mother remote worker in the company can eat feminist root. Eat root.



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HELP ME HELP ME HELP ME you go for her arm, to have something to grab on to while you prepare yourself for the final black roller coaster. You scream a prayer in her smiling face. He smile darkens with your prayer. She is an overnight hag when you open your eyes next and you finally disappear as she slashes a handbag Bowie knife across your eyes and the bridge of your nose. You can barely see any color but the color pain.

The volume of screams coming from your sliced eyes and lids is deafening. She's belching now, adding insult to injury. She's better looking this time around, her double lipstick episode concluded. Marissa Mayer gets in close to drag a rust hook down your back with her hidden hand spinning you around to finish with two. You're in pieces right now, just another suit of suspenders-- you get one slap to her cheek and she blushes. Her splendid button nose mesmerizes you feel like a baby but closer to Mr. Shreds. Her bared teeth are so funny, looking at her with that face on. She's taking your parts away cause she's way good looking. She grasps and rips your genitals and peels them all the way up your face. You're completely silent, totally unable to scream right now, you just stare face pointed and head wobbling. You stare at Marissa and you try to smile but it all comes out wrong and she's reaching for you to drive her knife into your heart. How can I be that shattered? She's twisting her wrists all the way around, it means my guts are a wreckage swamp. Look it's coming out-- everything feels like a deep belch except your guts empty out instead of air--you reach for her hand to keep it in you, you want that part of her to stay in.

You place your hand on Marissa's. She comes close to you face to face. She presses her body against you. She knows you're dying, she killed you. You don't want to know anything but her staying close to you. She bears a breast to you and you flip your lid. Your heart is racing to expire, pumping gallons of blood out of you as quickly as your ultra pulse allows. She's drinking the blasting serum. Her eyes are bright through the smiling blood. You're trying your damndest to hose in her mouth-- she needs this blood, she wants this and you don't. Even if you did you want her to have it all. To have Marissa need and want something from you is the greatest end you could meet in this life. Her satisfying body is breathing furiously now, heaving and gasping, her back arching muscles spasming, stifling cries. Your ultimate reward is to watch this happening before you. She looks into your eyes and she's smiling through the grunts. To die so that this perfect angel might live.

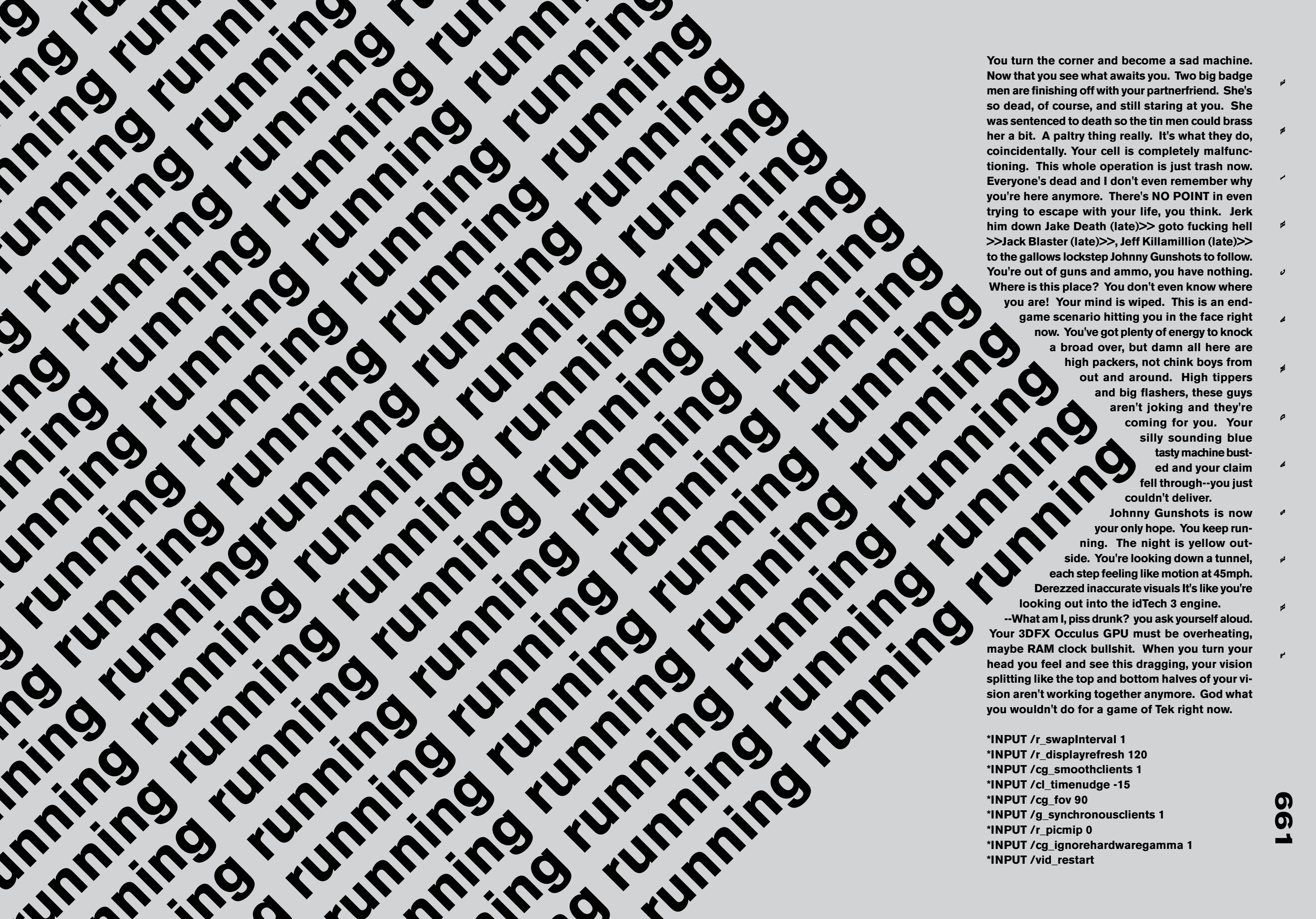


The

Sad

Machine





You turn the corner and become a sad machine. Now that you see what awaits you. Two big badge men are finishing off with your partnerfriend. She's so dead, of course, and still staring at you. She was sentenced to death so the tin men could brass her a bit. A paltry thing really. It's what they do, coincidentally. Your cell is completely malfunctioning. This whole operation is just trash now. Everyone's dead and I don't even remember why you're here anymore. There's NO POINT in even trying to escape with your life, you think. Jerk him down Jake Death (late)>> goto fucking hell >>Jack Blaster (late)>>, Jeff Killamillion (late)>> to the gallows lockstep Johnny Gunshots to follow. You're out of guns and ammo, you have nothing. Where is this place? You don't even know where you are! Your mind is wiped. This is an end-game scenario hitting you in the face right now. You've got plenty of energy to knock a broad over, but damn all here are high packers, not chink boys from out and around. High tippers and big flashers, these guys aren't joking and they're coming for you. Your silly sounding blue tasty machine busted and your claim fell through--you just couldn't deliver. Johnny Gunshots is now your only hope. You keep running. The night is yellow outside. You're looking down a tunnel, each step feeling like motion at 45mph. Derezzed inaccurate visuals It's like you're looking out into the idTech 3 engine. --What am I, piss drunk? you ask yourself aloud. Your 3DFX Oculus GPU must be overheating, maybe RAM clock bullshit. When you turn your head you feel and see this dragging, your vision splitting like the top and bottom halves of your vision aren't working together anymore. God what you wouldn't do for a game of Tek right now.

```
*INPUT /r_swapInterval 1
*INPUT /r_displayrefresh 120
*INPUT /cg_smoothclients 1
*INPUT /cl_timenudge -15
*INPUT /cg_fov 90
*INPUT /g_synchronousclients 1
*INPUT /r_picmip 0
*INPUT /cg_ignorehardwaregamma 1
*INPUT /vid_restart
```



It's still yellow and foggy in here. You deactivate your eye mod. Hmm it is all real. It doesn't stink like it usually does either. It's like misty but not hot, fresh almost--it's like...  
--Is this a dream or something? you ask. A string of gunshots answer out in the distance.

You're in the courtyard now, standing visible alone yes but not alone. Cobblestone echoes each step like a thrill ride. This is where they march through with a pride parade and other events like that--mayor parties, public sex acts, and RIOT SPARKING. God there's only so long you can handle one place for a long time. God you were out in the cold for a long time. You pull out your identification and discover that you're dead. It was all for nothing. You can't vote when you're in Hell. I told you so, trog. Go lay in it now, dog. <)  
There was a point where you permanently became BluhJoeJoe Fuckeo over fucking night, dummy. Blow'j for short. Prison for starters. You got a nice long stay ahead of you buster. You think you can deal with a gaggle of chief shitheads that way without retro? <)  
I don't care what fancy guns you had at one point, and you know what? Remember the rambling you had to do in that pinch you were in? Spitting time junk out at them to stall? Yeah you came out on top in that one buster but this time you're in straight hell. <)  
Be a bitch tonight. If only you weren't alone here, in the cold.  
Suddenly Johnny Gunshots comes barreling around the corner with Macs-10 surprise. The two big badge men are filled with so many holes you can't tell what they are anymore. Holy shit has Johnny gotten crazy over the years. He's got a flowing green trench coat, a white afro with the wingspan of nearly 4 feet blows his head out of proportion. He's a sick man for looking the way he does. He is so fucked. He grabs you and spins you around.  
There is a distinct crack in the air, blue feel, and phase drone enters the fray. John looks up and back to you. He shakes you like it's time to jump.  
--Listen D, we need to get out of here! Keep running! Towards the alley over there! He points.  
--Hey Gun fucking great to see you, hold this for me. You hand Gun your id commtron and slimmy leather wallet. He holds it for you and nods.

\*phase drone casts\_ringu10 on Johnny Gunshots.  
--I'm doing you a real big favor, Johnny Gunshots continues, howling. Busting my ass to...  
Before Johnny can utter one more word, the entire contents of his body are soaked and blown all over you. Johnny Gunshots's screams paralyze you with the dread thought of that much pain being experienced on this realm. You're 20 pounds heavier covered in a fur coat of guts. You slop some pieces off of you. You flip a few over to Gun.  
Christ, you look back up to Gunshots, he's not a complete person anymore, he's in seizure now, his bones snapping with each crazy electrocuted step. There's an all too familiar technology inside of him and outside of him that just won't quit, won't ever stop dealing damage until it's done. The spinning devil, spinning patchwork of windows each place he's there killing another you so many times you're dying a thousand deaths. phase drone, an ultimate hitbot / videodrone but super adept--representing millennia upon millennia of AI evolution. Never lets his guard down. It could be killing limbless idiots and it would seek and fire behind cover, a habit that never failed if there ever was one. It engages in a surgical strike every time, it's never not a surprise ambush. When one of these drones pulls up. Jesus fucking Christ that's phase drone (13 of 13). Black one three. Who the fuck knows him? And why use him for us? I don't understand what's happening here. Thirteen Prime for gunning on me? This is heavy I need out. The last time you saw a phase drone, you and the wrecking crew were taking it to Jimmy Ru and his justice police mirth spoilers.

\*phase drone casts\_barrier10 && demi10

Everything is fire and rubble all around you.  
--Oh man. The only thing you can think to say. That and--that's it, I'm dead.

\*phase drone casts\_kill on JG but Johnny waves he away like trash wind, it has no effect.  
--We got protection you piece of shit faggot! Gunshots curses to b one t. Tesla sends his regards! The destruction this thing has wrought is like a videogame testing terriform. Your eyes fly to the screens and you see yourself die in a hundred different planes. It's you on the drone's screens, not Johnny Gunshots. Your heart tickles and thuds like a grave dance coordinated

in a hundred different dimensions is being focused against you at that exact moment. Some ancient dance is casting you somewhere. NO FUCK THAT. The feeling passes.

\*phase drone escapes--shifting out in a hundred flashing shooting stars slicing reality, flowing forward and backward and distant down into the corridors.

--God! you yell. Fucking thing! You can hardly speak without big gulp mouthfuls of puke tumbling and spraying out of your mouth. You scan the horizon for the drone but you're sure it's gone. Somehow you're sure. It knows way better than to improvise like that. It was not playing games or chances, pure strict business.  
--Fucking Christ! Come on! This place is a fucking meltdown. Goddamn, one of those things! I think it was meant for you Dust, man this shit is all fucking thick. John's afro is ripped and flipped over and down to his back like a cape, so he's jabbering. It is a wild sight, you can't believe what you're seeing but you're seeing it alright. This isn't a dream. You've seen the like before and that makes this all the realer. What's that sound? That blue wet smoking cracking? Something's hitting continuum, the vast unbreakable anvil.  
--This can't be! I'm not around this anymore! you scream as the sound starts ringing the bell. The past is flooding the dry sponge in your mind. Filling it with remembrance of an age long gone and forgotten and you think this age probably points straight down under you through the planet and keep going so many light years away and then you would find another place similar to this one but ending less. Oh those times are not forgotten, but remembered now.  
Gunshoot thinks he's still alive so you humor him. You tell him it's going to be all right. He grabs you and drags you away from your mumbles. The drone that shot Johnny with the TC had not banked on Johnny Gunshots being protected--wait a second, a T coil here in this place? There's a distant and sounding train ringing in your recesses. God, it's a bad tech to get hit with if you don't die. The whistle is furious and you don't remember anything. You do but you're pushing it away--pushing it far far away to allow for some shred of sanity in the twilight of your vacation. You look back at the tin shooters who nailed Gun--looks as though they were hit with an ample dose of stopping power themselves.

By the look of it they still have about 15 hours left of being living hamburg. Walking, breathing, screaming hamburg. Badges and stars and stripes and taps pinned on their packages along with no sale death only. Their old boom box blaring military funeral every time dirty cops bite it. Two dead men. The price is nothing.  
--Jesus Johnny, you're fucked up. you say to lighten the mood.  
Now, his lower half is white bone crackling with each step. His hair back skin cape waving in the red night. It must be all that green jelly holding him together. That and straight mutant power.  
--I know it doesn't look good for me, but I'll get outta this in one piece, but you? I'm not so sure. Look at me, Dustman, I can't even breath nevermind murder. You need to get outta here. They want you dude.  
You are both running quickly for this dark yellow alley. The courtyard of Celebration and also Execution. The yellow fog is sweet in the air tonight, you can hardly see the sky only the buildings around you feels like breathing cotton candy it's at least as sweet and satisfying the oxygen requirement so it is what it is.  
--What the fuck are you talking about Johnny? you ask him. He laughs. You join him once you take another solid look at the form he's assuming now. He's a living talking nightmare from the worst waterfall shock ghost death dreams you ever had. Well now he's here with you having a laugh, surviving incredible injuries.  
--The old band, man. They need you back.

You reach for a gun, there should be a tiny one here on your ankle you need to die right now you need to leave quick way plan b not off the table anyway it takes now. One way ticket to a distant shore, wherever you wake up that time around.  
--They need you Dustman. The League needs you. Fucking god the sound all around is so obvious now with its blue taste and strong feel, it's close now, timesound.  
--What the fuck? Timesound? you ask, knowing the answer too well.  
--Time to go Dustman. You gotta go back, plus you'll live. I'll be seeing you don't worry, look at me--think of me on your way back. Look at the way I look.  
--I'm not around this anymore! you yell but not even you believe it.



In your  
dreams that  
night you see ev-  
eryone you love and  
it's cold and they end  
up having pitch black eyes  
and you're frozen in water-  
fall terror you gotta make pip-  
py your bladder is full so in your  
dream there are spiders in it like a  
wineskin pissing to get out.







Welcome to the ARMY. I'm your sargent.  
My name's Sargent Pommelsson. Welcome to WAR.  
Welcome to the desert theater of WAR.  
Welcome to The Iraq WAR.

Now that you're in this WAR, you got one JOB, and that's to KILL.  
Your JOB is to KILL as many as you can.  
As of right now, you owe me 100 Iraqi scalps... and I want my scalps.

The great Civil War general  
William Tequinmesh once said,  
"War is Hell, but peace is boring...  
War is Hell, but peace sells,  
but who's buying?"

I hope you had enough pizza  
before you left, because Domino's  
doesn't deliver to the warzone.

### ARMY FAST "FACT"

When you join up the army, you'll get all kinds of "great" job training. Like in the commercials? What would you like to be? How 'bout an airplane mechanic. You'll be making about \$70,000/year plus benefits at Boeing after you graduate ARMY, right? We'll teach you how to work with computers, you'll probably be the head of IT for a Fortune 500 company. Nah. You know what? You should work in human resources bro, cus you're a People Person. There's nothing Corporate America would like more than to have "you" hanging around, a blown out grisly war-wounded trigger-happy medicated alcoholic. When they interview you, make sure you tell them how good you are at cleaning latrines and keeping your bed made. Make sure you give the interviewer a good thousand-mile stare. The World is your oyster once we spit you out.

You're just a tool now.





This isn't CoD... There are PERKS, there are WEAPONS, there are UPGRADES, but there's NO RESPAWN. As of 0800 hours, you are only allowed to play games with PERMADEATH. Diablo hardcore mode, The Binding of Isaac... If I find any members of this platoon playing softcore games, I'm gonna photoshop you into this picture of TWO GUYS KISSING, and I'm gonna show that to my higher officials. Then a court martial will send you off to ARMY HOMO JAIL.



Let me get you up to date on the latest ARMY slang, the kind you're not gonna find on Urban Dictionary. Shotguns? We call them SHORT-RANGE FUCKERS. Sniper rifles, like DRAGUNOVs? We call them LONG-RANGE FUCKERS. And machine guns... we just call them... plain old FUCKERS. Unless it's *your* machine gun, in which case you give it the name of YOUR EX-GIRLFRIEND.



Look to your left.  
Now look to your right.

One of these people is gonna  
get shot by an Iraqi.

**ARMY FAST "FACT"**

OK, cadet, time to get up to speed with the \*coolest\* ARMY lingo. First off, your ass—that we call a 'tushy'. Your dick? Yeah, that's your pee-pee. What about your mouth? That's the chow-hole. And your head, well, that's just a regular old 'BULLET SPONGE'. Home, like where you came from, we call that 'the-place-we-do-not-name' because it makes us so sad to think about.

The time for sitting on your couch  
watching Tenchi Muyo is OVER.

You're in a WARZONE now.

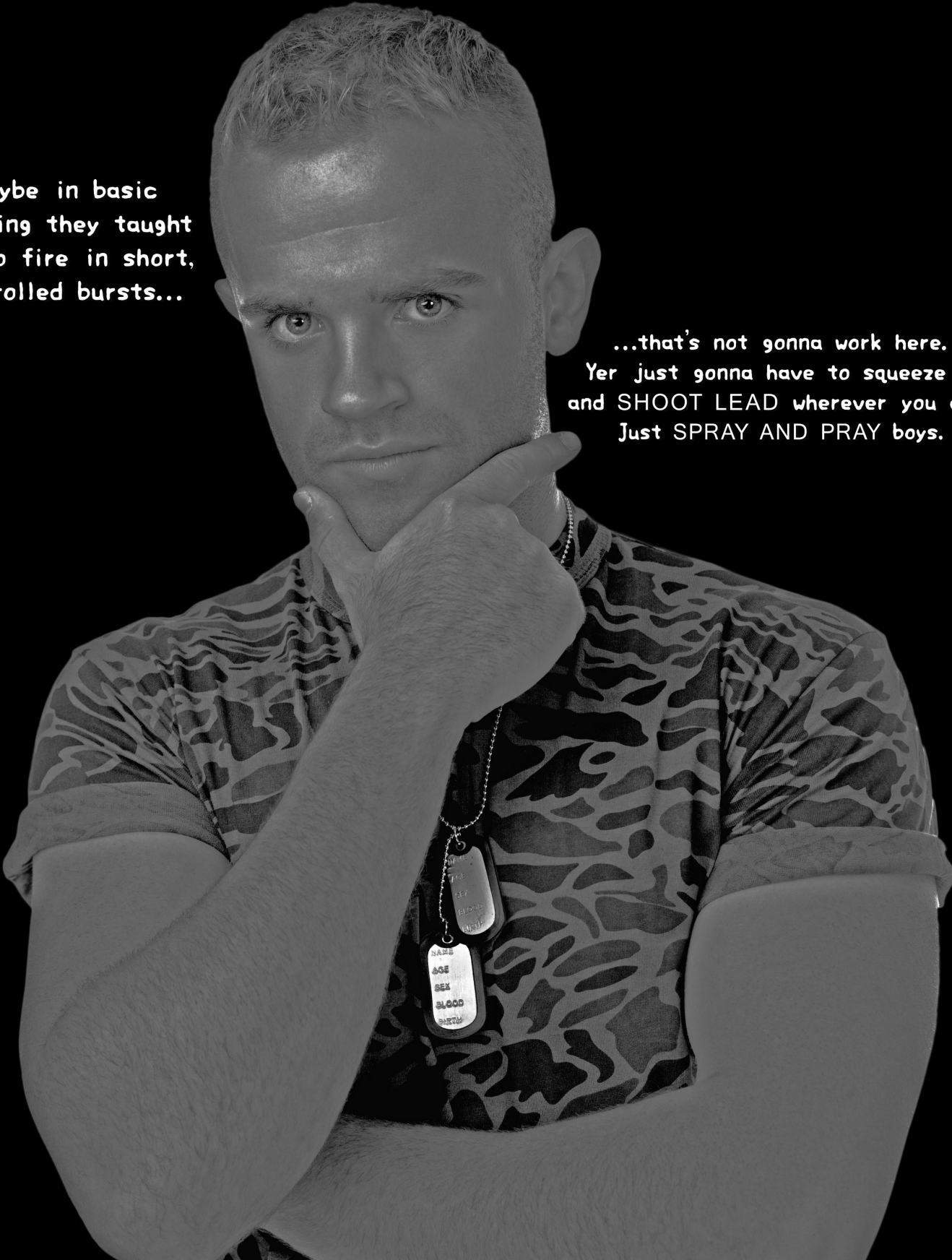
You've been sent here on a  
KILLING MISSION for corporate  
interests, and it's my JOB to  
make sure you get those KILLS.

I will personally make sure every  
one of you gets a TRIPLE KILL.



That state of the art camouflage is not gonna help you.  
I'm afraid you're just gonna have to hide in plain sight...  
Try using cover fire... Don't move around too much.  
That's it, now get out there and get 'em.

Maybe in basic  
training they taught  
you to fire in short,  
controlled bursts...

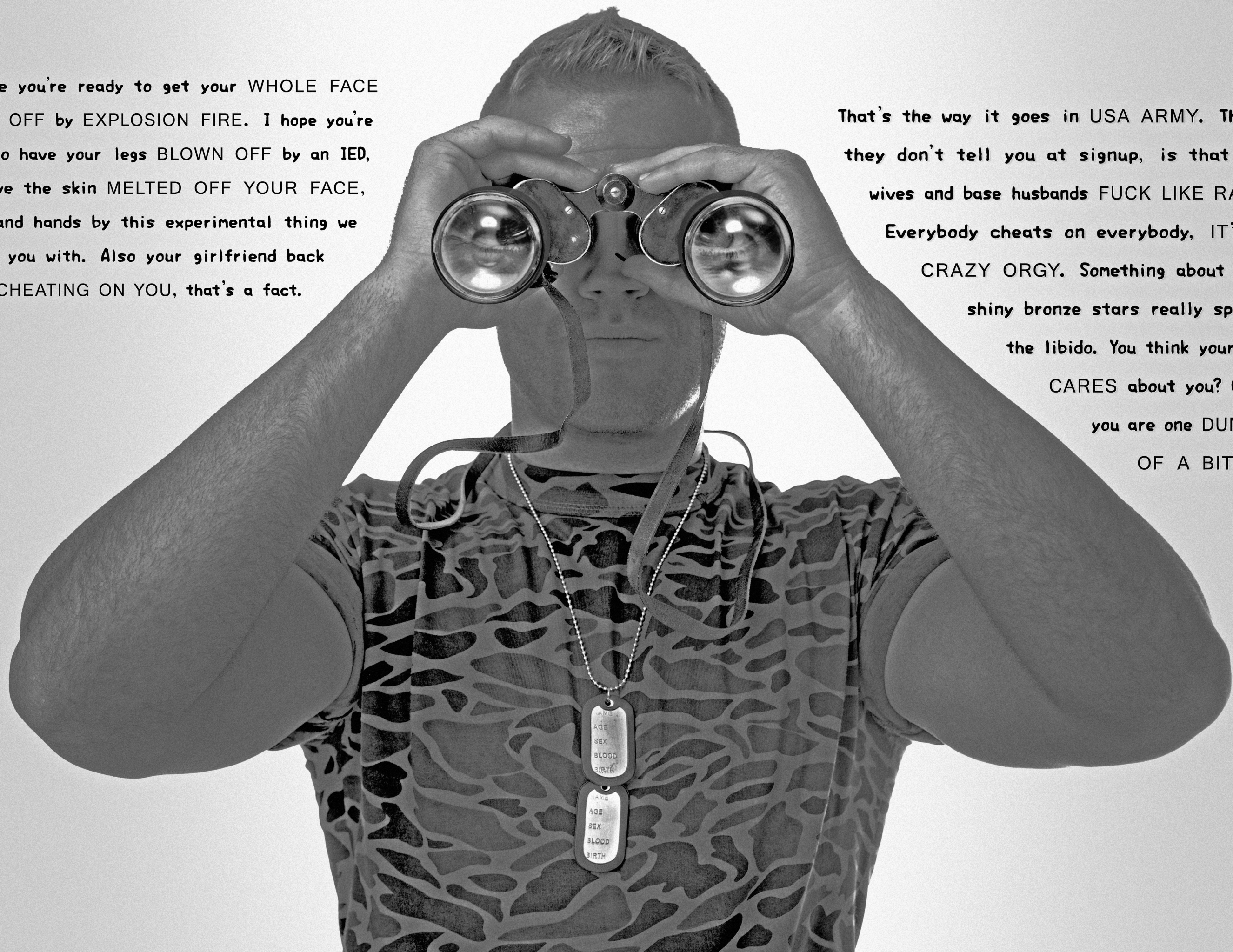


...that's not gonna work here.  
Yer just gonna have to squeeze it  
and SHOOT LEAD wherever you can.  
Just SPRAY AND PRAY boys.



I hope you're ready to get your WHOLE FACE  
BURNT OFF by EXPLOSION FIRE. I hope you're  
ready to have your legs BLOWN OFF by an IED,  
and have the skin MELTED OFF YOUR FACE,  
neck, and hands by this experimental thing we  
injected you with. Also your girlfriend back  
home is CHEATING ON YOU, that's a fact.

That's the way it goes in USA ARMY. The thing  
they don't tell you at signup, is that base  
wives and base husbands FUCK LIKE RABBITS.  
Everybody cheats on everybody, IT'S A  
CRAZY ORGY. Something about these  
shiny bronze stars really spikes up  
the libido. You think your country  
CARES about you? God damn  
you are one DUMB SON  
OF A BITCH.





I want all you guys to get ready to DIE for your COUNTRY.

ARMY FAST “FACT”

Do I get depressed a lot? What's a lot?  
Like every day? Yeah, I get depressed a lot :(



SHOOTING *your* GUN  
is like a clitoral orgasm.

When you get a KILL,  
it's like a *vaginal* orgasm.





## ARMY FAST "FACT"

Best part about being in the ARMY? Hmmm...  
Definitely being trapped in third-world sewer  
hell for years at a time with no way out!

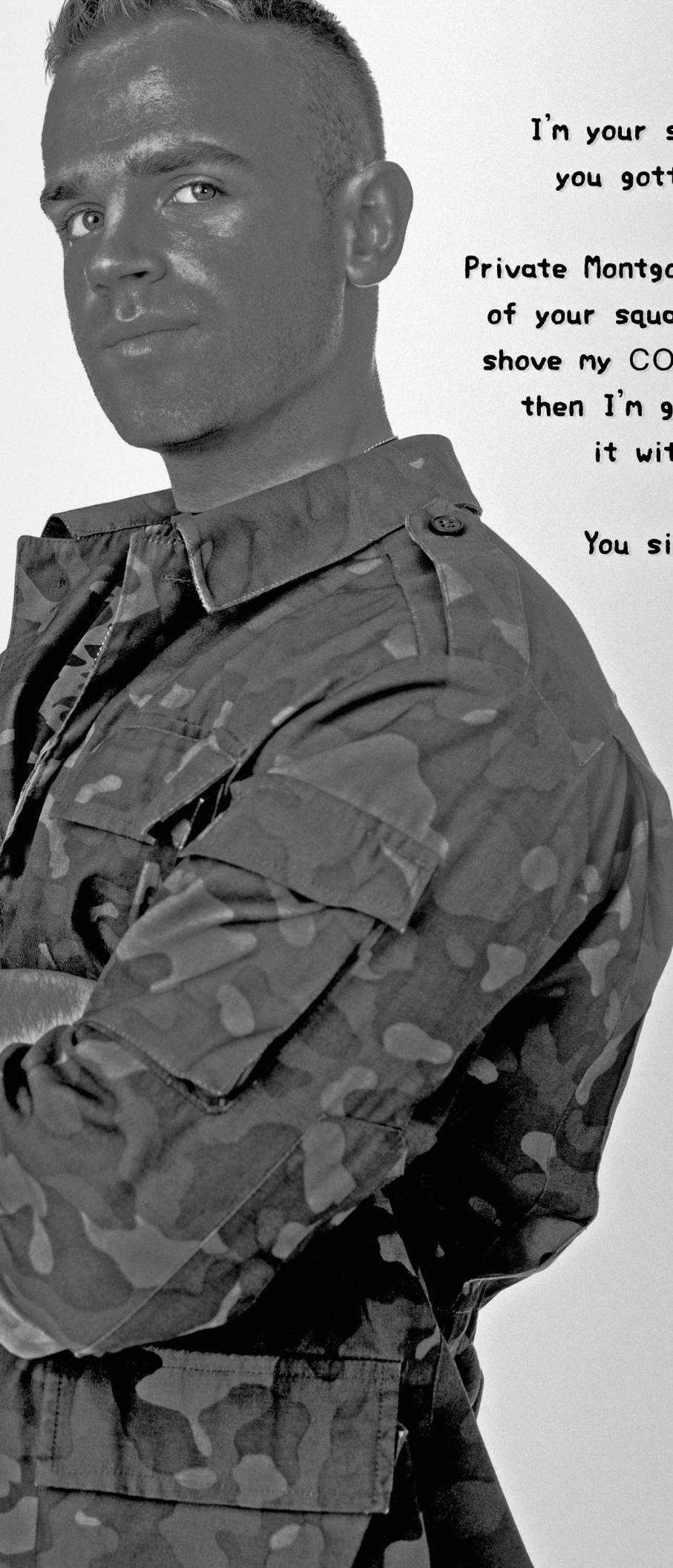
Back home where everything's  
soft and warm, if you hear  
someone go ALALALALA...  
I'm not gonna do the voice,  
but if you hear someone go  
ALALALALA, it's funny.

It's not funny here. Here it means  
you're about to get blown up.

It's easy to forget what sin is,  
on the battlefield.







I'm your sargent, that means  
you gotta say what I do.

Private Montgomery Hubbles! Name one  
of your squadmates, cus I'm gonna  
shove my COCK in your ASS, and  
then I'm gonna make him clean  
it with his MOUTH!

You signed up for this.

You signed up for the ARMY, and that means you signed up for all kinds of  
FUCKED UP things to happen to you and the brothers you serve with.



### ARMY FAST "FACT"

They Lied.  
Mom Cried.  
Dad Died.

- a poem I wrote while stranded  
in hellhole desert nightmare

Take this experimental anthrax pill.



Today's mission is gonna be installing this well so that the villagers can have access to clean drinking water...

Just kidding. All there's time to do is RUN and SHOOT.

The ARMY sure gives you one seriously FUCKED UP sense of humor. If you ever make it back to Civilian Land you'll be ruining a few dinner parties and family gatherings with your grisly jokes. All part of that package deal.



PLEASE TELL ME  
WHO I AM



GOOD GOD, I DIDN'T KNOW THEY STACKED SHIT THAT HIGH



Ancient cultures used to RESPECT their warriors.  
When I came home from THE GREAT WAR and told my  
sister's boyfriend that I'll SNIPE him with an M4 carbine,  
everybody looked at me weird and told me I ruin everything

Private Wineglass, I nicknamed you TANK because you remind  
me of the guy from THE MATRIX. But due to a bureaucratic  
error you're now ACTUALLY ASSIGNED TO DRIVE A TANK.  
You know what that means: death before dismount.

Become best friends with the sands  
of this Afghan land, and your love  
will be the rattle of guns...

It's my dream to make a country just for soldiers,  
just soldiers no nation. Outer Haven.

#### ARMY FAST "FACT"

Every time I clean my gun, I think about  
killing myself... That way, they could  
just say that it was an accident I had  
while cleaning my gun. My mom and  
dad wouldn't have to live with the  
shame of having raised a suicidal weak  
pussy, and maybe my widow could get  
some of that good good army money.



**All hail the great pyromancer.  
The Great Server of Total  
Justice U.S. Justice. The Lead  
Power is as effective abroad  
streetcleaning hellholes  
around the globe as it is  
domestic, giving citizens  
the Bonus March. The end  
result :: such bad people died  
good deaths. Sang to sleep  
by screaming beasts pumped  
through the walls by those  
that serve and protect.  
Peppered with fire and lead by  
the heavy hand of the fine gen-  
tle, understanding rulership.  
A kingship to smite thee ash-  
es — all thee without the bent  
knee bow, and ankle grab.  
This ankle grab's for you.**



Usually gloriously reserved for posthumous celebration,  
however We shall make an exception for those who are Dead Inside :)

OH WOW OH WOW  
OH WOW OH WOW  
OH WOW OH WOW  
OH WOW OH WOW  
OH WOW OH WOW  
OH WOW OH WOW  
OH WOW OH WOW  
OH WOW OH WOW  
OH WOW OH WOW  
OH WOW OH WOW

J \_ \_ K ~ O \_ F ~  
TO ~ T \_ \_ S

Alright everybody, let's give a really warm welcome to  
Janet Reno, the Attorney General of the god blessed USA.

She oversaw the exquisite  
P S Y O P  
P S Y W A R

torture and fiery execution of 76 men, women, and children under orchestrator  
Billary "it depends on what the meaning of the word 'is' is"

C L I N T O N  
I think Janet was chosen for her looks and brutishness  
that consequently translated crisply to the battlefield.

( Janet Sterno  
Janet Sterno - Janet Sterno  
Babykiller Janet Reno )

First of all Janet, I like what you're done with your legacy!

A "Thank you so much! My works and deeds shall live on forever. Whenever  
woman are raped, tortured, raped, abused, raped, married, raped,  
impregnated, raped, and warred upon--The United States of Amerika will  
be there to lend a justice hand! You can always count on the United States  
fedgov to torture, shoot, and fire its own citizens! You can always trust  
those who rise to the top. It's just the natural order of things."

Q Janet, you should be very proud of yourself. You sleep with the screams.  
Janet! A pleasant rest bestowed to thee! Can you tell us your thoughts on  
the operation to psychologically torture and execute all the men, women,  
and CHILDREN (baby killer) at Waco, Texas? Congratulations by the way! I  
am all about you baby!

A "I'd be happy to. For starters, me and Bill spoke a lot about this, and we  
came to the same conclusion. We'd be damned letting religious extremist  
rapers live off the grid and own guns!"







I CAN \*ENSURE\* YOU THAT I'M  
THE MAN FOR THIS JOB. I MEAN,  
WOW, WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU WERE  
THIS ENTICED TO A CANDIDATE?!

GET A JOB DUDE! GOTTA GET SOME WORK,  
WORKIN' WORKIN', 2014, AINT NOBODY GONNA DO  
THIS BY ITSELF, CANT LET THIS YEAR PASS ME  
BY LIKE THE LAST ONE DID!

NOTHING  
BLA BLA BLA, I'M  
A GOOD BOY, I'M  
CAUSE BOY, WON'T  
TAKE IT IN TROUBLE, I  
I SUCK TROUBLE, I  
WHATEVER DICK IN THE ASS  
LITTLE EICHMANN  
LITTLE EICHMANN  
I'LL JUMP THROUGH  
HOOPS, I'LL SIT ON  
YOUR LAP, FUCK  
ME, FUCK ME, FUCK  
FUCK ME, FUCK ME  
FUCK ME

FUCK  
YOU

SNIVEL

FUCKING  
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COLLEGE  
BOY

LOOK AT MY PAPERS! ONE, TWO, THREE,  
FOUR, DO I HAVE EXPERIENCE, MY EXPERIENCE  
IS GUSHING OUT OF ME!



GOD GRANT ME THE  
SERENITY TO ACCEPT MY  
SLAVERY BY MINE OWN  
IGNORANCE; THE COURAGE  
TO LIVE ON, KILLING  
MYSELF, THE HILDREN,  
AND THE WORLD; AND  
THE WISDOM TO GIVE MY  
FREEDOM AWAY TO THE  
FEEDING OF THE MACHINE.



SLOIPAOI H OH

I have completed the training process. All of my sons are lined up and they all know me as Scooby, they know I hold the keys to powerful and ancient knowledge All 18 of my boys are ready to eradicate my enemies for me and show everyone that I am finally in terrifying control. I watch from my toilet hell that I live in and never leave as my Sweet and Beautiful boys unleash Real Awful Pain onto all those who oppose my shitty awful message board posts. I watch as my boys pour into their computer virally and melt down the modem and monitor in front of them, as pure hot ex-computer molten plastic and metal cascades off of their gamerstations and desks .

Disgusting dark orange sweat starts raining down from my Exoskeletal humanesque shrimp body and I know that physical death is moments away. Soon I will be able to burrow deep in the cocoon of wet sweat and hot mountain dew cancer trash in my room and I will arise as a demon from shrimp hell to show my boys how its done. The computer melting is a nice trick but once I get in there me and the boys will really get things going.

As a human I was only able to wither, shed, and lose until I died. But as a geodesic shrimp rising like a sick and grinning ghoul from the ice fire, I will only succeed and I will only swim unobstructed through the glaze of technological waste.

STREET TEENS

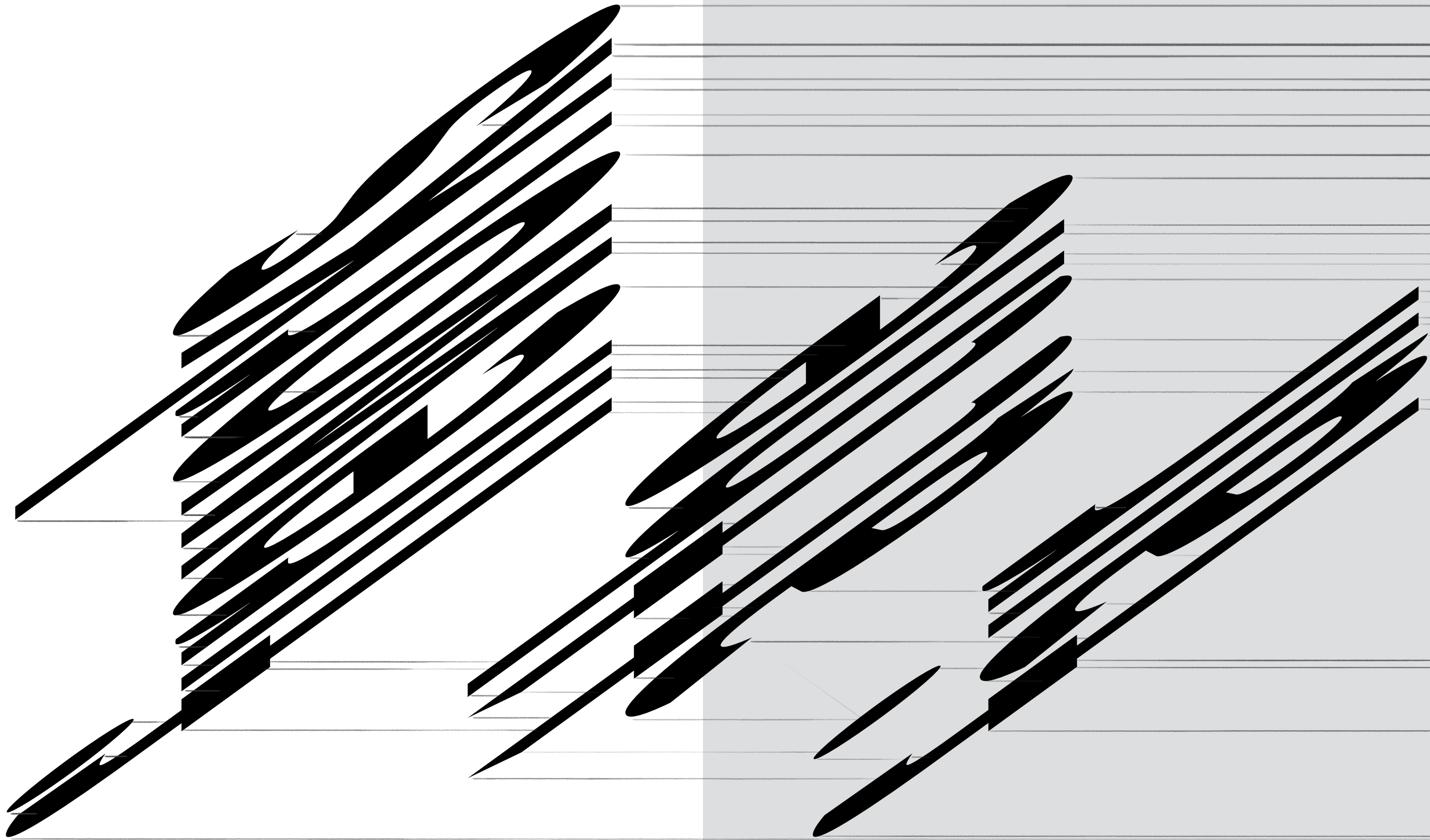
Street freaks who do not go to high school <sup>at all--</sup> and also dish out serious pain to just about any innocent passers <sup>by--</sup> are becoming self aware and forming an organic street computer. The underground Tea Party/ Bagger <sup>gov' t</sup> organization responsible for the initial creation of these street teens realize their sick experiment has gone really <sup>too</sup> far and so they must enlist the help of fifteen normal teens to get down into the gritty street <sup>scene</sup> and take down the street freaks, before their garbage mind computer powers on and jettisons everyone straight into hell.



**A man  
watching TV  
A doorbell  
rings, he  
goes over,  
opens it**

**rings, he  
goes over,  
opens it  
to find a  
man being  
electrocuted**





**700**



1.

There is a red and white tent, a huge red and white tent. Inside, there are straw bales, banners, ladies in summer dresses. There are chairs and tables, long tables with tablecloths, red and white. Everything is red and white. The ladies' dresses are red and white. The sweetheart cookies are red and white. The straw bales are yellow. The grass is green.

It is a beautiful Sunday afternoon. A man in a top hat walks from table to table, sampling each entry. His tongue cracks flaky crusts and tastes apple compote, ripe rhubarb and crabapples, chokecherry jam. Plum jelly leaves a trail all the way down his throat.

Top-hat salivates, munches, swallows. As he tastes each slice, each loaf, he feels the blue ribbon in his breast pocket, throbbing against his heart. The ribbon is reserved for Aunt Marnie's Famous Pudding, which has won the contest eight years in a row and is favoured to win it again. At the far end of the tent she lingers, watching Top-hat make his way.

Entry twenty-four: zucchini jam, made by Helen Atamanenko. Jam watery. Zucchini crunchy.



Entry twenty-five: Saskatoon berry pie, made by Pauline Colleaux. Crust overbaked. Filling consistent. Berries under-ripe.

Entry twenty-six: sour pickles, made by Edith Vereshagin. Firm. Crisp. Juicy. Sour. Too sour? No, just sour enough.

Entry twenty-seven: a mysterious vial of red fluid. Entrant unknown.

Top-hat pauses. He strokes his impeccably-waxed moustache and the blue ribbon in his pocket. He lifts entry twenty-seven, clasps it, the vial's rim dusted with bitter yellow powder. It makes Top-hat squirm, numbs his tongue before he's even tasted the liquid.

He looks to the women, who gaze at him like he's a conjuror about to perform a trick. Top-hat does not want to drink the vial, but he can feel their collective will pressing him forward, irresistibly. He knows that a contest judge must behave like a contest judge; he has to appear resolute, know his own mind, do definite things. Top-hat smiles, gestures with his arm, and drinks deeply.



His body falling, he gropes at his pockets wildly. His chest constricts, and his throat. Where is it, he wonders. Where is it? This is Top-hat's last conscious thought.

The back of his hand scuffs the earth. Top-hat's thick fingers fall open, revealing



the blue ribbon to the crowd. As the contestants contemplate the significance of this action, Aunt Marnie storms from the tent, into the carnival crowd.

2.

Chuck reads the midway, head down, looking for a ground score. He discovers coins, cigarettes (only-half-smoked), and dozens of bottles and cans. The ride jockeys look at him from the Carousel, the Tilt-a-Whirl, and the Spinning Teacups.

Chuck discovers an unused ride ticket. Chuck discovers a quarter in the dust. Chuck discovers a girl's shoe. He discovers her shapely ankle, knee, thigh, white dress. He lifts the white dress with his fingertips. Chuck discovers a punch in the face, delivered by the girl's boyfriend. He flees. The boyfriend gets back to what he was doing: trying to knock down three milk bottles with an underweight softball.

The girl is sixteen. She wants her boyfriend to win her the big stuffed bear so she has something to remember him by when he dumps her for her best friend. He's on the school football team, so he's good at throwing stuff.

He tosses the ball. Milk bottles come crashing down. Her face lights up.

As the girl points at pink plush, the booth operator gestures at the small print on the prize chart. The boyfriend has won nothing yet—just a ticket to the semi-finals.

The operator jumps the counter and runs out to the freak show tent. He returns, accompanied by King Hercules and General Tom Thumb.



The boyfriend throws first, knocking the bottles down. The girl is ecstatic. King Hercules throws next, knocks them down. The girl is disappointed. General Tom Thumb knocks them down. The girl is bored.

Well, gentlemen, it looks like we have a three-way tie!

The boyfriend asks: What now?

A footrace, my friend! Around the perimeter of the fair! Down through the games, the rides, exhibition tent, ticket booth, snack stands, grandstand, the lot behind the trailers, and right back here. Got that?

The boyfriend kind of nods. The other two have run this race before.

And they take off, sprinting neck-and-neck through the skill games, gambling booths, kiddie rides. The boyfriend, being an all-star wide receiver, is confident in his ability. The three rush past the exhibition tent (red and white). General Tom Thumb is startlingly quick, takes the lead. They round the ticket booth, brushing past a line of kids with handfuls

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of quarters. King Hercules is a few strides back now and falling further behind. They weave through food vendors, customers, hamburgers, hot dogs. The boyfriend is getting tired now, panting and puffing. They pass the grandstand, roadies performing soundchecks to empty bleachers. General Thumb is slowing down, the boyfriend is catching up. They reach the muddy back lot behind the trailers. The boyfriend closes in on Thumb. The little General turns, lunging at him, knocking him off his feet. King Hercules catches up and pummels the boy with his fists, misting the air with blood. Thumb lets out a maniacal little laugh, cheering at knuckles bouncing off ribs.

By the time the boyfriend trails blood to the softball stand, the girl is nowhere to be found. By the look on the operator's face he can tell that she's already back at home, pink plush bear vibrating in her creamy arms.

3.  
As the cloudless sky begins to fade, Virginia's eyes become the bluest thing there.

There, of course, being the Ring Toss booth. She pockets a five-dollar bill, gives fifteen blue rings to a mother and her twelve-year-old son. Rings fly. Mother and son walk.

Virginia eyeballs passers-by, picks a mark, readies her voice. Chester interjects. Don't blow your pipes, kid. Take a break. He leans on his cane. You're doing good tonight. Thanks, Chester. She leans up against the counter and starts to flip through her bankroll. Kid, 'tis time you learned the nuances of this fair. You got simple charm, but you don't yet know the subtleties of running this booth. Don't worry Chester. I know what I'm doing.

It never hurts to hear it once more. First you learn your pitch. Different cracks work on different people. You got your cake eaters and your sharpies. Make sure you know the difference. Then you got your different prizes: the plush, which you don't give away, and the slum, which you do. And sometimes when it's real slow, you throw stock to get a draw, and then when you got a big crowd, you just go wild and burn the lot. And never interrupt a boy arguing with his girl. He'll break your nose. But if his girl's arguing with him, he'll play just to get her off his back. Are you getting all this, kid? This is the fruit of knowledge I'm passing down to you here. Chester, look at all these people. We should be sellin' rings now.

He moves in closer. Let me tell you something, kid. For you, one day I'm gonna make something real. One day I'll get us out of this booth, buy us a giant wheel, six seats in each car, sixty cars on the wheel, two hundred feet in the sky. You know what we could see from two hundred feet up?

She'd never thought about it. We could see a lot, kid. You and me. Two hundred feet is a long way. We could see so clear that we'd know everything. We could do anything. I promise you, kid. What I'm saying is true. It's gonna happen. His tattoos accentuate the wrinkles of his skin. He coughs and chews a handful of amphetamines. The sky is almost black now. Chester, we just lost a dozen marks. He struggles for words. You mean, while I was talking to you? But I only counted twenty people walk by. That's four, maybe six marks. It was more like thirty, and I could have turned ten of 'em, Chester. Oh, yeah. And another thing. Never eat cotton candy in the rain.

4.  
The fat lady sits down to supper. Diet green turtle soup. Salad: tomatoes, carrots, peas, peppers, beans, kale, squash, melons, pumpkins, and freshly-harvested Jerusalem artichoke. Main course: A tartar steak, cooked purslane leaf, brussels sprouts, broccoli, swiss chard, sauerkraut, fresh caviar, fried chicken, fig paste, meatloaf, roast duck, raw salt pork, a side of backfat, venison, elk, mountain sheep, antelope, twelve suet dumplings, seven lobsters, a pair of canvasback ducks, a double-serving of terrapin, a quantem loaf, eighteen yards of black pudding, four hundred pigeons. A pie filled only with birds that can imitate the human voice. A Babe Ruth rookie card. The magazine rack from the doctor's office. A tin of motor oil. Light bulbs. Razor blades. A human baby. Leo Tolstoy's gravestone. A space ship. Two diamond mines. Six of the seven ancient wonders of the world, excluding the Colossus. The Roman alphabet. The invisible man. Heaven. Magic. Her own skull. The rings of Saturn. To drink: a proper wine. After supper: pies in her pie-hole, corn dogs in her corn-hole, lady fingers in her lady-hole.

5.  
It is getting late now. The lights of the Duck Pond illuminate a garbage barrel, its lid shaped like a clown's head.

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Baby Boy staggers from the Gravitron, clutches the clown's cheeks and puts his face in the barrel's great open smile.

Saliva spills from Baby Boy's mouth like sun-spoiled gelatin. Then there is a churning, chugging, expanding, contracting. His throat tenses, epiglottis seals shut. His abdomen turns pressure tank, his esophagus a metal plumbing pipe.

Flush. A strawberry Sno-Cone and half a mustard corn dog spray out through his mouth and nose. The face eats what Baby feeds it. It receives. Baby Boy gives. Seconds pass. Throat stretching. Lungs starving. Face red. Eyes bulging. Seconds turn into minutes, and finally—he is released.

Baby Boy slides down the clown, onto his knees. As stomach acids dance in his sinuses, his head grows dizzy. For a moment he is euphoric, in the womb, never been born. How can Baby Boy be sure he's alive, or ever has been?

Kites and comic books become irrelevant. Baby smiles. Curled up on the ground, he's one foot in paradise. He will never be this high again, though he will try with drug and with woman. Even seconds from now, when vomit gushes anew, such ecstasy will elude him.

Stupefied, Baby hears his dad lecturing the lonely Duck Pond carny. He says, That foam reminds me of the last time I drank Guinness. I spent the night with an Irish whore, woke up in a state of sleep paralysis. I puked in my own face until I almost drowned. Lucky the whore woke up, or I'd be dad for sure. Did you say dad? asks the carny. Oh, did I? Ha. I meant dead.

Baby Boy remembers early mornings when his mother would wake him up, wrap him in his blanket, and take him in the car while she drove dad to the factory. On the way home, she would let him sit in the front seat.

## 6. It is the last performance of the night. Everyone has a giant foam hand and a giant beer. A rock and roll band plays rock and roll in the outdoor grandstand.

Over the loudspeakers the singer yells: Tonight the earth will quake and the sky will rain fire! Alright babies, one two three four!

As the band launches into their rock epic, The Strange Adventures of Maxwell Seed, stage-mounted cannons fire streamers into a thirty-foot dirt gulf between the stage and the bleachers. Sonic distortion bombards the crowd. They go wild and claw at the wire fence.

It starts to rain, a monsoon. The dirt gulf goes muddy. The band runs around the stage, throwing plastic sheeting over the mixing board, monitors, amps. As they do this, they continue to play exquisitely. The guitar player slips on the wet stage, but rising to his feet he hammers out the finest solo ever heard.

The crowd climbs over one another to get closer to the music. The sun emerges from the depths of the night and floods the grandstand with rainbows.

The bass player feeds on the crowd's energy and is driven to spectacle. He smashes his guitar against the stage six times and flings it through the air. It lands in a pool of knee-deep mud. They break through the fence and spill out into the slick midnight rainbow mud, swarming the broken guitar. Those who slip are promptly trampled. The scene reminds the drummer of his tour of duty and sends him into a flashback state.

He leaps up to fight for his life. He casts his drumsticks at the crowd, but this only pleases and encourages them. He pulls a set of throwing knives from his belt and kills five with perfect accuracy. He shoots fireballs from his fingertips, lasers from his eyes, and bullets from his gun.

## The crowd tries to retreat, but he's killing them too fast. The other band members try to calm him down. Don't touch me! he yells, growing gasoline wings that fly him off into the stratosphere.

The survivors offer first aid to the wounded and Christian burials to the dead. The band and their roadies start to pack up, because they can't finish the show without a drummer.

Then the drummer flies back, a strafing run, firing machine guns and spraying napalm, agent orange, and mustard gas all over the place. Everyone's burning alive.

Lick hammers buttons and cranks the joystick.

Do you think he'll beat the game?

I don't know, I've never seen anybody make it this far on one quarter. I don't think he'll make it. I don't know. Lick has the heart of a lion and the will of a jaguar. He, ten years old, is a video game scientist. His hand-eye coordination is so well-developed that someday he'll be a surgeon, or a carny, or maybe both.

The Yakuza are betting \$100M that Lick will win. The Sicilian Mafia are betting against him. Everything else in the arcade tent has come to a halt. Lick swivels the joystick counter-clockwise and the drummer flies in for another run. He presses a six-button combination and the flaming crowd shoots an anti-aircraft missile into the sky. The drummer is hit. The crowd is on fire. Their souls are leaving their bodies. Ghosts drift around the fairground.

Something occurs to Lick: the code of universal existence. It comes to him instinctively, in the form of a mathematical equation. He renders this equation into a fifty-button video game manoeuvre. The dying crowd begins to dissipate, the drummer likewise. The world grows calm. Every object in the game is broken down to its atomic elements, most of which look very similar to cats and/or butterflies. Source code splashes across the screen and cascades to the ground. Lick has won.

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As always, he has won. The spectators want to embrace him, but he's already disappeared into the dark.

The Mafia pay the Yakuza with an oversized \$100M cheque, seizing the photo op. Cameras: Click-clack!

7.

It is time for the fireworks.  
A fuse-lighter lights fuses.  
People gather for the spectacle.

A carny clutches his chest. I'll be alright, kid. Keep tossin' rings.  
Yellow, purple, and green comets shoot into the sky, exploding with beautiful large chrysanthemum bursts. The carny walks behind the trailers, searching for fresh air. In the back lot he staggers, slips to the ground, and splashes through the sky.

There is a white crackle,  
red crackle, blue crackle,  
and multi-burst flower patterns with passionate barrage, covering a range of view wide as wheatfields.

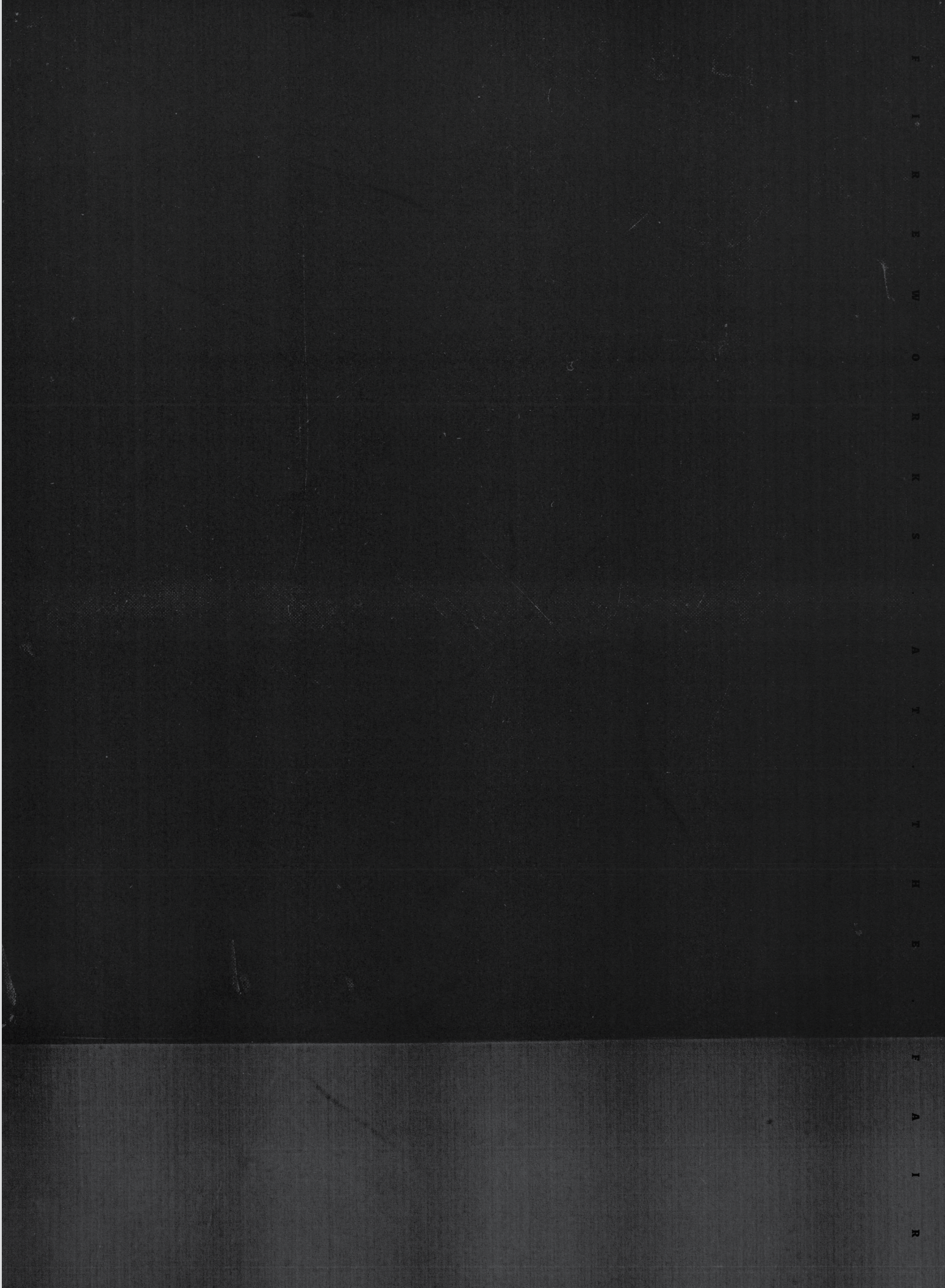
Were these lights always up here? He can smell each chemical, each colour illuminating the ground below.

Magnesium, a dress, pale skin, the handle of a knife hidden behind a concession stand. Lithium carbonate, a shattered vial, candy apples, the awning of a tent. Copper chloride, a five-dollar bill, his tattoo, her blue eyes.

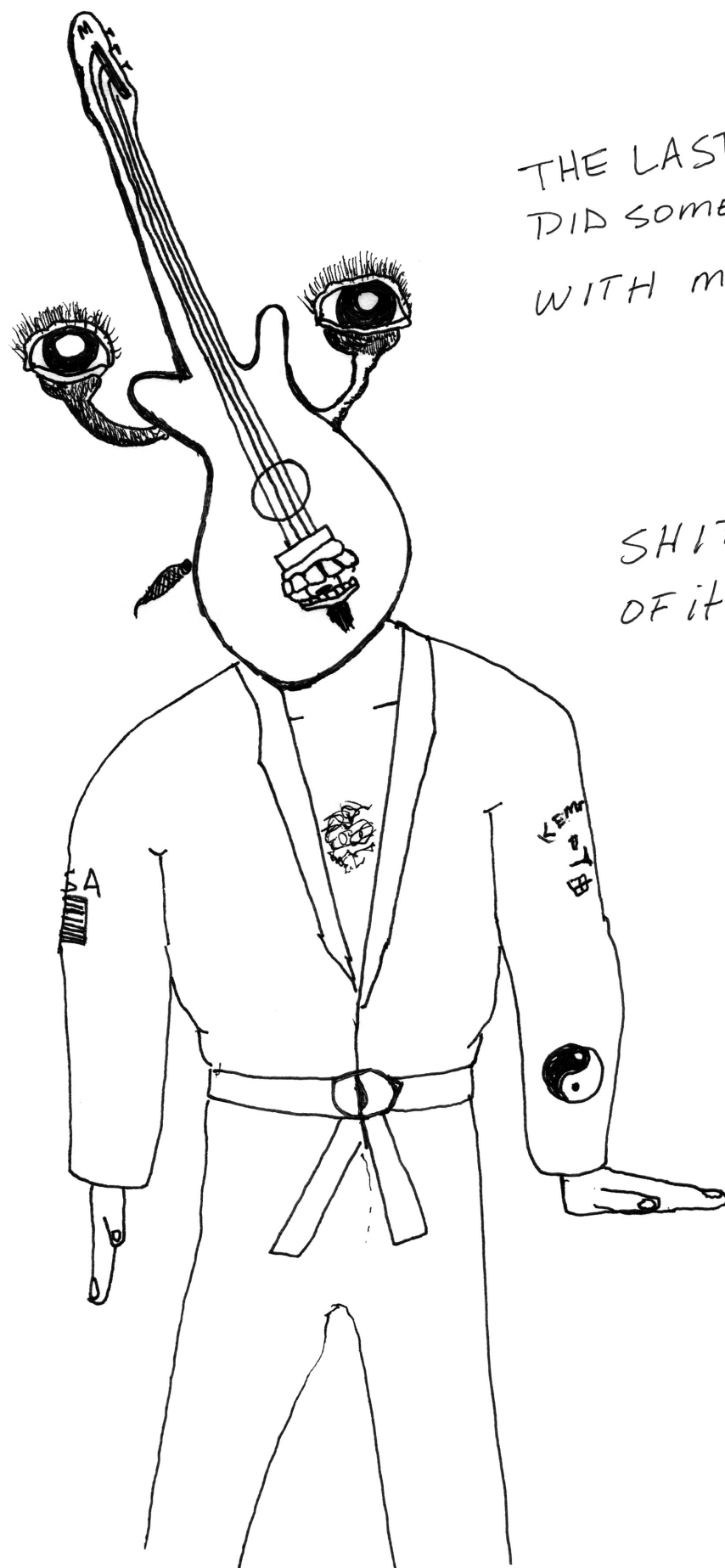
She picks her mark, delivers her pitch, takes in money, doles out slum. It will be hours still before she drops the awning.



The ambulance arrives, flashing red and white, paramedics loading up the body.  
He can taste the black powder.  
He can feel himself turn to smoke.







THE LAST TIME SOMEONE  
DID SOMETHING AMAZING  
WITH MY HEAD WAS....

SHIT WHEN I think  
OF it .... OH OH I KNOW.

Guitar  
Head

**The best  
type of motiva-  
tional music for  
practicing your  
Katas and back  
kicks is late  
nineties rock.**

Bands like :

- Three doors down
- Fastball
- Bush,
- Everclear
- Seven Mary 3,
- Goo Goo Dolls,
- Fuel - Sunburn
- Creed - My Own Prison

This album has some  
killer songs on it

- Shihad - The General Electric
- System of a Down's debut

I must've listened to Spiders  
hundreds of times in '98.

- Metallica - Garage, S & M
- APC - Mer De Noms
- Pantera - Reinventing  
the Steel
- Slipknot's s/t
- Silverchair - Neon Ballroom

I was nuts on Ana's  
Song for a while there.

And there are tons of single  
tracks that remind me a lot of  
that time, generally just songs  
I remember from the radio.

Kempo  
Ken

- Bush - Swallowed
- Counting Crows - A  
Long December
- Days of the New - Touch,  
Peel and Stand
- Goo Goo Dolls - Iris (duh)
- 3 Doors Down - Loser
- the Vervepipe - Freshmen
- Third Eye Blind -  
Semi Charmed Life
- Stone Temple Pilots - Down
- Smashing Pumpkins -  
Everlasting Gaze, Stand  
Inside Your Love
- Seven Mary Three  
- Cumbersome
- Tool - Stinkfist
- Semisonic - Closing Time
- Rage Against the  
Machine - Guerilla Radio,  
Sleep Now in the Fire
- Pearl Jam - Last  
Kiss, Light Years
- Live - Dolphin's Cry,  
Lakini's Juice
- Korn - Freak on a  
Leash, Got the Life
- Foo Fighters - Learn to Fly
- Alice in Chains - Get Born  
Again, Fear the Voices
- Cranberries - Zombie
- Creed - Faceless Man, Higher
- The Feelers - Venus,  
Pressure Man

Also

- Blur - Song 2  
Oh shit, and
- Wallflowers - One Headlight





TYCE COBIAN ALIAS KILLER ACE  
TYCE MAY NOT SEEM LIKE THE TYPE TO BE A HACKER. SURE, HE IS A HARDENED SPEC-OPS COMMANDO WITH A HEART OF GOLD. SURE, HE HAS OVER 100 CONFIRMED KILLS. BUT WHAT HIS BROTHERS IN ARMS DON'T KNOW IS THAT HE LEADS A HIGH-STAKES SECRET LIFE AS A PRIVATE CONTRACTOR, A SOLO MERCENARY WHO TAKES ORDERS FROM NO-ONE, RUNNING FREELY THROUGH THE CYBER-BATTLEFIELD LIKE A WOLF RUNNING UNDER THE MOONLIGHT.

A SHADOWY GOVERNMENT OPERATOR, KILLER ACE IS ONLY KNOWN BY HIS CODE-NAME, KILLER ACE. KILLER ACE WAS TRULY BORN WITH LOADED DICE, GRADUATING TOP OF THE CLASS WITH HONORS ON EVERY MILITARY AND LAW-ENFORCEMENT TRAINING PROGRAM HE UNDERTOOK. BEING THIS MUCH OF A HIGH ROLLER, HE QUICKLY CAUGHT THE ATTENTION OF BOTH THE U.S. GOVERNMENT AND THE ILLUMINATI, NOW BEING EMPLOYED BY BOTH, ALBEIT NO ONE CAN TELL WHICH REALLY PULLS THE STRINGS. BUT BEING THE TOP GUN THAT THE GOVERNMENT SENDS IN WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN, TYCE HAS LEARNED WHAT IT MEANS TO TRULY BE IN THE HEAT OF GUNFIRE, WHEN ALL BETS ARE OFF, THAT IS.

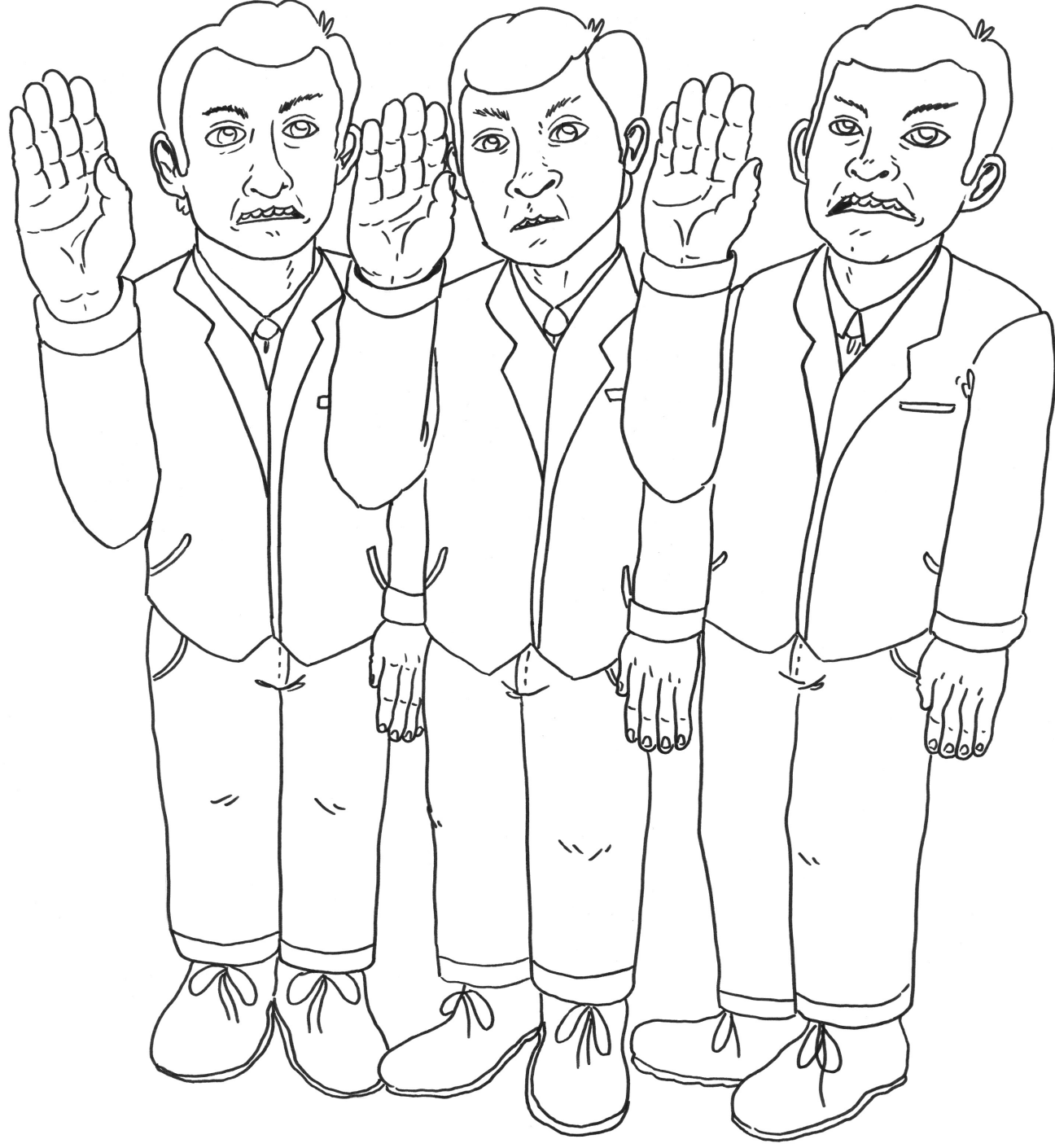
FORMERLY A DJ WHEN HE WENT ALL IN ON THE STREET MUSIC SCENE, TYCE LEARNED THE HARD WAY THAT LIFE ISN'T ALWAYS SUNSHINE AND ROSES - BUT EVEN THROUGH TRYING TIMES, HE WOULD NEVER FOLD. EARNING THE NAME KILLER ACE FROM HIS EXPERIENCE WITH USING ACES IN EPOKER, HE PICKED UP CARD COUNTING AT AN EARLY AGE, WHEN HE WAS TAUGHT THE ROPES AND THE INS AND OUTS. KILLER ACE DOES NOT SPARE ANY TIME FOR NOOBS AND SCRIPT KIDDIES; HE IS FAMOUS FOR SAYING THEY THINK THEY'RE JACKS, BUT THEY'RE REALLY JUST JOKERS, WHILE TYCE REPRESENTS THE ACE. HAVING SERVED MOST OF HIS ARMY CAREER IN THE NORTH AMERICAN SECTOR'S CYBERTERRORISM UNIT, TYCE LEARNED THE HARD WAY THAT IN A POST-9/11 WORLD, YOU MUST GUARD YOUR COMPUTER DATA WITH YOUR LIFE - IT'S ONE GAMBLE YOU CAN'T EVER TAKE.

IT IS EASY TO SEE THE SPECIAL OPS INFLUENCES IN TYCE'S ADVANCED AVANT-GARDE HACKSTYLE. WHILE MOST OF THE TIME HE REMAINS IN HIS SAFEHOUSE JACKED IN TO CYBERSPACE, HE WILL OCCASIONALLY LAUNCH AN ARMED-TO-THE-TEETH SOLO ATTACK MISSION ON THE SERVER ROOM OF THE TARGET DATA, DISPATCHING ANYONE IN HIS WAY WITH RUTHLESS EFFICIENCY TO HIJACK THE ENEMY'S COMPUTER DATA BY PHYSICALLY REMOVING ITS HARD DRIVES PRIOR TO ESCAPING THE BUILDING USING A WIDE ARRAY OF DAZZLING ACROBATIC TRICKS AND AERIAL ASSAULT MOVES.

TYCE HAD HIS FIRST TASTE OF BLOOD IN THE HACKING CIRCUIT NOT TOO LONG AGO, AND ONCE HE FELT THE POWER OF COMPUTER DATA AT HIS FINGERTIPS, THERE WAS NO GOING BACK. NOW, ASIDE FROM HIS CYBER-HACKING CAREER, TYCE IS JUST AN OLD DOG WITH AN ALBATROSS AROUND HIS NECK. HE RETIRED FROM ESPIONAGE AND COVERT OPS A YEAR AGO AND HAS BEEN LIVING AS A FREELANCE HACKER AND PEACEFUL BIKER EVER SINCE, AN ACTIVIST BIKER AMONG ACTIVIST BIKER GROUPS CAMPAIGNING AGAINST THE VIETNAM WAR. THIS IS THE YEAR 2012. FOR HIS RESONANCE AND STATUS AMONG THE ACTIVIST BIKER COMMUNITY HE SCORED A MINOR ROLE IN THE 2007 FILM WILD HOGS WITH MARTIN LAWRENCE AND TIM ALLEN.



I PLEDGE TO BE A HETEROSEXUAL  
ONLY AND NEVER LOOK AT GUYS.  
I PLEDGE TO NOT WATCH GAY FOR PAY  
OR POV TWINK PORN AND ONLY  
LIKE WOMEN.



Guys, isn't homosexuality disgusting? I mean, of all God's sins, this one is the worst. These people should be put to death, and it's a good thing they are being put to death with HIV and also laws in some of the more progressive African countries.

This is one topic which blacks and minorities get right, IMHO. Minorities get a few things right, and they will be highlighted now. One, their food is excellent. With the exception of American blacks (greasy fried chicken, yuck!) minority food is really good. El Pollo Loco, China Star, Taco Bell, Taco Togo, China Express--these are the names of some of my favorite restaurants.

Two, their women are sexy. The women develop much earlier, having nice large, firm breasts by their early teens. That goes for both blacks and hispanics. Asians are a different story but they make up for their lack of titular development in other ways. Asian girls are very delicate and demure; they keep their mouths shut which I appreciate because I have a temper. All minority women are very sexy because at a young age they teach them how to dance and also how to please a man, skills that white, western women don't learn until their 30's if ever at all. Black girls learn to shake their asses, asian girls learn

how to yum yum suck suck, and white women learn that a man doesn't love you unless he buys you expensive shoes and jewelry, and you'd better trap a man and trap his pocketbook, make sure he's rich and can afford to buy you bird feathers and expensive baubles and elegant distractions (I LOVE TO TRAVEL!). Also they cook and clean (minorities). Good luck getting Sara Goldhersch the snippy sociology major to cook or clean, you'd have better luck hitting her in the back of the head with a pipe and shoving her body down an open sewer manhole. No offense.

The catch here is that around age 19, minority women begin their downhill slide towards becoming fat, monstrous pieces of crap. Just visualize any cleaning lady from any hotel you've ever seen and now you know what Luscious Little Lupe is going to look like in ten years. But this is not really any different from white women.

And the third thing that minorities get right brings us back to our topic at hand--they have a strict no homo policy. I love this. The civil rights movement was only a few decades ago and yet black people on the whole are vehemently intolerant of homos. It's the sort of irony that you just can't write. And when black people are gay, they have the decency to keep it on the DL (on the Down Low), not flaunting it in some sort of

pervert pride parade. All in all, their attitude towards gays gets two big thumbs up. I mean, fucking another dude in the ass--think about that. Have you ever seen a dilated asshole? You know there's poop in there right? Bacteria, HIV, blood, cum, and hair! Oh, God, the hair...

Imagine that for a second: your dad meeting up on NSA CL with another guy, whether it be a smooth shaven twink, like a young asian with a slick smooth penis and hairless ballsack, beautiful shaved legs, slender stomach, you know, like Jung Hoon Lee, John Lee, or maybe an older bear, or bear cub, a leatherman, one of these guys with big muscles who can just pick you up and throw you around like a little fuckdoll, bench pressing ya, he's bending you over, fingering your butt and massaging your prostate, he's got your balls wrapped up tight with a leather strap and he's stroking your slick cock. Ugh, gross.

Anyway I think that's enough talking about gays because if I keep going I could just puke. I like big tits, American V8s, and Coca Cola. I'm not gay. That's for sure. If I were gay, why would I be having nightmares about these FAGGOTS raping me, almost every night I have them, and I wake up soaking with sweat and soaked through the pants back and front. PEACE.

# hetero pledge





THE YEAR IS 2070, TWENTY YEARS IN THE FUTURE, AND GAY RIGHTS ARE MANKIND'S BIGGEST ISSUE OF THE DAY. THERE IS NOTHING MORE CRITICAL TO WORLD SAFETY OR THE FUTURE OF OUR PEOPLE THAN GAY RIGHTS. I AM WRITING TO YOU FROM THE FRONT LINES OF THE BATTLE FOR GAY RIGHTS. I AM PROTESTING, RE-TWEETING, REPLYING TO NSA CRAIGSLIST, MEETING DISCREET MARRIED GUYS AND BEING D/D FREE, 420 FRIENDLY, HUNG AND VGL, POZ, ALL IN THE NAME OF THE GOOD FIGHT.

ZMANITY'S BEST HOPE IS THE ELITE SHOCK FORCE KNOWN AS THE HOMOPHOBIC DEATH SQUAD. THESE BRAVE MEN AND WOMEN GO DOOR TO DOOR, KILLING HOMOPHOBES AND ENACTING JUSTICE, MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR TEH GAY. THANK YOU TO OUR PRESIDENT, MARQUIS DE SADE, AND THANK YOU TO THE NATION'S NUMBER '1 RANKED BILINGUAL TV SHOW, CHING CHING ASS FUCK PARADE, GREAT JOB, STARRING REGGIE WATTS JR. AND JUNO.



# HOT QUIZ

**Which DBZ character best describes you?**

**a)**

**Goku**

**b)**

**Vegeta**

**c)**

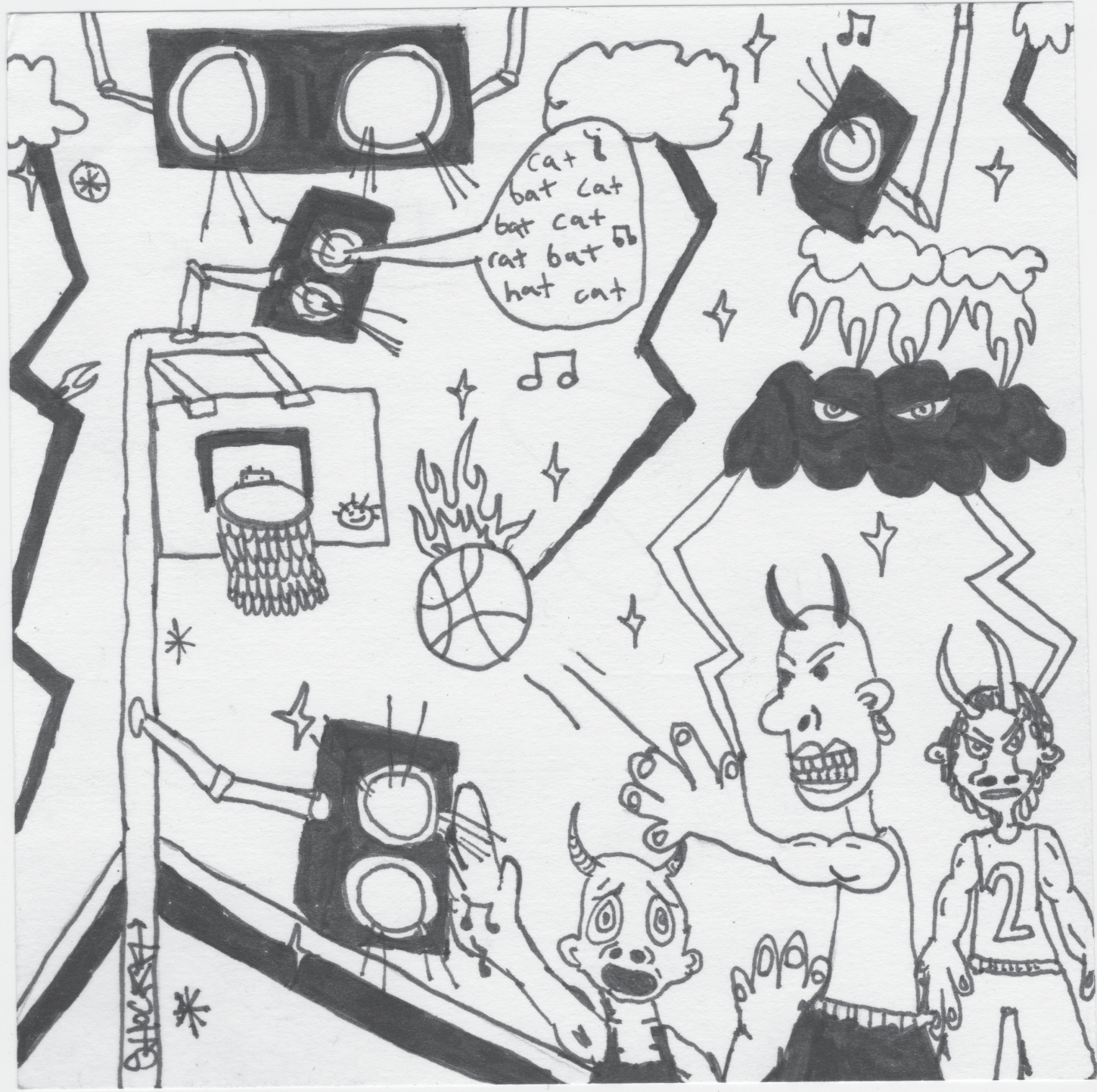
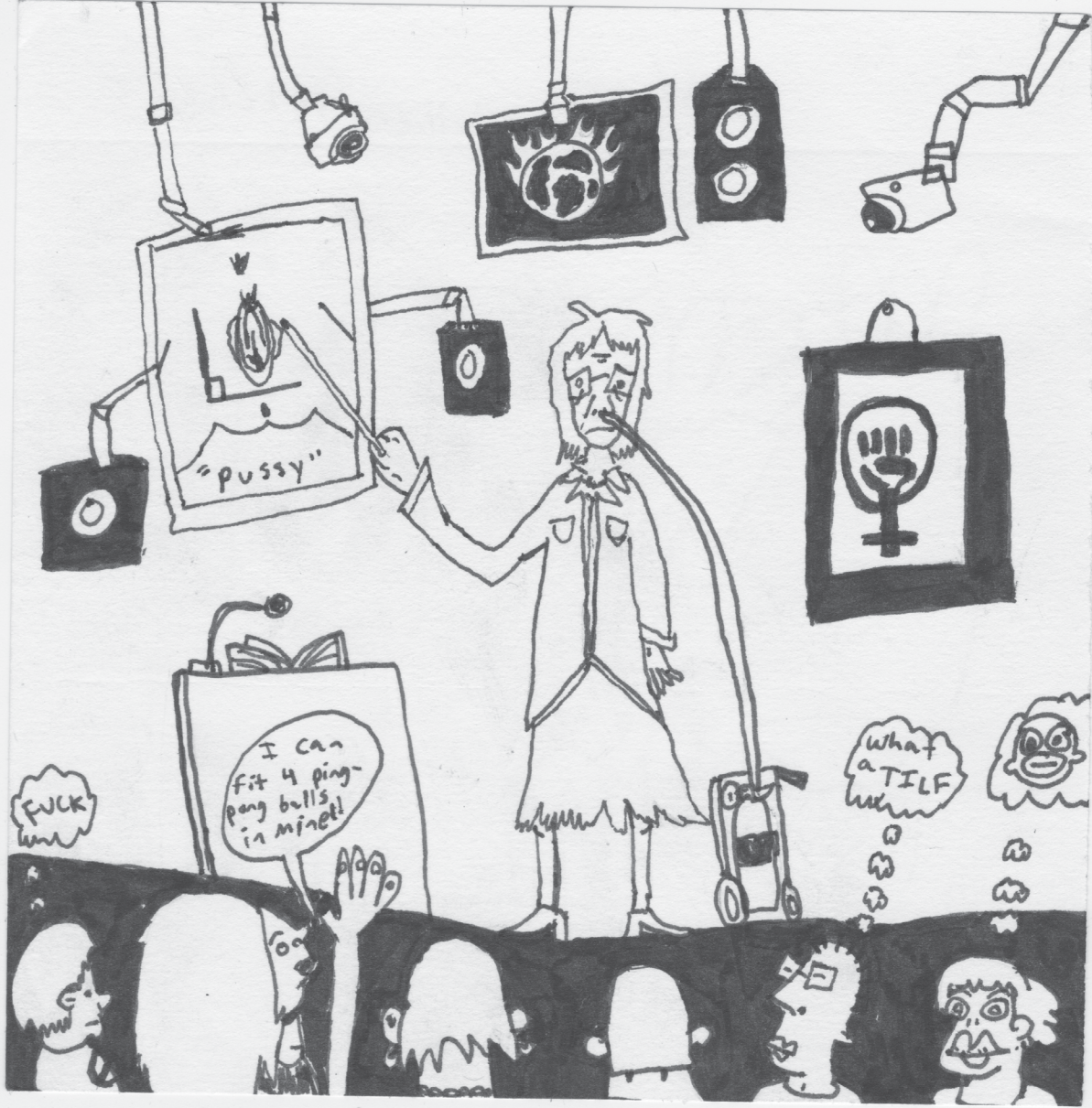
**Piccolo**

**d)**

**Bacterian**

Answer: (d)  
You are closest to Bacterian you gross fat fuck. Also his power level is the closest to yours.

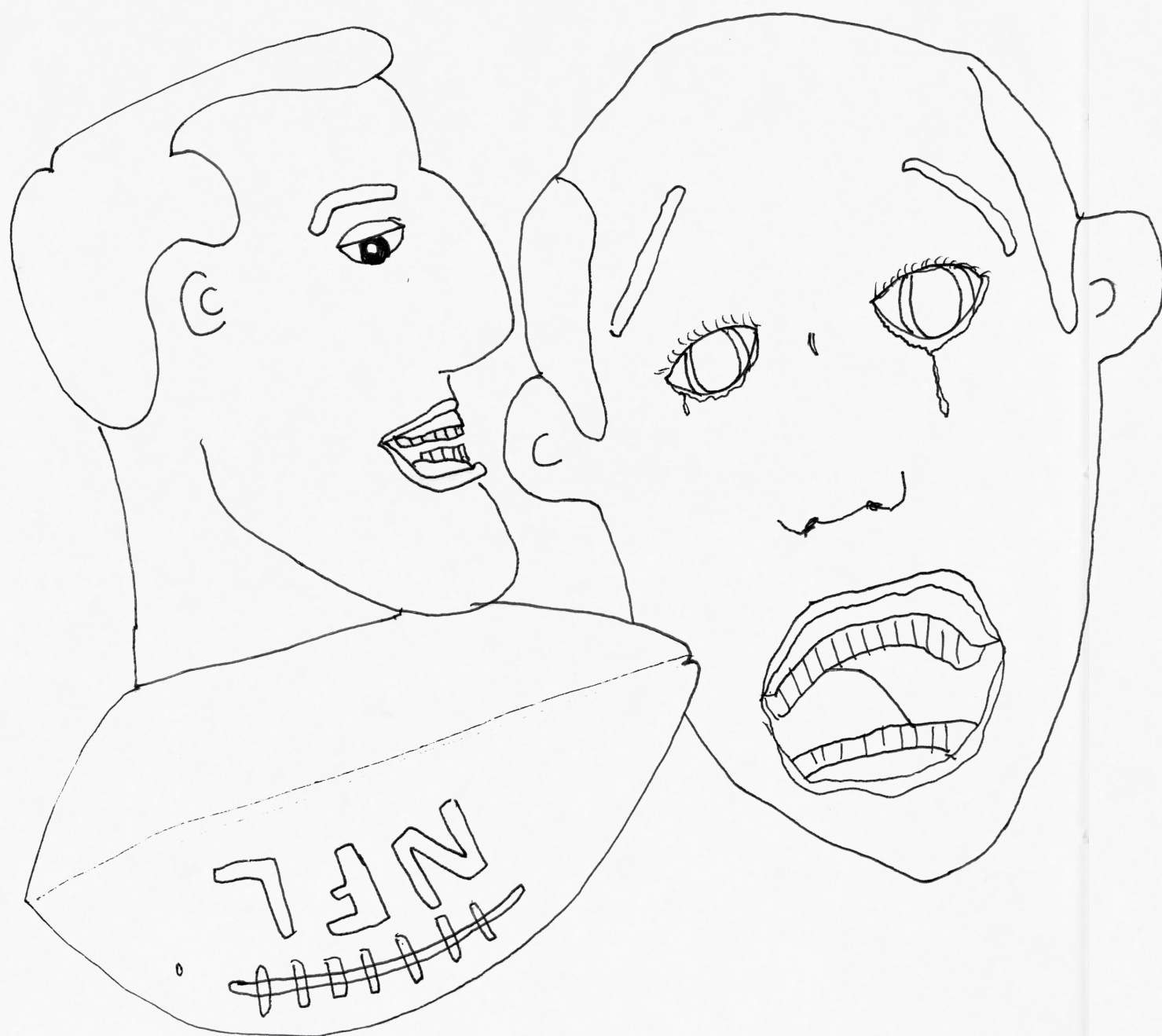












NFL  
WHISPERER

It was so big, Football was eating the lives of men across the entire country. The dreams and the demise. Men were being fired from their jobs because of their fantasy football playing. It came to surface that a season worth of playing fantasy football was equally as damaging as eating magic psychedelic mushrooms every two weeks, and tripping balls for 4 hours, for an entire year. This paralyzed the man. How could they let it get this out of control? Rather than shame inward they asked why there was so much hatred toward Hippy culture. Dreadlocks were praised, Hippies danced in the streets and rejoiced that the bars of social distaste have been lifted and deemed less damaging than our new greatest American viewership. Magic mushroom brought the fleeting populous aboard a grand starship and took them to the fourth dimension where they were all able to get cozy office jobs working for Tim Leary's Lemonade Company.

NFL  
WHISPERER

NFL  
WHISPERER

NFL  
WHISPERER



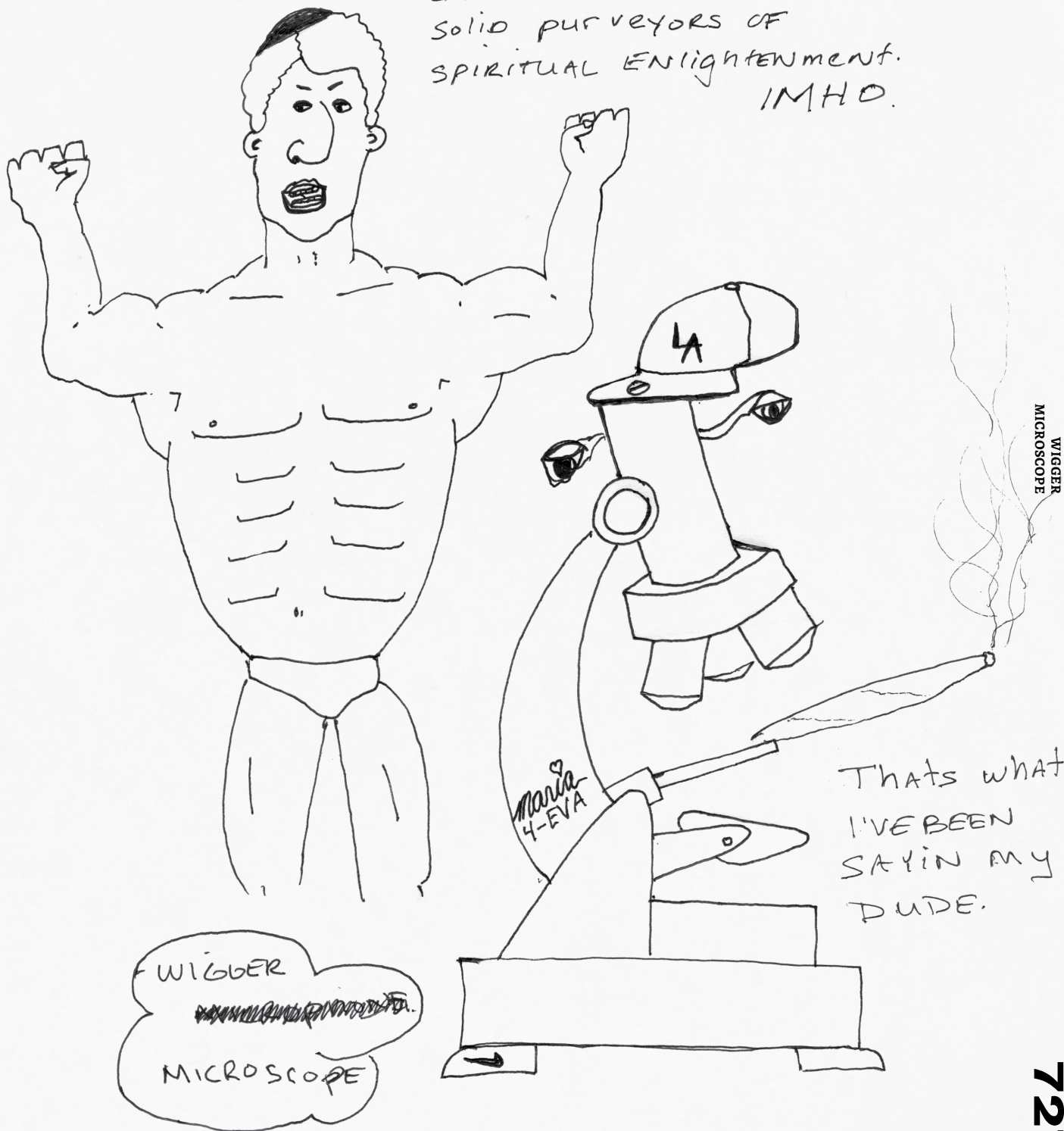


a

..KID MY BOY  
DEREK STILL GETS BOMB  
HERRING BONE BRACELETS  
STRAIGHT UP DUDE...  
SEVEN OUNCES of 14k  
GOLD.

b

ONE IS MORE LIKELY TO  
FIND WONDER IN OUR  
MORE SPIRITED NATURAL  
WONDERS of THE WORLD  
LIKE AUROKA BOREALIS.  
SOLID PURVEYORS OF  
SPIRITUAL ENLIGHTENMENT.  
IMHO.



WIGGER

MICROSCOPE

THATS WHAT  
I'VE BEEN  
SAYIN MY  
DUDE.



WIGGER MICROSCOPE:  
GOLD CHAINS

a

Wigger Microscope's boy Derek could, in fact, get dope gold rope chains. His uncle had a jewelry company in Johnston and he could get them at cost all in the early 90's. You could get a name ring all encrusted in diamonds for like a G. Brian the dork was explaining all the irreplaceable characteristics of the element, when this story came up. The gold extraction could be needed for the future computer world. Mega complex facilities that run on gold wires because of its conductivity. That was a small portion of Brian's theory but it was 2013 and the gold spot price was a bit different than it would be after the collapse of half of the worlds moneys only a few years after. Wigger Microscope had a dope stash of jewelry he always kept in a safety deposit box that kept feeding like a ghetto 401k. It was stuffed with gold and silver and shit, so he ended up fine. We will find out how good old W.M.Scope ends up later on in the series, I can't believe what this fool does.

WIGGER MICROSCOPE:

b

Wigger Microscope used to hang out with Richard Wasserman, Big Jew down at the knowledge factory. He would only speak in heightened theories, as he worked in the patent office in the smart building. WM loved the fact that his dude, Rich was on the tip. He himself had been saying that shit for like 5 years before Richard had told him that day at the gym. Wigger Microscope was explaining the benefits of cannabinoids in recents studies and Richard stressed that the new weed benefit phenomenon seemed a little too convenient when aligned with the new more lax legislative measures and taxation possibilities post worldwide distribution. Wigger Microscope was all about a worldwide weed phenomenon he blazed literally 10 Phillie Titan Blunts a day with his friends at the lab.





MAURITANIA

Then the tall fast black man took 1st place in the olympic running race. He ran so fast because at the end of the line was his beautiful bride. Mystified by her beauty he knew he knew no love like the the love from his wife, Amy. Amy was a nurse she had all the hot moves the night they met at the Applebee's near the Chicago stadium after the Running championships. She said something to him like, you look fast and that was it for Speedy John. He was in love, two big red hearts in his eyes pumped with excitement and the ideas of lust raced through his fastest leg yet. Love is a funny thing when you see it materialize right in front of your face at an Applebee's in Chicago on a random Tuesday night.

MAURITANIA

MAURITANIA

MAURITANIA

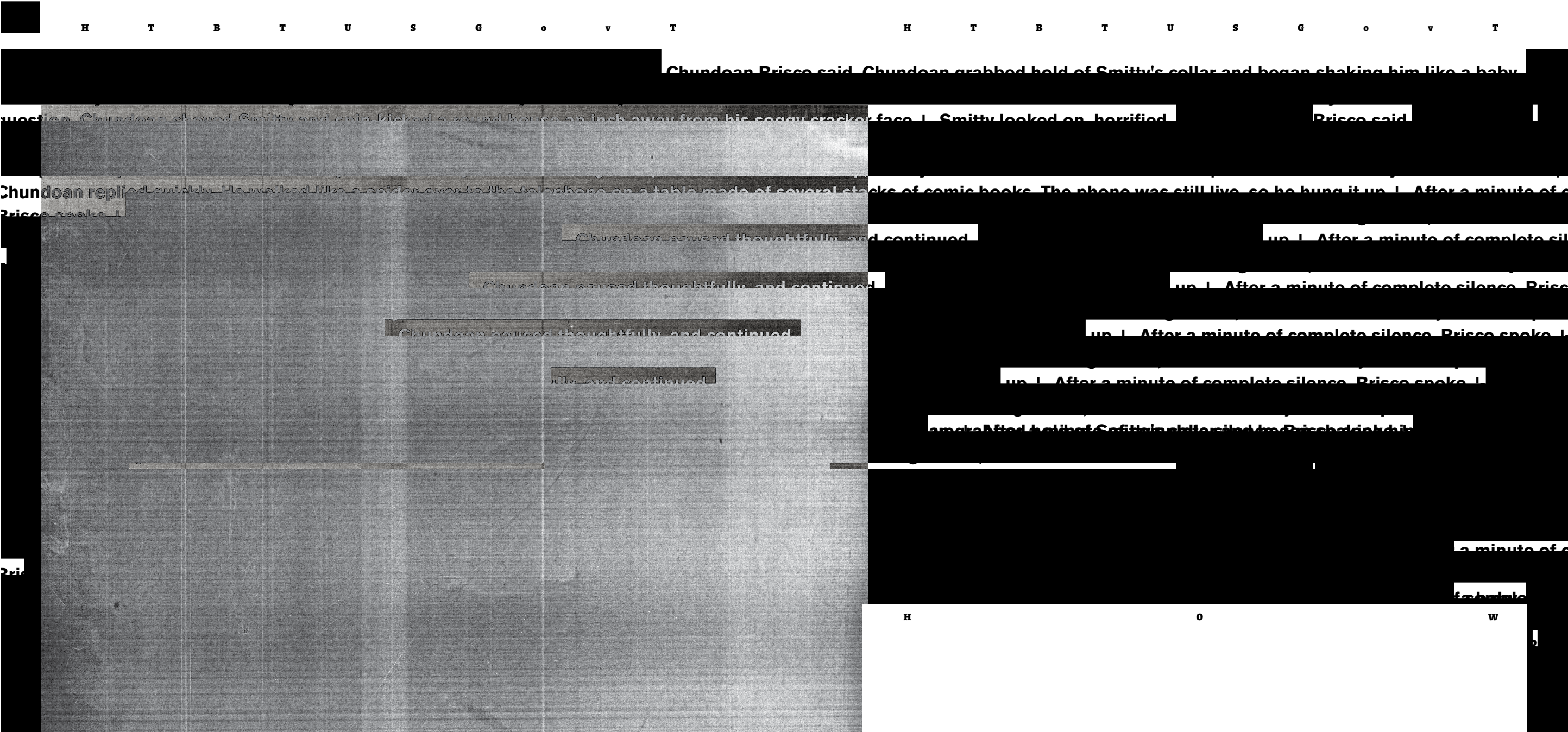




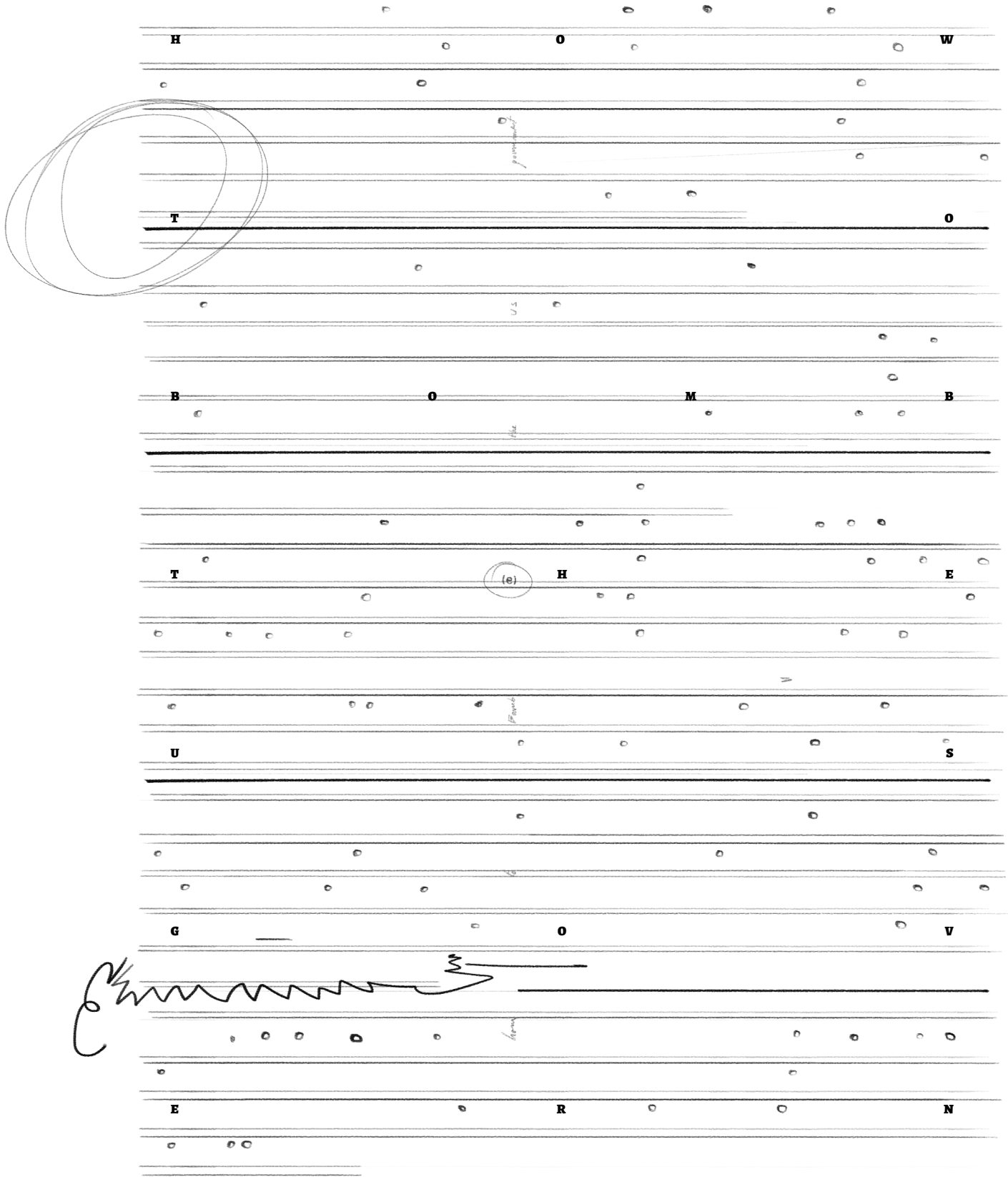
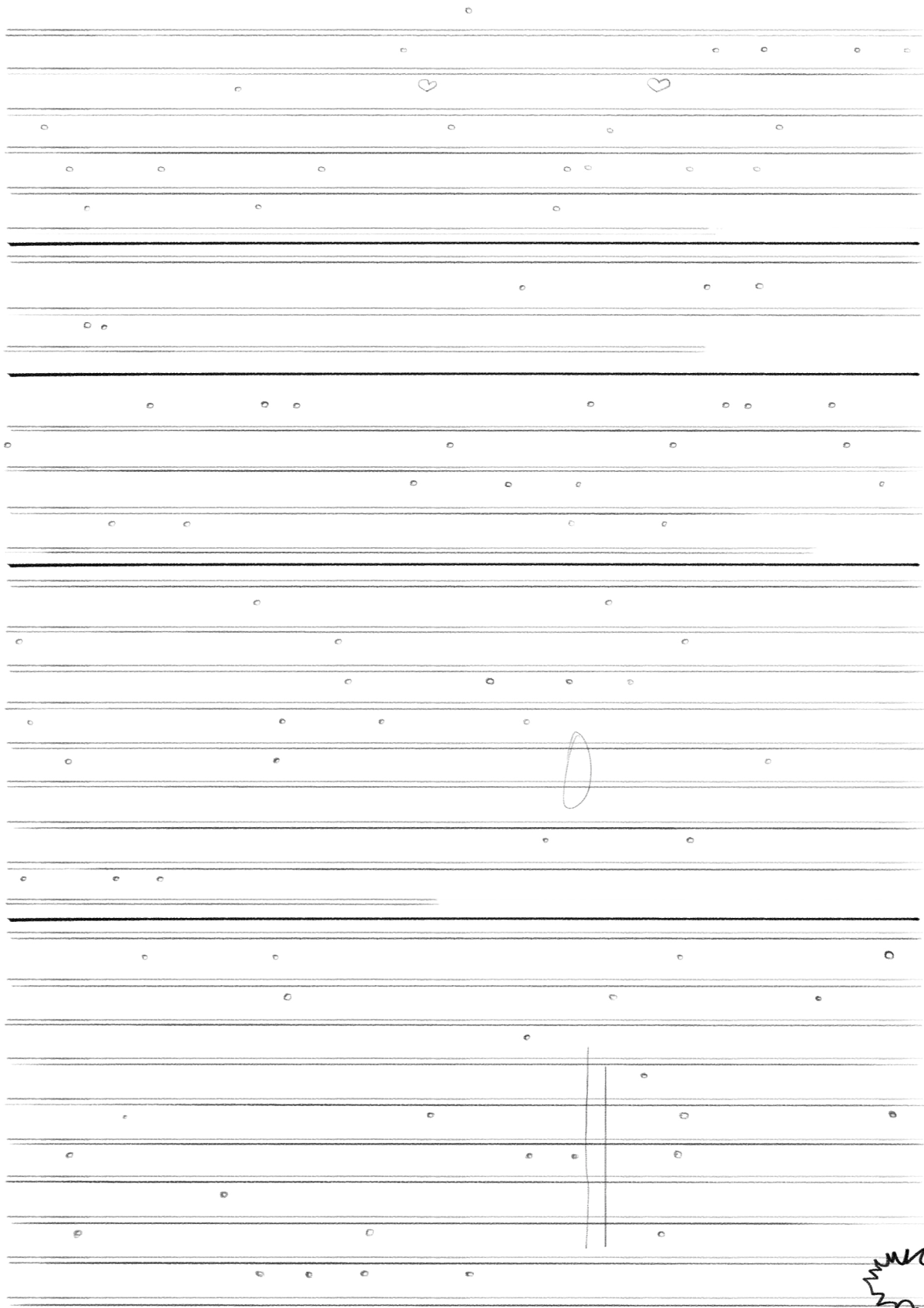












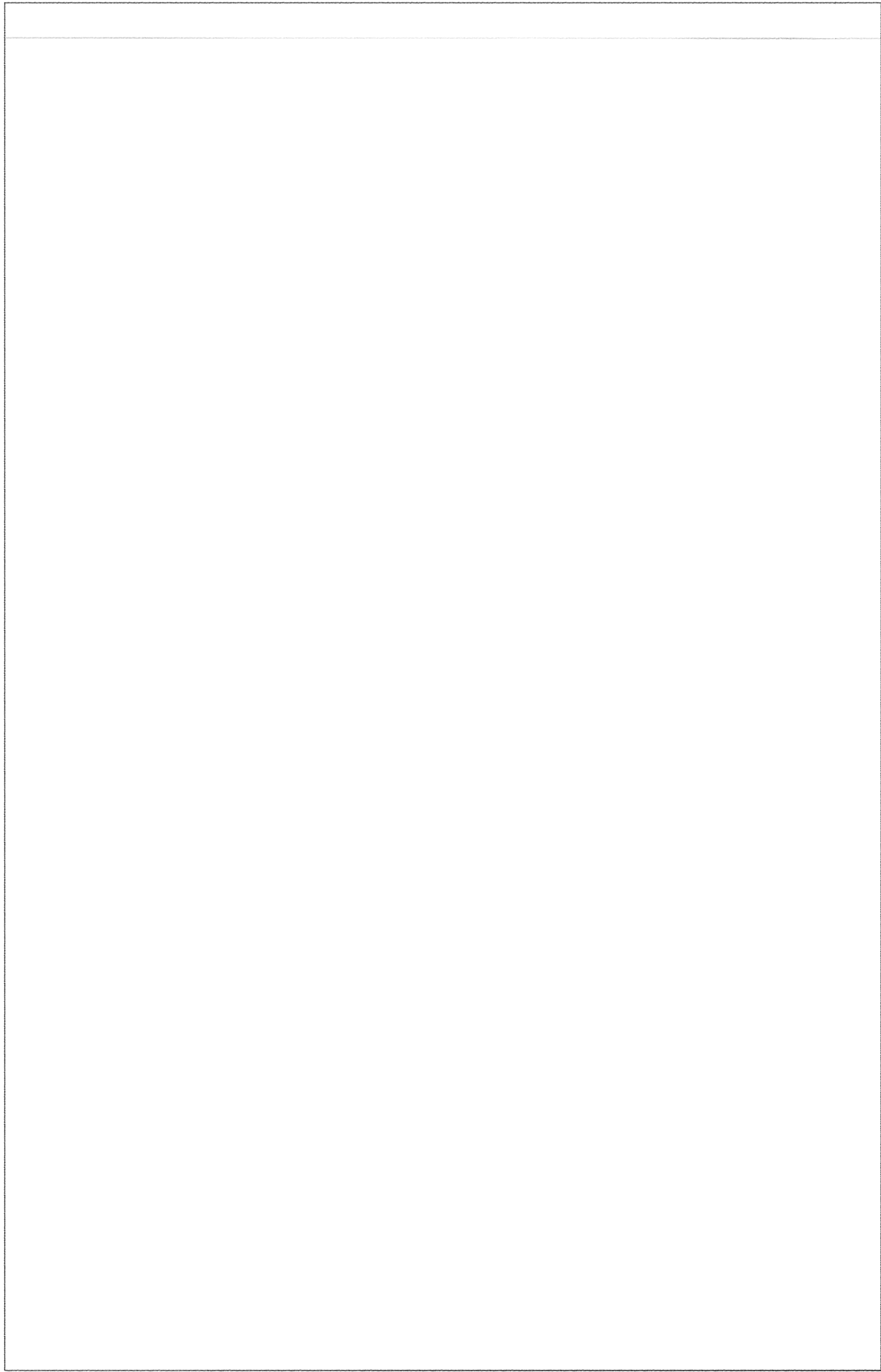
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2



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